The Saturday Evening
POST
September 17, 1960 – 15¢

Inside Blair House: Where the President's Guests Unwind

Is There a "Women's Vote"?

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It's NEW...it's American-Standard

The new design of this lavatory provides a deep, roomy bowl plus a wide ledge at one side and at the back for toiletries. It can be installed in a counter or on legs.

Each smart product in this bathroom combines **new beauty** with **practical convenience**. The off-the-floor toilet lets you swish a mop under it for **new ease of cleaning**. The Contour bathtub has two ledges and extra room for bathing, thanks to the **off-center design**. The lavatory design, also off-center, provides a roomy shelf. For extra bathroom convenience, extra beauty use **American-Standard** products.

These new faucets have the exclusive Aqua-seal valve that operates by water pressure—ends leaking and washer replacements. Be sure all faucets in your home are American-Standard.

The off-center design of the 16" high cast iron Contour bathtub provides a roomy bathing area and forms two wide ledges—one is a handy shelf, the other a comfortable seat that brings the back of the tub close for easy-reach cleaning.

For more information on these and other beautiful bathroom products, send for booklet or see your American-Standard retailer. He is listed in the yellow pages of your phone book under "plumbers" or "plumbing supplies."

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28 colorful pages of floor plans, decorating ideas, color schemes. Please send 10¢ to cover handling. AMERICAN-STANDARD, Dept. PO-90, 39 W. 39 St., New York 18, N. Y.

AMERICAN-Standard PRODUCTS

AMERICAN-Standard
PLUMBING AND HEATING DIVISION

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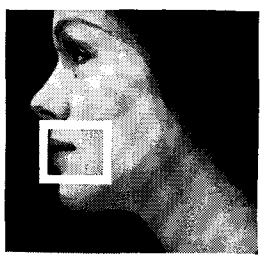
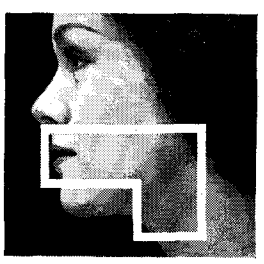
LISTERINE IS FOR BREATH-
TOOTH PASTE IS FOR TEETH

Germs all over your mouth and throat cause most bad breath. Tooth paste can't even reach most of these germs, let alone kill them. You need a free-flowing liquid antiseptic—Listerine Antiseptic—to do that!

LISTERINE KILLS BAD BREATH GERMS TOOTH PASTE DOESN'T EVEN REACH!



Tooth paste reaches only this small area around your teeth and gums. Besides, no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs as no tooth paste can—on contact, by millions.



Listerine is amazingly "wet"—far more fluid than any tooth paste. The Listerine way* kills germs on four times more germ-laden surface—stops bad breath for hours on end.

**See directions on label.*

Every time you brush your teeth, REACH FOR LISTERINE

TUNE IN "THE LORETTA YOUNG SHOW" AND "OVERLAND TRAIL" NBC-TV NETWORK

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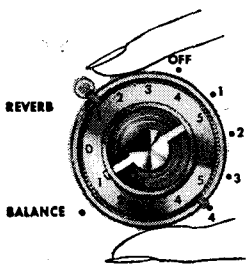
Patrice Munsel invites you to hear the new sound in music!

"I didn't think it possible . . . you feel you're actually in a concert hall," says Patrice Munsel. "Listen to new REVERB *and you'll love it, too." You can hear new Philco Stereo with* REVERB *at your Philco dealer.*

New Philco REVERB

. . . the step beyond stereo!



Custom-blend your own REVERB! Philco REVERB control has 4 degree settings. You can add as much REVERB — or as little — as you want. With a Philco REVERBaphonic Sound System even a small room becomes a ballroom. A musical miracle you must hear! Only Philco has it. And your Philco dealer is eager to amaze you with a demonstration. Come in today!

Again Philco is first with the most amazing sound discovery! You must hear it to believe it! Philco REVERB gives you the newest, most exciting dimension in sound. It re-creates the actual qualities of sound you hear reverberating off the walls of a concert hall, a cathedral, or a huge auditorium. It's as though you were there . . . a thrilling, new listening experience!

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Before you buy any record-playing instrument, listen to the all-new Philco REVERBaphonic Sound System! REVERB is yours in a complete selection of stunning new instruments now at your Philco dealer!

Model 1720PR (shown above). Besides thrilling REVERB, this new Philco High Fidelity Stereo console has five speakers. (Two play inside—or outside for up to 30 ft. of separation!) This model also includes: lightweight tone arm, custom Multi-Mix changer, 40 watts peak output and a tape input jack. Cabinets styled to blend with mahogany, walnut or maple finishes.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Sakes alive, what ever has come over Norman Rockwell? Does he hold with this sort of behavior? Not exactly. "At first I had a very prim girl, looking shocked," explains Rockwell. "But the idea of youth calling to youth worked out more effectively. The girl isn't going to date the fellow, however. You may assure the public of that." All right then: this is a business office, so let's get down to the business at hand. J.J. Fuddy, of Fuddy, Clamwhistle & Associates, is dictating a letter which, if we read his secretary's shorthand correctly, begins as follows: "Gentlemen . . . colon . . . I am in receipt of yours of the twenty-first . . . paragraph . . ." And if we read her expression correctly she's thinking: *Men—they're either too fresh or too stuffy . . . period.*

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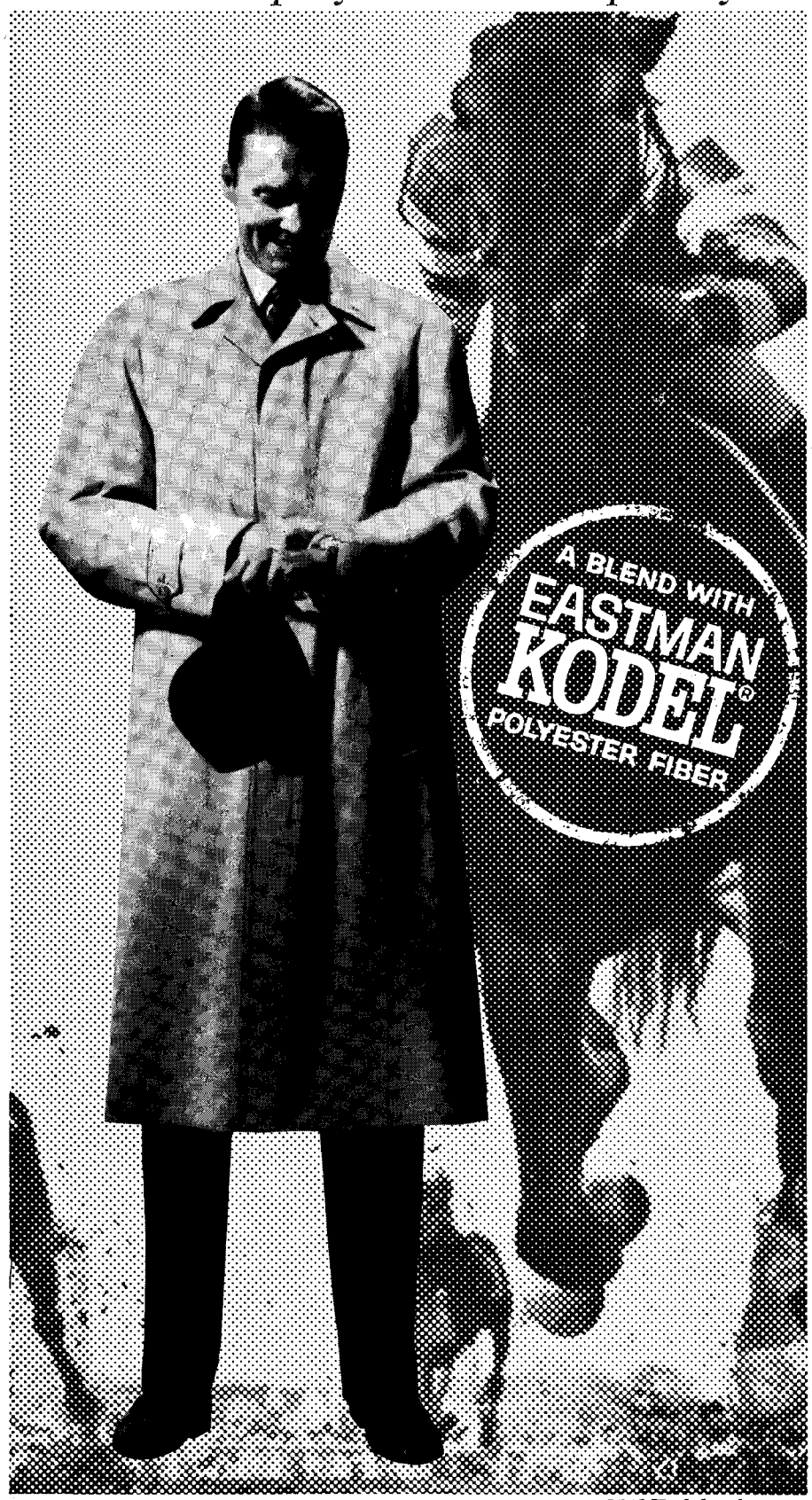
The champion of stay-fresh fibers in Alligator rainwear. It may whip up a storm at the track...but sportscaster Bud Palmer doesn't care. He's wearing this all-weather coat made with Kodel. It stays neat in downpours or gusty winds! Kodel is the liveliest polyester yet. Poplin of Kodel polyester and Topel rayon.



Alligator all-weather coat: $24.95. Tailored in a rugged poplin of **55% Kodel polyester, 45% Topel* rayon.** Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or coat shown here. *Trademark of Courtaulds, Inc.

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Letters

"How Nice Can a Girl Get?"

Dear Sirs:

In SAGA OF A SIREN [by Robert Johnson, Aug. 13], "modest Gina" objects to her costumes in *Solomon and Sheba*. She also objected to the improper pagan dance she was to perform in that same picture because, as she so modestly puts

Gina.

it, "I am the most nice girl in the world." Yet, for the right price apparently it's O.K.

Golly gee, I just wonder how nice can a girl get?

MRS. A. C. HALL
Port Jervis, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I was gratified to read that "modest Gina" was *forced* by producers to wear the costumes in *Solomon and Sheba*. I assume that the men responsible for forcing this display were severely horsewhipped by her husband and that this will not happen again.

Or did they force her to take the money too?

WILLIAM M. PARSCH
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

I'm wondering, as is the rest of my family, why she bothered to cover up her navel. Oh, wait a minute. We know. The Lollobrigida gal is modest!

MRS. LYLE W. ROSS
Cadillac, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

I hate to see a good magazine like yours degraded by this cheap tripe. . . . No wonder too many of our kids have gone rotten. This scum is beaten into them by movies, magazines and comic books. It is your duty, and I mean DUTY, to fight this obscenity. By the way, I am fifteen years old.

JOSEPH N. HOSTENY
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

About that figure. Every set of dimensions given for Gina that I read is different. Press-agent liberty?

ARMIN STABLEN
Milwaukee, Wis.

● *The measurements in our article (36½-22-36) were taken directly from Gina's dressmaker dummy—with author Johnson's own tape measure.*
—ED.

Dear Sirs:

Upon reading SAGA OF A SIREN, my young brother wistfully remarked, "Gee, I wish they had twelve-year-old Gina Lollobrigidas."

Congratulations on Robert Johnson's fine article.

ROSE SMITH
Davenport, Iowa

Why Did He Win?

Dear Sirs:

[Re KENNEDY'S MAGIC FORMULA, Aug. 13]: Stewart Alsop failed to mention the main reason Kennedy won [the Democratic nomination.] His opponents remained in the Senate and did the job they were paid for—and lost. Kennedy missed nearly 80 per cent of the roll calls, and his party rewarded him.

GRACE L. STAFFORD
Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your article leads me to believe that the formula for Kennedy's magic potion is M-O-N-E-Y.

SYDNEY JEAN PALM
Litchfield, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

Voters who read this article . . . are made acutely aware of the senator's ability to organize, to unify and to decide. Therefore, these voters will certainly give him their vote.

MARTHA K. SILL
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sirs:

No one can deny Kennedy's power as a genius of organization. But are "political performances" a true measure of ability to pick the right men for important governmental posts? Or are his abilities rather to pick men that can be bent to his purposes?

VAUGHN H. KNIGHT
Lincoln Center, Maine

The "Small-World Disease"

Dear Sirs:

I have long followed your ADVENTURES OF THE MIND series with interest, enthusiasm and self-profit, and the articles seem to get better and better. In particular, J. D. Williams' THE SMALL WORLD in the Aug. 6 issue is superb. Mr. Williams writes with a simplicity, force, knowledge and objectivity that is quite stunning.

ROBERT CARSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

A provocative eye opener of the first magnitude. It showed with mathematical clarity how we, the American people, are blindly engrossed in politicking as usual, selfishly seeking more pleasures, benefits and "security" while the very foundations of our so-called civilization are crumbling beneath us.

R. S. MILLER
Trenton, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

Please get Mr. John D. Williams' prescription for curing the small-world disease so that we can take the first dose today. No later.

JAMES W. KENDALL
Spring Valley, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Williams wrote that one country effectively regulating its population might

(Continued on Page 6)

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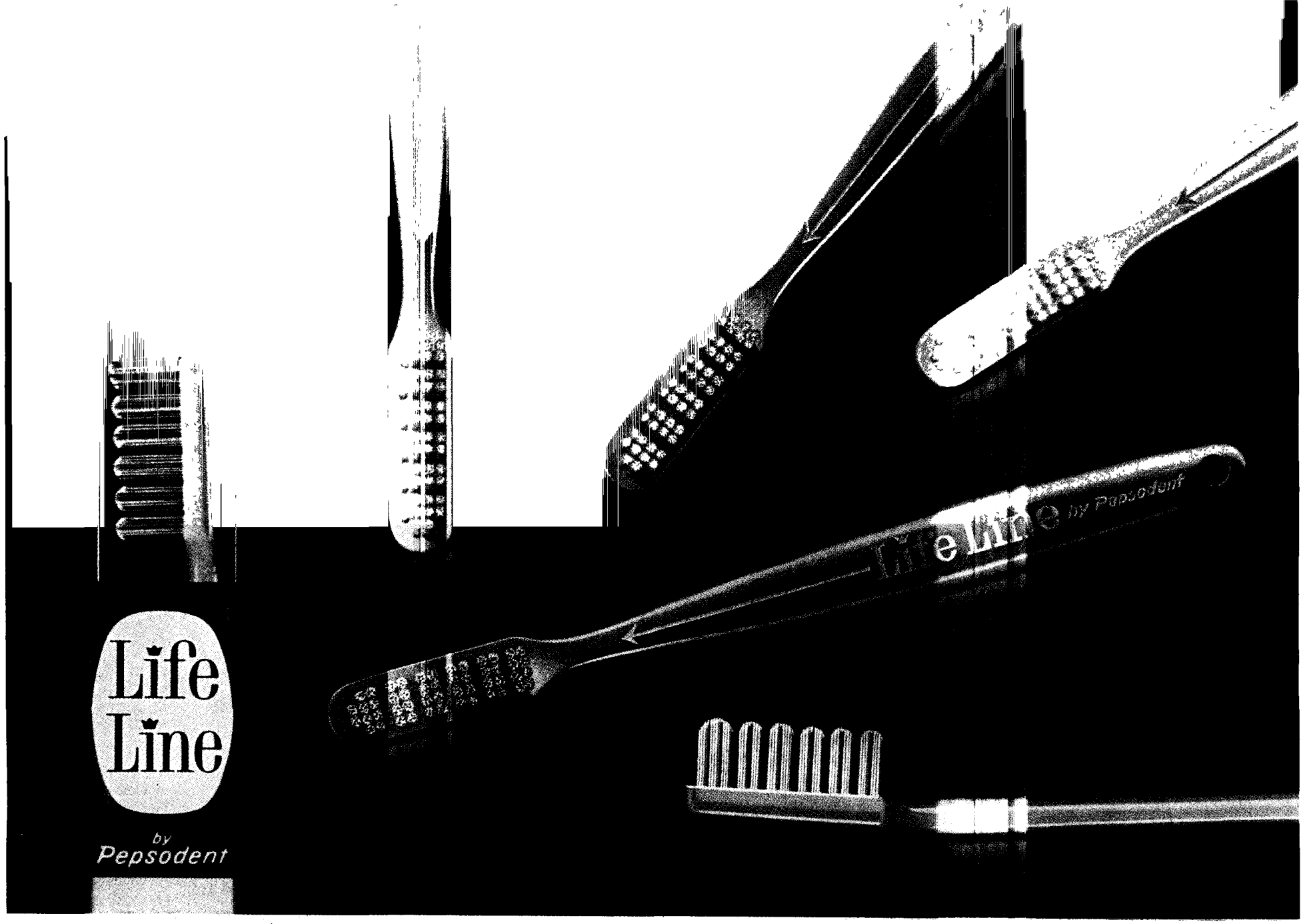
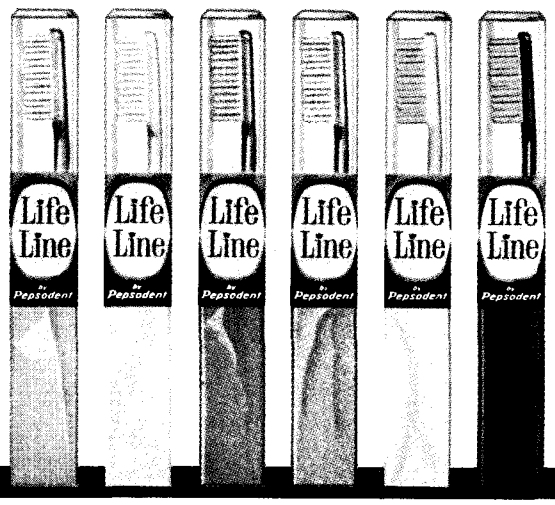


New **Life Line** by Pepsodent is the only toothbrush that combines hard, thick bristles and soft, thin bristles in every tuft. Its exclusive combination of bristles scrubs tooth surfaces and cleans between the teeth, too. To get your teeth really clean, get the new **Life Line** Toothbrush by Pepsodent!

LIFE LINE's soft, thin bristles get between the teeth and into tiny crevices to remove food particles—fight decay.

LIFE LINE's hard, thick bristles really scrub tooth surfaces, remove dulling film to get teeth their whitest and brightest.

LIFE LINE is unconditionally guaranteed by Lever Brothers, makers of Pepsodent. If you are not completely satisfied, you get your money back.



You'll feel the difference the first time you use LIFE LINE!

You don't have to "break in" the new Life Line Toothbrush!

It's the most comfortable toothbrush you ever used—right from the first brushing!

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FLORSHEIM

Town Brogues

The HIGHLAND, *31677, in Perfecto Brown Cashmere calf; in black, 21644; in Black Jade, 21645.*

The GENEVA, *31314, in Perfecto Brown Cashmere calf; in black, 21307; in Black Jade, 21308.*

The FLORSHEIM Shoe

Florsheim creates a *new* type of brogue—slimmer, trimmer, more refined in detail... with all the character and good looks of the classic brogue —but *without* excess bulk or weight. Town Brogues—styled for today— but built to wear through scores of tomorrows!

Florsheim Shoes start at $19.95 *Styles illustrated slightly higher*

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO 6 • MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

A DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

soon lose the advantage of power to one whose population was uncontrolled and continuously expanding. But the opposite could be true if those people regulating their population were a highly efficient and intelligent society, as indeed they probably would be, having the foresight to limit their birth rate.

Quality has always been more effective than quantity, and this would be even more true in the highly technical world ahead, where one knowledgeable man will have the power of millions of men without that knowledge. The controlled society, by having to expend less effort in providing for the needs of massive new generations, would be able to improve the well-being of its citizens as they live and reproduce in a less haphazard way.

CHARLES N. GREENWAY
Springfield, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I suspect that this is one of the most important articles to appear in an American magazine in my lifetime, and I am almost as old as the twentieth century. I doubt that it will do much good, since the compulsion to evade the unpleasant is universal and, as Mr. Williams notes, the obvious facts seem to make little impression on our political, military, religious, educational and business leaders. But it ought to give at least a few Americans something significant to think about while the rest of the country happily waits for November to disclose whether it was Mr. Nixon or Mr. Kennedy who succeeded in purchasing the farm vote with the taxpayers' money.

J. E. KEITH
Traverse City, Mich.

Once in Fifty Years

Dear Sirs:

The recent death of Dean C. Osborn of Sawyer, Kansas, will remove from your rolls a subscriber of fifty years. Only once during the fifty years did the mail carrier fail to drop an edition of your magazine into his mailbox. The late Mr. Osborn told the postmaster he had missed an issue, and the postmaster loaned him his own copy so he would not miss the continued story.

RUBY OSBORN
Lubbock, Tex.

Ben's Pal a Bounder?

Dear Sirs:

Your article on 10 Downing Street by Don Cook [HOME OF THE PRIME, July 30] referred to Sir Francis Dashwood as one of the most dissolute characters ever to occupy that residence. As a young man Dashwood evidently deserved that characterization, but in fairness to him it should be noted that in his later years he settled down to a career of some distinction and was a friend to America.

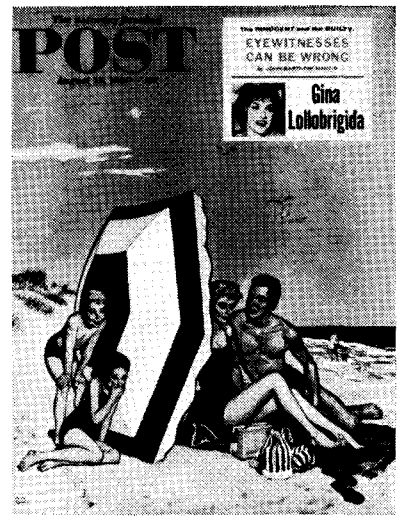
In 1772 Benjamin Franklin was a house guest of Dashwood for sixteen days and [in commenting to his son] referred to "the kind countenance, the facetious and very intelligent conversation of mine host." The two men met on various occasions and collaborated in editing an *Abridgement of the Book of Common Prayer.*

J. C. LONG
Princeton, N.J.

Little Brothers Have Big Ears

Dear Sirs:

Re Amos Sewell's cover picture on the Aug. 13 *Post* [below], I'll bet that the little boy behind the beach umbrella is



the young lady's brother. My heart goes out to her if it is, because I know what it's like. I have a brother four years younger than myself, and it's murder!

JUDY GELFORD, *age 16*
Bayport, Minn.

Worse Than She Thought

Dear Sirs:

Oh, good for you! Your editorial ARE THEY EVENINGS IN THE THEATER, OR NIGHTS IN A "PSYCHO" WARD? in the Aug. 6 issue received a loud amen from my daughters and me. . . . On a trip to New York last October we had one more day and just looked up and down in the theater district for a last show, and on account of our crush on Paul Newman we picked *Sweet Bird of Youth*, though knowing it was written by Tennessee Williams, we should have known better. Not one of us would wade through one of his books on a bet.

Well, I don't hear too well, and when my daughter caught me up on the things I missed, it was even worse than I had gathered!

MARY E. GOEBEL
Fort Smith, Ark.

Dear Sirs:

This is the first time that I have known of anyone daring to tell the truth about the average theatrical production. Undoubtedly, thousands have felt the same way, but lacked the courage to express themselves.

LEHMAN PLUMMER
Des Moines, Iowa

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:
4–Globe. • 19–Ollie Atkins; anon. • 20–From Robert Cahn; two by Ollie Atkins; Wide World; anon. • 21–Two by Ollie Atkins; Wide World. • 22, 23–Lynn Buckham. • 25–Sid Avery. • 26, 27–Arthur Lidov. • 28, 29–Larry Fried. • 30–Mitchell Hooks. • 31–Three by Ollie Atkins; Culver. • 32–Gene Lester; from Art Linkletter. • 33–Jacob Lofman; two by Gene Lester. • 34–Two by Gene Lester. • 35–Ray Atkeson; two by Gene Lester. 36–Ollie Atkins; Frank Ross; Ollie Atkins. • 37–Robert McCall. • 38, 39–Robert Jones. 43–Latter-Day Saints Information Service. • 45–Ken Riley. • 112–From Frank J. Taylor; John R. Wells; John P. Heffernan.

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To get him eating out of your hand... add this fresh, clean taste!

Having a little snack? Whether you dote on *piles* of groceries, or a somewhat smaller assortment—don't take a bite without 7-Up! This is the sparkling drink that keeps your taste buds awake—so you don't miss a single good flavor. No wonder everything tastes tastier! Girls: Don't worry if he's *always* hungry. Just be glad it's always 7-Up time! Nothing, nothing, nothing does it like Seven-Up!

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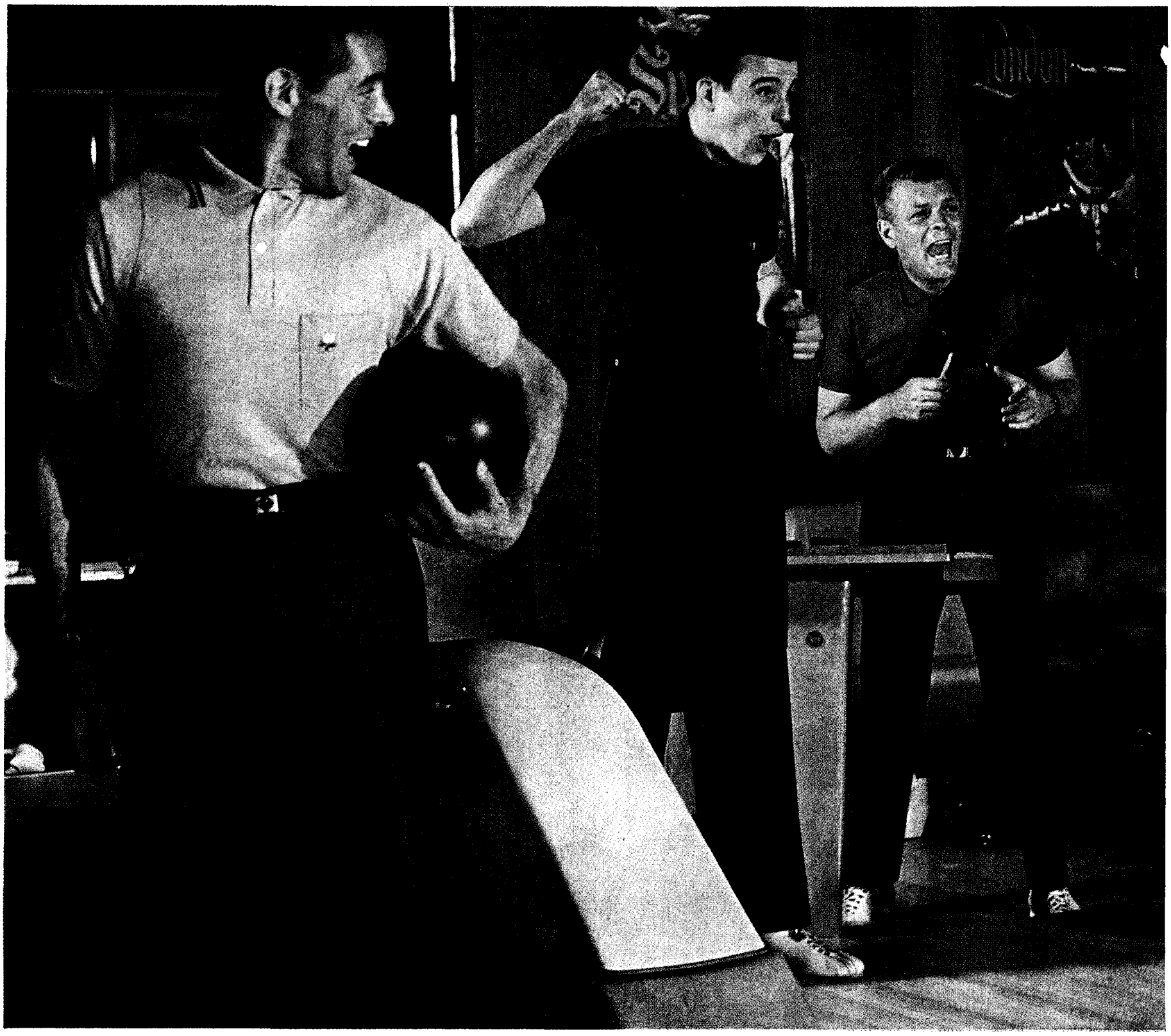

✉ Automatic wash 'n wear ✉ Little or no iron needed ✉ Action-cut for comfort

Acrilan acrylic knit shirts show handsome new surface textures, new freedom of action. See what's happened to knits! Acrilan wraps up a casual comfortable look in new surface textures, new fabric treatments. And there's more! Action shirts are here with ribbed underarm inserts for extra freedom of movement. Penney's styles them all with fashioned collars, pocket emblems. And they'll take the full washer, dryer cycle. See new blues, olives, golds, greys, russet, black, new stadium tones. And check that low Penney price!

Men's surface texture knits: Small, medium, large, extra large.....**2.98**

Men's underarm action shirts: Small, medium, large, extra large.....**2.98**

Men's Acrilan knit shirts in long sleeves.....**3.98**

Boys' surface texture knits. Sizes 4 to 18, **1.98**.....In long sleeves **2.49**

Also shown: Acrilan acrylic socks in solids and argyle patterns..... **98¢**

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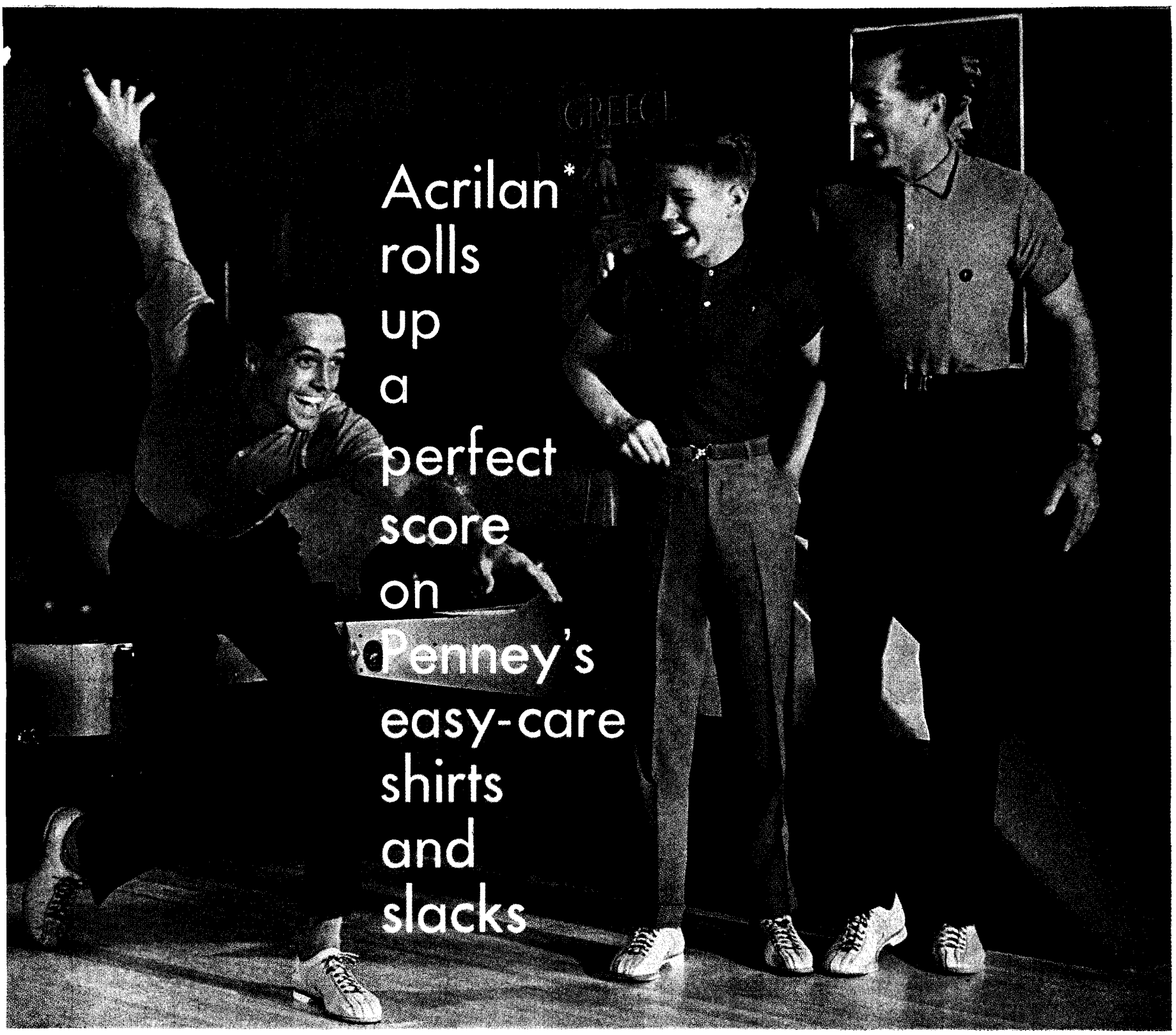

✉ Wrinkle-resistant ✉ New textures, weaves, colors ✉ Penney's low, low prices

Acrilan acrylic and rayon blend slacks perform like champions in three top styles and weaves! How can you miss? Your new Penney slacks are as good-looking as they are easy to care for. Thanks to Acrilan, creases stay in perfect form, wrinkles just can't win. On washday they machine wash, dry, touch up iron. Relax in plain-front University-Grad flannels, pleated gabardines in new mixture tones, plain-front hopsack continentals. Charcoal, oxford, medium grey, brown, navy, olive and charcoal blue. Slacks are rich blends of 70% Acrilan, 30% rayon; 55% Acrilan, 45% rayon.

Men's plain-front University-Grads. Sizes 28 to 42 ..... **6.95**

Men's pleated style in mixture tones. Sizes 28 to 42 ..... **6.95**

Men's plain-front hopsack continentals. Sizes 28 to 42..... **6.95**

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Editorials

Why Do So Many Americans Apologize for Their Country?

By MARIO PEI

When I arrived in America in 1908, there were few automobiles and no TV sets. Mechanically and industrially the country had barely begun to advance beyond the civilized lands of Western Europe. But there was one important characteristic that distinguished all Americans, whether native or foreign-born. It was intense pride in their political institutions and economic achievements. They had taken a vast, undeveloped continent and turned it into a major power by the sweat of their brows and the genius of their brains. Further, they had given the world a working model of a state where national power was reconciled with maximum freedom for the individual. Americans were justifiably proud to be Americans.

In that horse-and-buggy America there was no trace of the apologetic undertone that has of late become the vogue in certain circles. We, as Americans, did not feel we had to offer excuses for the prosperity we had built with our own hands, to people who lived in nations perhaps less fortunate—but perhaps also less energetic. We did not feel we had to present apologies for the few minor defects in our social and economic structure, because a great many of us knew, from firsthand experience, that far graver defects existed everywhere else. The country's mood was one of intense, patriotic pride in what it had done and was doing. There may even have been a little touch of defiance in that pride.

There had been wars in our history, but they were in the main just wars, fought for independence, unity and the liberation of others. If our Mexican and Indian wars contained elements of what would today be described as imperialism or colonialism, they went unnoticed in a world where colonialism and imperialism of a far more objectionable nature were rampant, as indeed they are today. If our economic expansion carried our products and methods to other lands, we felt—in the main, rightly—that the advantages to those lands at least equaled those accruing to us.

Today the mood of many Americans is one of contrition. They tell us that, far from expecting gratitude from those we help, we must make amends for the fact that we are in a position to help them. The obligation, it seems, is on our side, not theirs. We must close our eyes to their patent internal injustices, their caste systems, their ironbound social classes, their massacre of political opponents, their trampling and deporting of national and racial minorities, while at the same time we magnify every mote in our own national eye until it becomes a beam.

In the sphere of international policy it matters little that we have voluntarily rid ourselves of colonial possessions, granted independence to the Philippines, offered freedom—and had it refused—to Puerto Rico, respected the sovereign rights of smaller nations in our sphere of influence to the point of tolerating the insults and expropriations of a Fidel Castro. It matters little that the three wars which we have waged since 1908 have all had as their precise purpose to help and liberate the victims of aggression and oppression.

Had we behaved like that great apostle of anti-imperialism, the Soviet Union, we would by this time have swallowed up the Western Hemisphere equivalents of Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Romania, Albania, East Germany and part of Finland, and forcibly deported to other areas 1,000,000 or so members of recalcitrant minorities. Following the example of that other great leader in the struggle against imperialism and colonialism, Communist China, we could have taken over the equivalent of Tibet, North Korea and North Vietnam, and put the squeeze on the equivalent of India, Cambodia, Laos and Indonesia.

All this we have failed to do. Yet some people abroad charge us with imperialism, and other people at home, without exactly echoing the charge, advise us to beat our breasts.

Others want us to be apologetic for a so-called act of espionage. Even granting that any nation has a right to consider as territorial air space what is 60,000 feet above ground, the American of 1908 vintage would have been quick to reply that we would apologize only when, as and if other nations apologized for their countless acts of espionage on land and sea and in the air.

Most galling of all is the suggestion that we should be apologetically humble for having achieved, by our own efforts, the highest standard of living in history, one for which other nations envy us and one that, incidentally, permits us to extend to them aid of all kinds. This suggestion reminds us of the schnorrers, or professional beggars, of the old Hebrew tradition, who claimed that those who gave them charity should be grateful to them because they, the beggars, afforded the donors the opportunity to carry out the religious obligation to give alms.

We can be sincerely humble and thankful to the God that many of our critics deny, both for our prosperity and for the ability to help others. But this emphatically does not mean that we must apologize for our wealth in the very act of giving it away.

Let us not abdicate that just pride in deference to those who would like to see us humble ourselves before nations that are, and will continue to be, unable to humble us, much as they would like to!

Editors' Note: Dr. Pei is Professor of Romance Languages at Columbia University.

Rioters, Paid From Profits of Chinese Dope Trade, Dim Communist Prestige, Not Ours

It is well known that many of the supposedly fanatical students, whose rioting prevented President Eisenhower from visiting Japan last spring were putting on a great show for something like eighty cents a day, but there is less knowledge of the source of the money. It would appear that much of it came from the profits on Red China's sale of dope—heroin mostly—smuggled into Japan. The news that such funds were to be made available to Japanese agitators against Kishi and the American treaty was printed in the Orient last March, notably in *Free China and Asia*, a journal published in Formosa.

That Red China has been exporting huge quantities of opium and all its derivatives in all directions is common knowledge. The Japanese police have for many years complained that the profits from Red China's dope sales in Japan—estimated about five years ago at $30,000,000 a year—were going in part to the support of Japan's Communist Party. The pay-off came when President Eisenhower's proposed visit to Japan triggered Red-inspired protests.

Hong Kong is swamped with opium, morphine and heroin, as was revealed in a U.N. white paper published last November, but the municipality hesitates to bring a direct charge against its powerful Communist neighbor. The Burmese and Thais wring their hands over their inability to check the flow of opium, but can only say that it comes from somewhere beyond their frontier areas. But in Geneva last April, at the annual meeting of the United Nations Committee on Illicit Traffic in Narcotics, the American deputation had documents to show that substantial quantities of heroin coming into the country through Hong Kong originated in Red China.

More than forty years ago Lenin declared that any kind of dirty work that forwarded the Communist cause was justified by what he called "Bolshevik ethics." But the sale of dope in a neighboring country and the use of the proceeds to foment riots against that nation's foreign relations is a new approach to diplomacy. Just why this dirty Communist business should be said to have destroyed American prestige in the world is outside our understanding.

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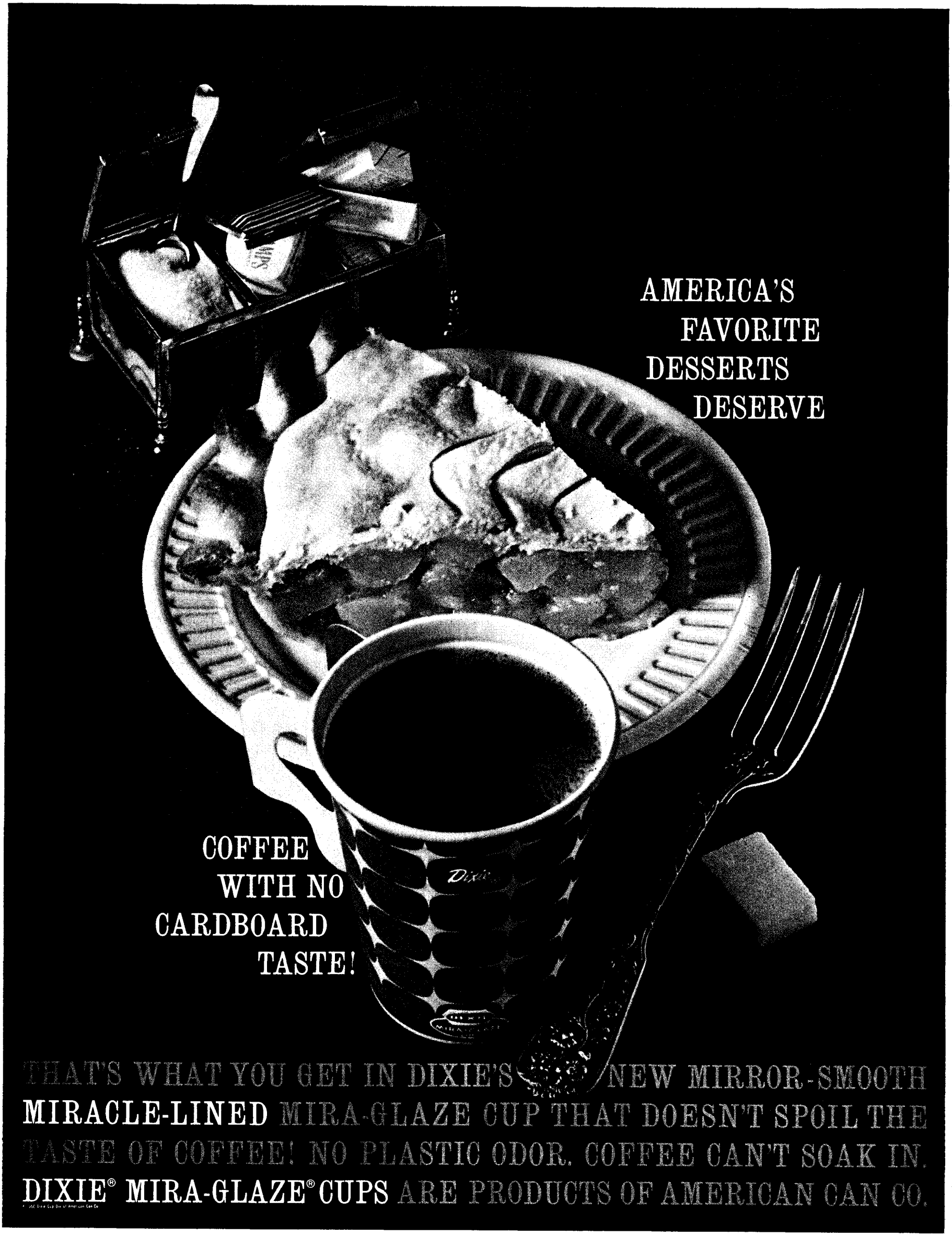

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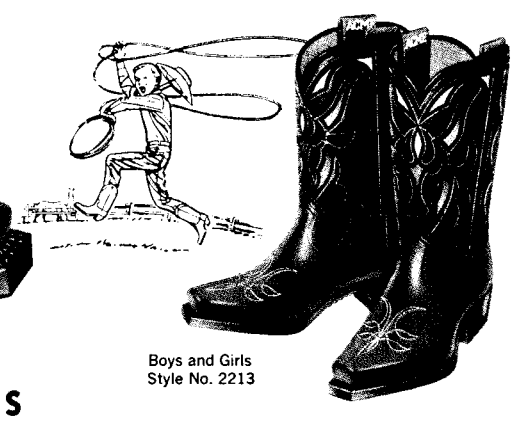

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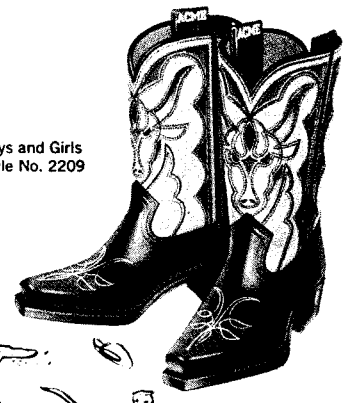

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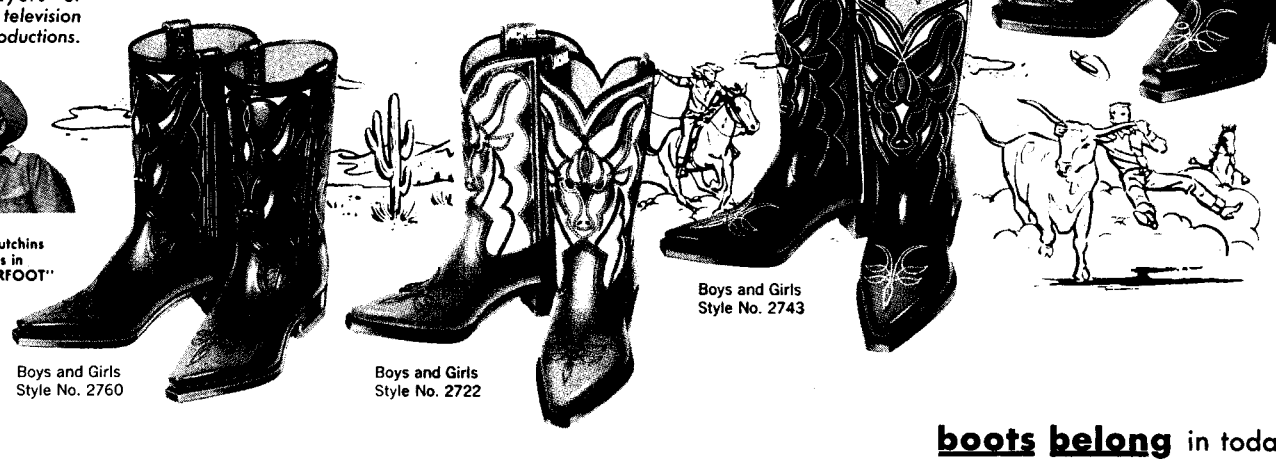

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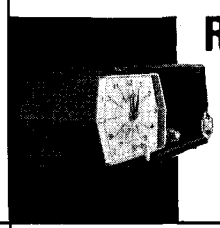

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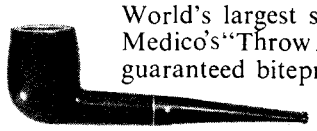

World's largest seller, featuring Medico's "Throw Away" filter and guaranteed biteproof Nylon bit.

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CONTEST RULES

1. Simply complete the jingle in this advertisement. Write your entry on an official entry blank or one side only of any sheet of plain paper. Be sure to print your name and address plainly on your entry. You may enter as many times as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by either an empty pocket size pouch, or the printed insert (or reasonable facsimiles) from medium or large size tin of: EDGEWORTH READY-RUBBED, EXECUTIVE MIXTURE, HOLIDAY PIPE MIXTURE, V.I.P. MIXTURE, or any House of Edgeworth pipe tobacco.
2. Mail your entry to: Edgeworth Contest, P. O. Box 7-D, Mount Vernon 10, New York. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, October 15, 1960. Be sure to use sufficient postage.
3. Anyone living in the United States, its territories and possessions and Canada may enter except employees of Larus & Brother Company, Inc., and its advertising agencies and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and be submitted in the contestant's own name.
4. Prizes, as listed in the contest announcement, will be awarded to the best entries judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, appropriateness, rhyme and meter. Duplicate prizes in the event of ties. Decision of the judges is final. Only one prize will be awarded in any one family.
5. All entries become the property of Larus & Brother Company, Inc., to use as it sees fit and none will be acknowledged or returned. Winners will be notified by mail. Full list of winners will be sent approximately six weeks after close of contest to anyone enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope with entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

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Just finish this easy verse about famous House of Edgeworth Pipe Tobaccos

If you're a pipe fan who knows the score
You're sure House of Edgeworth gives you more
Of choicest blends and mixtures, too

Your winning line might be: "You'll always find the brand for you." (Make your line rhyme with *too*.) Try one of your own . . . you may win as much as if you played on this year's victorious World Series team! And you're *sure* to win a lifetime of pipe enjoyment with these fine tobaccos: *Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed*, cool smoking white Burleys, famous for over 50 years. *Holiday*, with the aroma men relish, and women welcome, too. *Executive Mixture*, most luxurious tobacco mixture you can smoke. New *V.I.P.*, a uniquely aromatic blend of luxury tobaccos. Get them at tobacco counters now.

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Enclose empty pocket pouch or printed insert (or reasonable facsimiles) from tin of any House of Edgeworth pipe tobacco.

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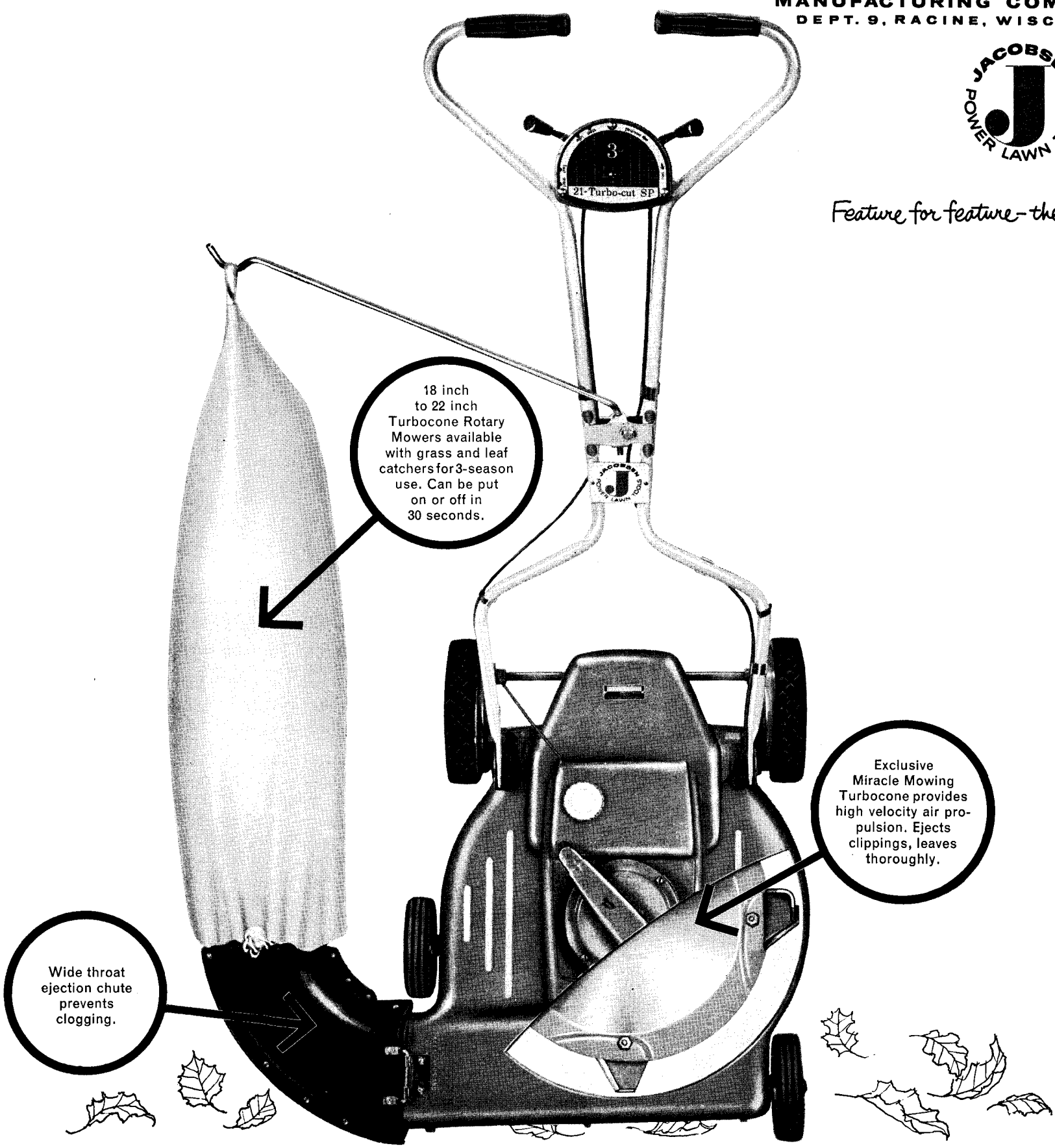
18 inch to 22 inch Turbocone Rotary Mowers available with grass and leaf catchers for 3-season use. Can be put on or off in 30 seconds.
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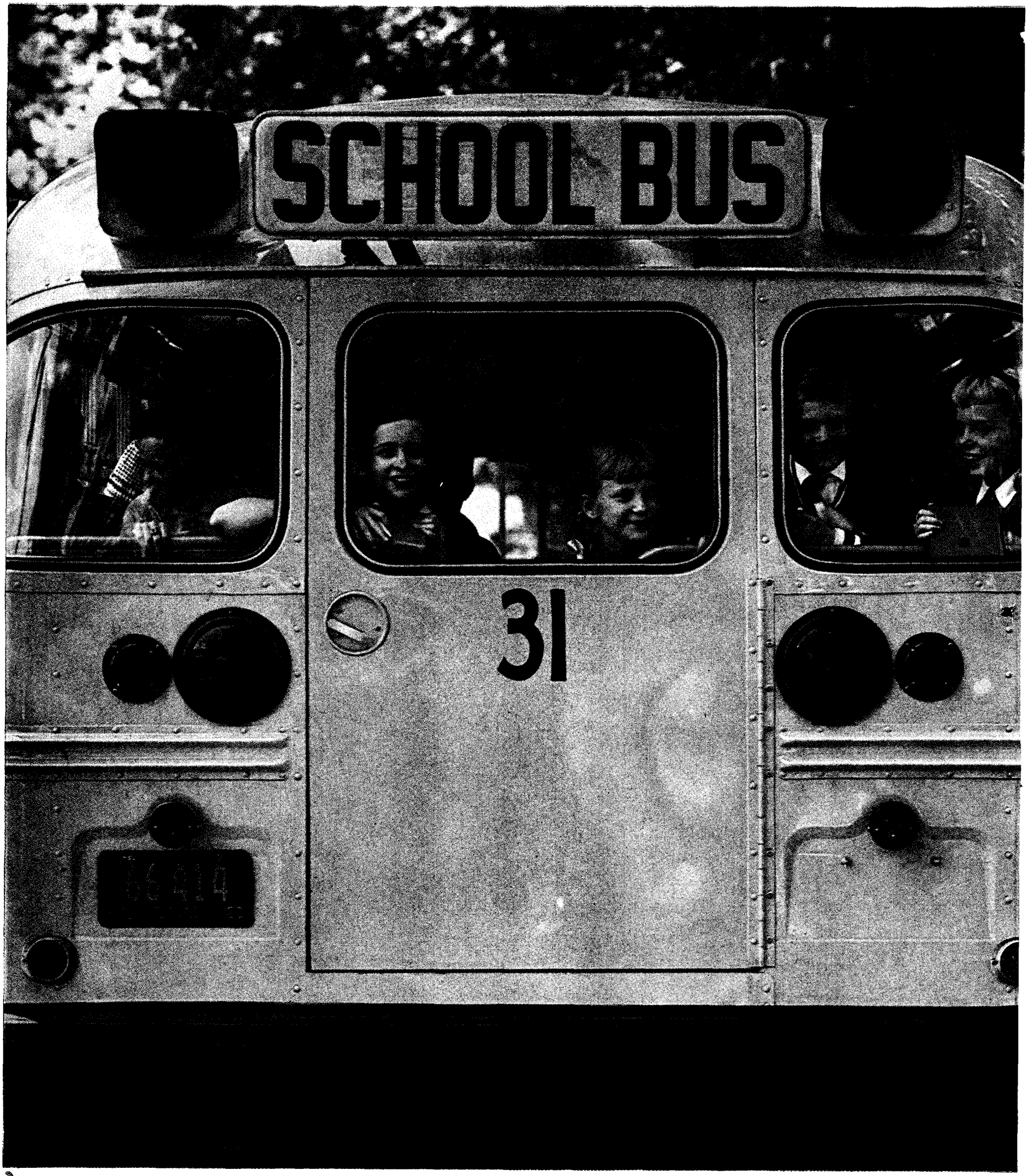

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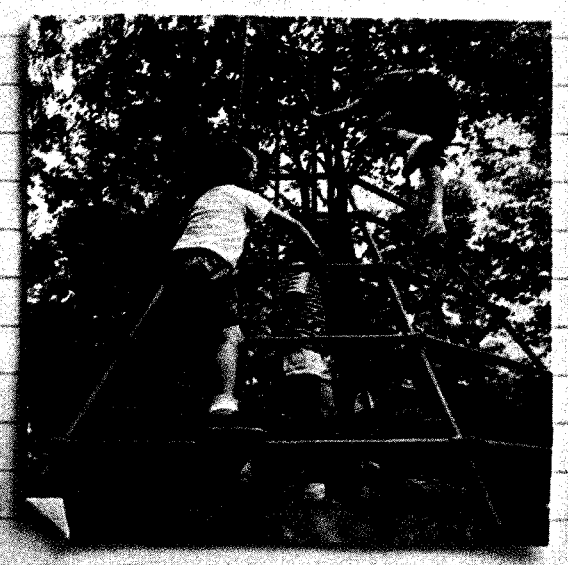
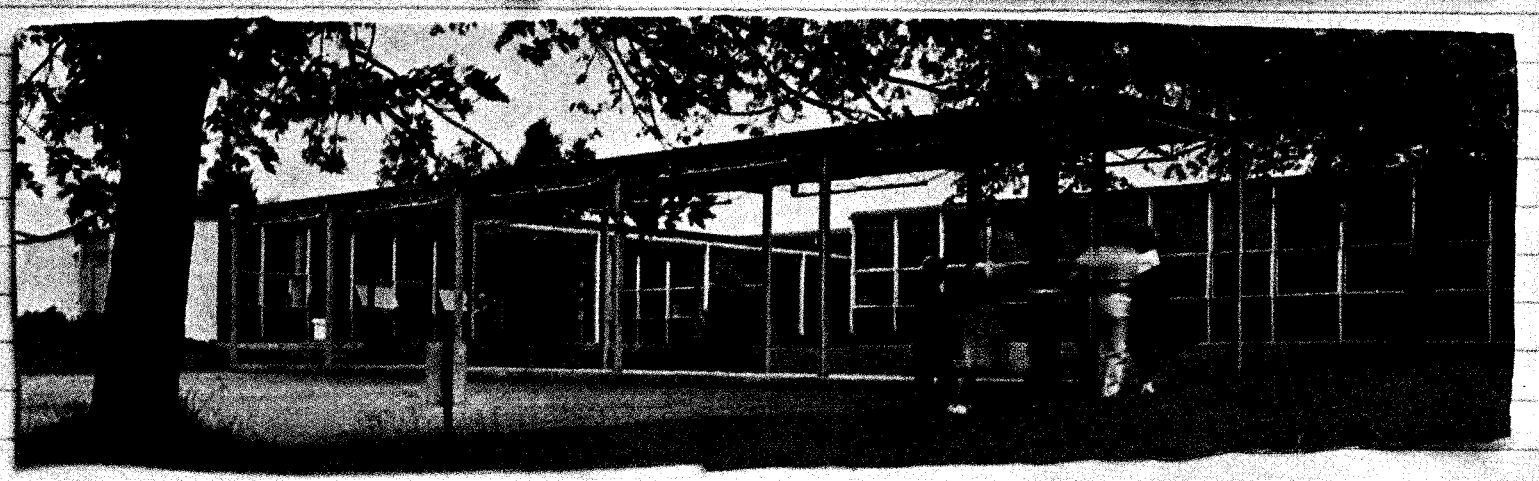
My trip to the moon in my yellow ~~stele~~ steel rocket

This morning my pants wouldn't stay rolled up so I desided to go to the moon. There was a big yellow rocket parked in our front street so I got on board and it took off. There were some strange kids on board. Stirling was one and Julie was another. Just then the rocket changed into a bus and we got to school. Stirling said the school was made of stele just like our bus and I said it couldn't be because the school is blue and the bus is yellow. Our teacher said Stirling is right. She said her desk is made of stele and ours too and lots of other things that are different colors. I guess stele doesn't always have to look like fridges or rockets even if it is the strongest stuff I know. And that is what I did this morning.





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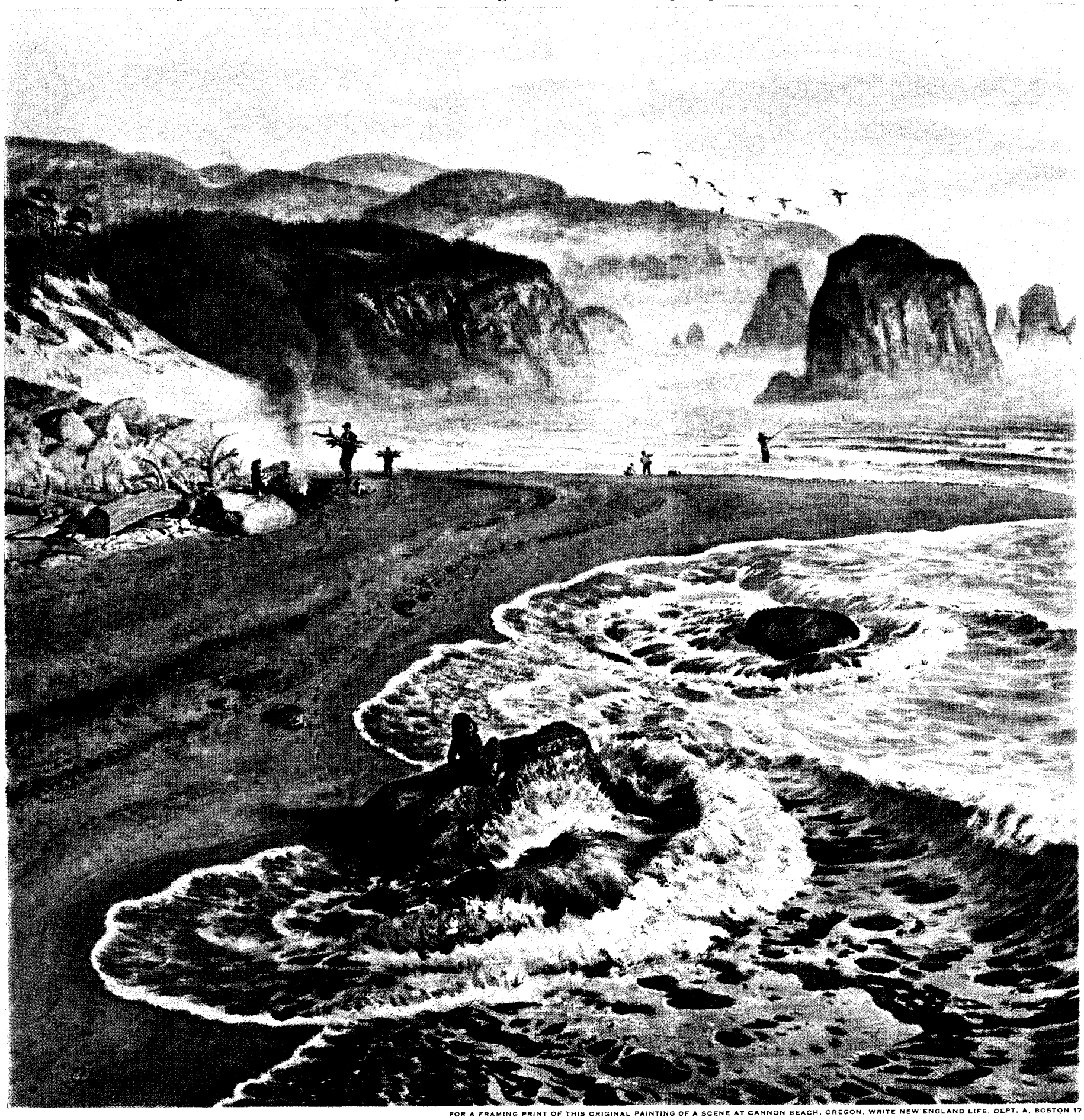

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Days free from care. They become possible when you've safeguarded your family against the many uncertainties of the future. In short — when you have the protection of the "Better Life" policy.

The "Better Life" policy is designed to cope with almost any contingency. Its guarantees have been made just as comprehensive and generous and flexible as possible. When you acquire this superior life insurance contract, you provide your family with the *finest combination of guaranteed benefits* available.

Rely, also, on the man who represents New England Life. After getting acquainted with your family's special requirements, he can expertly tailor the numerous features of the "Better Life" policy to fit. You will discover that his advice can readily lead to *a better life for you and yours.*

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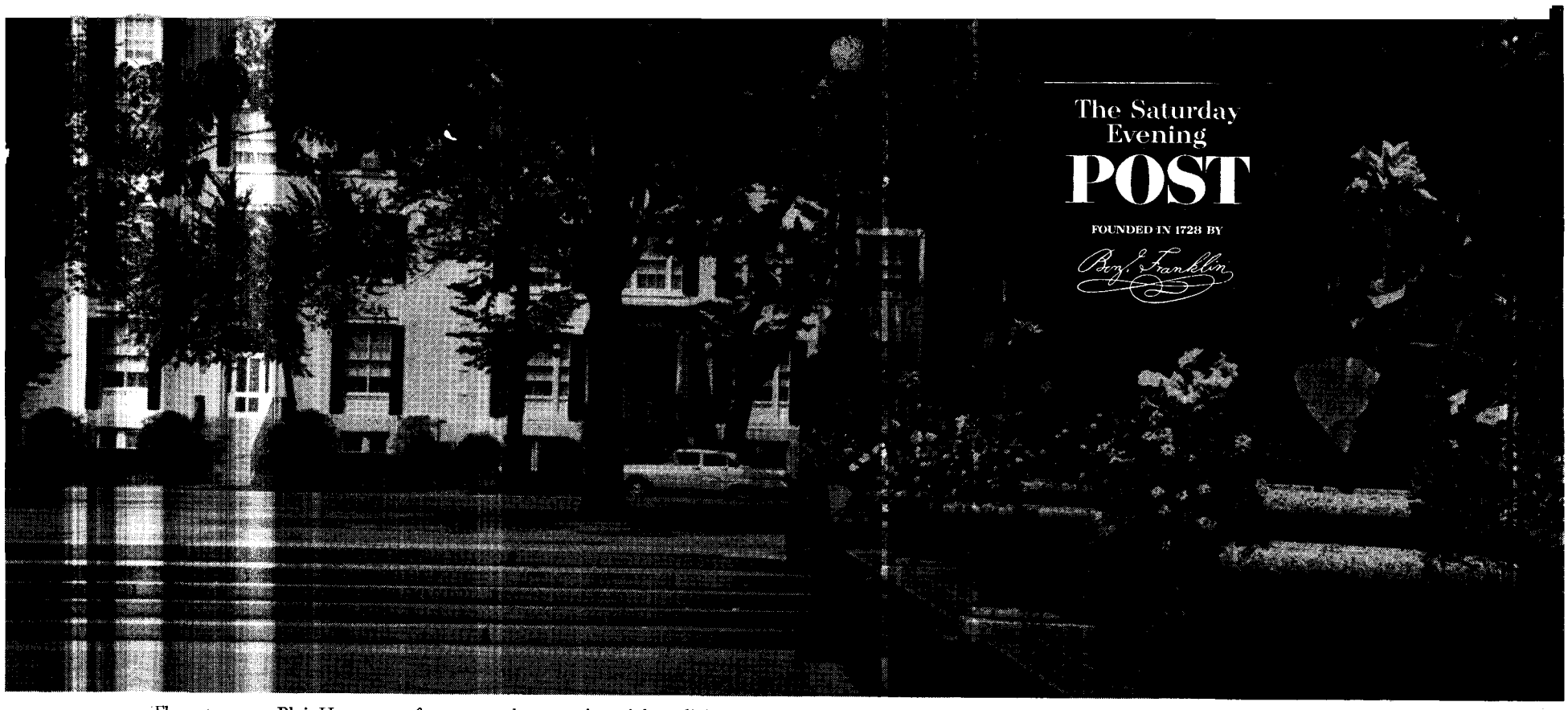
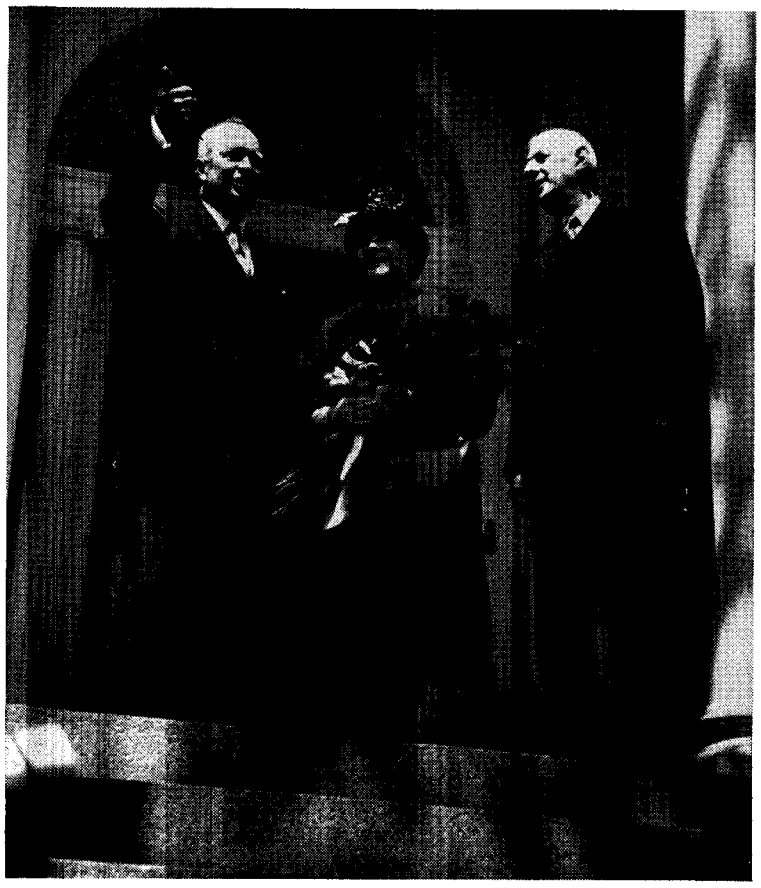


The entrance to Blair House, seen from across the street, is at right; adjoining it is Blair-Lee House, once used for overflow guests, but now an integral part of the mansion.

THE PRESIDENT'S GUESTS UNWIND HERE

At Blair House visiting heads of state can take off their shoes, watch the late show or raid the pantry. Here is a rare look inside a Washington mansion reserved for VIP's.

By ROBERT and PATRICIA CAHN



President Eisenhower with Madame and General de Gaulle. When the French leader stayed at Blair House, his bed was lengthened to accommodate his 6'4" frame.

One day next month the President of the United States will drive out to Washington's National Airport to greet the king and queen of Denmark upon their arrival in the nation's capital for a state visit. After a parade through flag-bedecked streets, the caravan of cars carrying the Danish royal entourage will come to a stop in front of a four-story, buff-colored house at 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue, diagonally across the street from the White House. On one side of the fence bordering the front steps, a bronze historical marker will inform tourists watching the arrival that this dwelling is THE BLAIR HOUSE, or, as a marker on the other side of the entrance indicates, THE PRESIDENT'S GUEST HOUSE.

Protocol being what it is—and in ceremonial events such as state visits it almost always follows a set pattern—President Eisenhower will escort his distinguished guests only as far as the front door. There he will bid them a temporary good-by after telling them to feel free to use this house as they would their own home.

King Frederik and Queen Ingrid will have ample precedent for feeling at home in Blair House. Since 1942, royalty, presidents, prime ministers and famous generals from all parts of the world have found it a refuge from curious eyes and the formalities of ceremonial occasions. They have padded through

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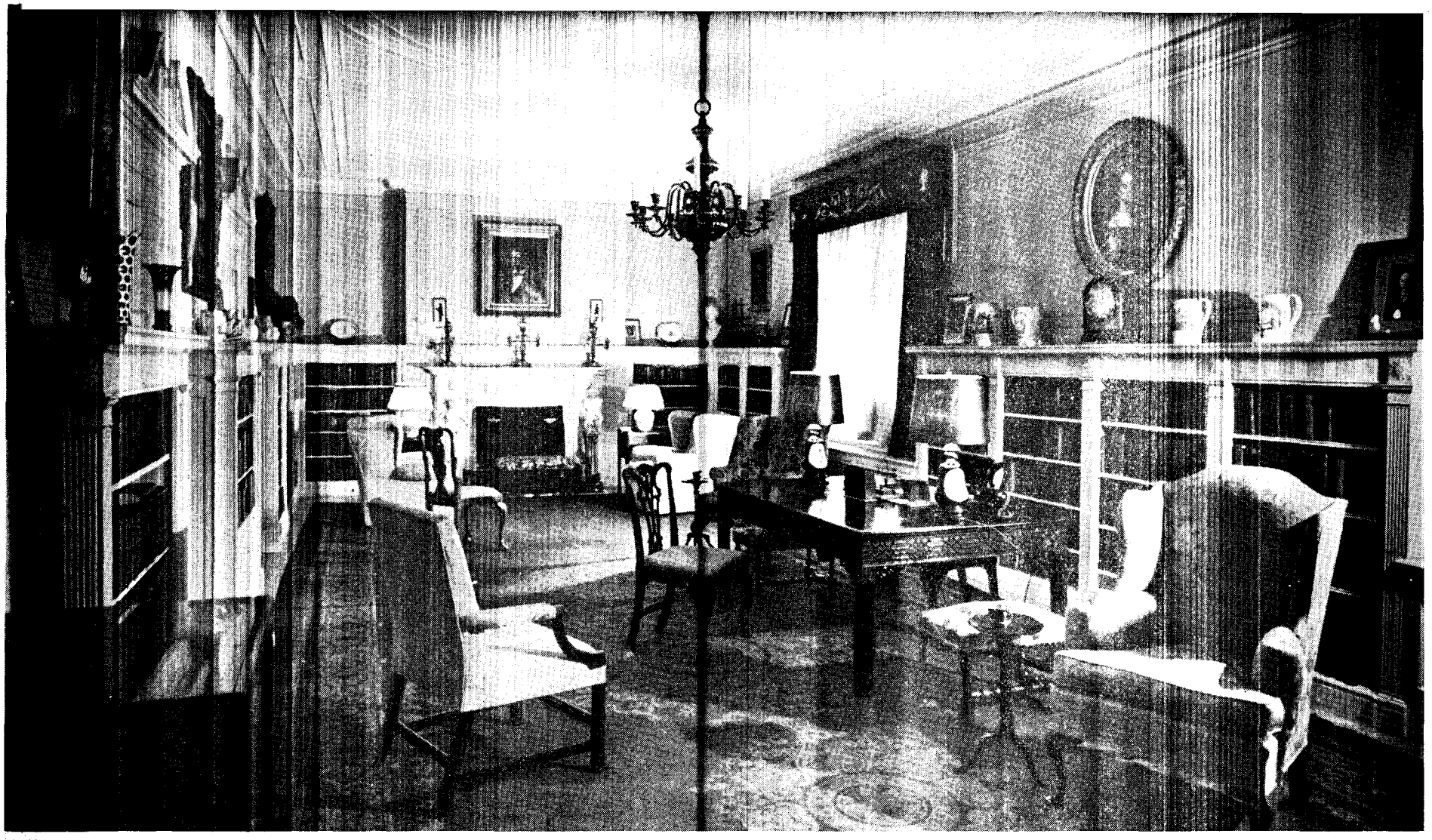


The library adjoining the President's Room. King Saud slept here, guarded by scimitar-bearing aides. Khrushchev's daughter once gave an impromptu party in this room.

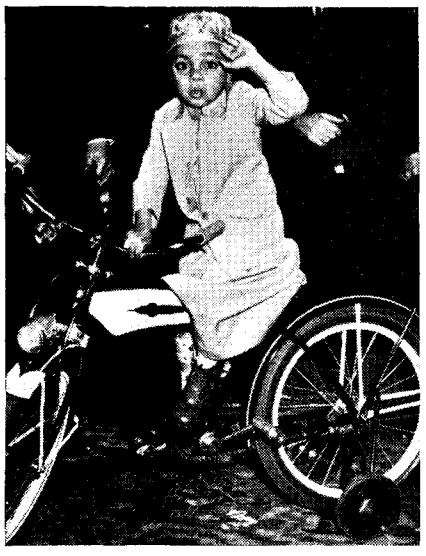
IKE AND FAMOUS GUESTS AT 1651 PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE

its luxuriously furnished rooms in stocking feet, had midnight snacks and watched the late, late show on television. Soviet boss Nikita Khrushchev went into the garden in his shirt sleeves each day after breakfast to soak up the morning sun. Burma's Prime Minister U Nu had a third-floor room sanctified and arose each morning at five o'clock for meditation and worship before an improvised Buddhist altar. And during the stay of Saudi Arabia's King Saud, four burnoosed Arabians set up their long-spouted brass *dallah* on the kitchen stove to brew the royal coffee.

Blair House first became an official haven for presidential guests early in World War II when the sudden influx of foreign VIP's overtaxed the already crowded White House, and Franklin D. Roosevelt commanded Secretary of State Cordell Hull to find the visitors suitable accommodations nearby—legend has it that F.D.R. told Hull to "get them out of my hair." The house at 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue was already one of the capital's most historic dwellings when the United States Government purchased the building and its priceless furnishings from the Blair family in 1942.

Francis Preston Blair, who had bought the home in 1836 after he came to Washington from Kentucky, was one of President Andrew Jackson's "Kitchen Cabinet," and Jackson was a frequent visitor at the Blairs'. During the early 1860's the eldest Blair son, Montgomery, was Abraham Lincoln's Postmaster General. President Lincoln would often slip across the street and into a small study off the Blairs' entry hall, where he could find refuge from the pressures of the White House. It is said that Lincoln wrote the first draft of the Emancipation Proclamation in this study. And in this same room, in 1861, Col. Robert E. Lee, at Lincoln's instance, was offered command of the Union Army in the field.

In the twentieth century, Blair House has continued its historic role. For more than three years it served as the substitute White House for President Truman and his family



King Saud of Saudi Arabia and his son, Prince Mashhur (right). State Department chauffeurs gave the prince a bicycle and he gleefully rode it through the elegant rooms of Blair House.

The Khrushchevs. Nikita chose a pink-and-blue bedroom and sunned in his shirt sleeves in the Blair House garden.

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The President's Room, where President Truman was napping when two Puerto Ricans tried to assassinate him. Hearing shots in the street below, Truman rushed to the window at right, but guards ordered him back.

1950: Oscar Collazo lies wounded at the Blair House steps after his attempt to kill President Truman failed.

Mrs. Victoria Geaney, the mansion's hostess, with Buddhist altar improvised for Burma's Prime Minister U Nu.

when the White House, at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, was undergoing reconstruction. Blair House was the scene of the attempted assassination of President Truman on the afternoon of November 1, 1950. Among the figures who have crossed the Blair House threshold in the past two decades are such history makers as France's General De Gaulle, Germany's Chancellor Adenauer, Republic of Vietnam's President Diem, Italy's President Gronchi, Indonesia's President Sukarno, Cuba's President Batista, Korea's President Rhee, Canada's Prime Ministers MacKenzie King and Diefenbaker, Australia's Prime Ministers Curtin and Menzies and Russia's Khrushchev and Foreign Minister Molotov.

Until 1955, presidential guests who were heads of state spent their first night at the White House and then transferred bag and baggage to Blair House the following morning. But since President Eisenhower's heart attack, all official presidential visitors except Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip have gone directly to Blair House upon arrival. Elizabeth and Philip stayed at the White House during their 1957 American trip because Blair House was being redecorated. In 1957, President Eisenhower ordered that Blair House be officially named The President's Guest House. But among most Washingtonians, and even in State Department offices, it still is invariably referred to as Blair House.

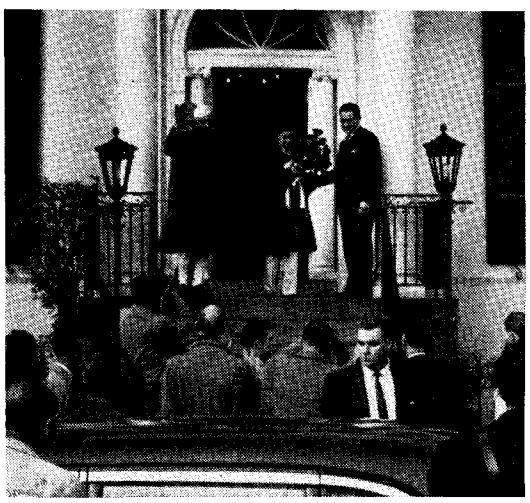
The house is run under the supervision of the Secretary of State and his chief of protocol. However, the one person most directly responsible for making this house a home is its hostess-manager, Mrs. Victoria Geaney.

The imposing name of Victoria Geaney (rhymes with rainy) is deceptive, as we quickly discovered a few weeks ago when we knocked on the door at 1651 Pennsylvania Avenue. We were admitted by a short, motherly-looking woman, probably in her sixties, who was dressed in a simple, light blue Shantung suit. Her gray hair was softly coifed, but she wore no make-up, and her level gaze was that of a woman devoid of pretense.

"I don't know how you folks ever got permission to come in here," Mrs. Geaney said as she led us into the handsomely furnished front drawing room. "It's been years since I've had official permission to talk to the press."

We admitted we had had to wage a month-long battle of paperwork through White House and State Department offices before our patience was finally rewarded. We explained that we wanted to find out some of the things that had taken place in the seventeen years since *The Saturday Evening Post* first carried an article about Blair House. (WHITE HOUSE DORMITORY, by Leigh White, Dec. 11, 1948.)

"Oh, my, a lot has happened since then," replied the hostess-manager. "Back in those days we didn't have nearly the traffic we have now. We used to have only about four visits a year. But in just one month recently we had three state visits. First we had President Lleras of Colombia, then General De Gaulle. And the King and Queen of Nepal arrived only a few hours after General De Gaulle had left. We had to work all night getting the house ready for the new guests. (Continued on Page 52)



rime Minister Nehru of India and his daughter, ndira Gandhi. A major political figure, Mrs. Gandhi known as "the most important woman in India."

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"I suppose you realize that I am . . .
dazed . . . at the moment,"
the prince said.

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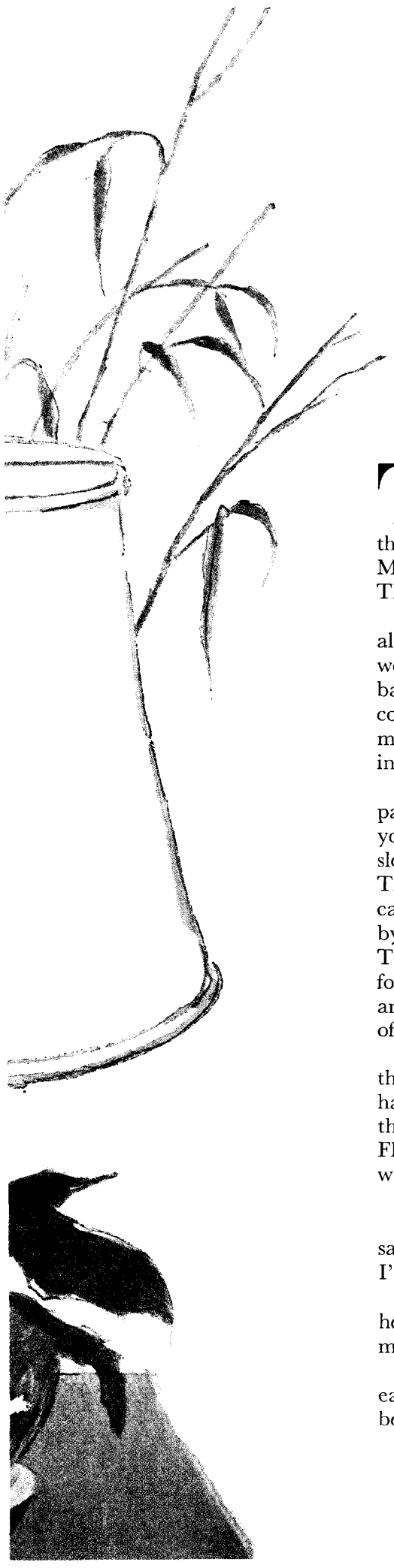
There was something magical about it—something that could cause a man to fall in love with a girl he had never seen before.



Cinderella Dress

By VIVIAN CONNELL

The moon was climbing into the dark blue sky as Cristabel walked along the promenade at Cannes. She sat on a bench by the gardens of the Croisette and watched the Mediterranean growing all silver in the light. This was her last evening on the Riviera.

She turned to watch the shining cars that came along from the Palace Napoleon hotel. The rich were going out to dine in alpine inns and tranquil bays. Blue trout and red lobsters and wine the color of moonlight. Old people silent and diamonded in limousines. Young people laughing in convertibles.

Then a silver coupé came along by the curb past the line of fashionable shops. In it was a young man in a blue silk jacket who drove very slowly. The elegant car moved as in a dream. Then a shimmer of white in a corner window caught the young man's eye. He stopped the car by the curb and gazed at the window a long time. Then he got out and stood looking in the window for a longer time. Finally he got back into his car and drove away slowly, with a soft breathing noise of the powerful engine.

He had stood there so long and in such a trance that Cristabel decided to go over and see what had held him spellbound in the window. But now three sailors in summer white from the Sixth Fleet came by, and one of them spoke in a friendly way to the girl on the bench.

"Hi! What are you doing there all alone?"

"Looking at the moon, and getting hungry," said Cristabel. "And now I have got hungry, so I'm going along to eat."

They were nice, friendly boys, and they watched her get up, tall, slim and looking beautiful in the moonlight. She smiled at them.

Another one spoke. "You can come along and eat with us, and welcome, if you don't want to be alone."

"Thank you. But it's my last night here, and I feel like being alone with Cannes. If it wasn't that way, I would love to come. But it's nice of you."

She smiled again and waved a hand as she went along. She walked along to the port and watched the old fishermen playing *boules* under the plane trees, and then went to the tavern where she could have a rich *soupe aux poissons* and plenty of bread and a glass of wine and coffee for less than a dollar, and listen to Miko playing his guitar on the wine barrel. She gave him a quarter, and then he spent twice that on a brandy of good-by for the American girl who was beautiful and friendly and had music in her soft voice from Virginia.

She spent a long time saying good-by to her friends in the tavern, and it was late when she walked back along the Croisette and sat again on the bench by the gardens. The moon was awake in all the night, and the roses sleeping in perfume. Then she heard the noise of an engine breathing, and turned and saw the silver coupé gliding to a stop. The lone young man had come to look at the window again. Once more he got out of the car and stood a long time at the window. Then quietly, absorbed, he got in the car again and drove along toward the Palace Napoleon.

He had looked handsome in the moonlight, and it was strange for a young man in an elegant coupé to be alone all evening on the Riviera. Suddenly Cristabel got up and walked across to the window. The shop was small, but bore the name of a famous Paris designer. It was just a "show window" for the Paris house.

In the window was a dress of moonlight silk with a panel of white lace along the low neckline and a circle of lace above the hem of the billowing skirt. It was a dress outside fashion that Cristabel could have worn at the cotillion last spring and that her mother could have worn thirty springs ago. Like the bridal (Continued on Page 58)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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New Horizons in Philosophy

By MORTON WHITE

The most arresting and most distinctive feature of philosophy in the English-speaking world today is concentration on linguistic and logical analysis. While dialectical materialism is the official philosophy of the Soviet bloc, and Western Europe continues to be strongly affected by existentialism, Britain and the United States are primarily the homes of what is called analytic or linguistic philosophy. Analytic philosophers are neither sponsored nor controlled by any government or political party, and they do not appeal to the Bohemian or the beatnik. They invite both Marxist and existentialist scorn because they spurn the pretentiousness and murk of much traditional philosophy. For good reasons analytic philosophy has never become the favorite subject of the bistro or the *espresso* café, and it needs no proof of its seriousness. It respects the values of the reasonable man rather than those of the irrational man, though it fully recognizes the existence of irrationality.

Analytic philosophy begins with an awareness of the fact that philosophy is not a rival of science and that it cannot provide us with another way of studying the world with which the scientist deals. When in the nineteenth century natural science grew so highly specialized, it became evident that nobody could encompass the whole of knowledge. And so the drift of philosophy was away from encyclopedism, away from thinking that the philosopher was a superscientist, a universal genius, a know-it-all.

Not only did it become evident that universal knowledge was humanly impossible, but it was seen how grotesque it was to think that one could construct a system in which all our knowledge could be derived from a few philosophical principles, as the geometrical theorems of Euclid are deduced from his axioms. It was this mistake which resulted in the illusion that philosophers could dominate all knowledge through the command of a few pivotal truths. This may be called the metaphysical illusion, the product of a vast inflation of the powers and prospects of metaphysics, one of the oldest and most mysterious branches of philosophy.

According to tradition, metaphysics is the most fundamental of all disciplines. The first part of the word "metaphysics" is derived from the Greek *meta*, meaning "beyond," so that the subject was conceived as that which went beyond the problems of physics. Physicists, some metaphysicians said, deal with material things, biologists with living things, mathematicians with numbers, points and lines. But the metaphysician cuts a much wider swath; indeed he takes the whole cloth as his province, for he studies being *as such*. Not any particular being or limited class of beings, but just plain being, since the traditional metaphysician is the spectator of all time and eternity.

It took philosophers a long time to realize that the number of interesting things that one can say about all things in one fell swoop is very limited. When you lump together such different items as kings, cabbages, bits of sealing wax, numbers, thoughts and electrons in order to say what they all have in common, you are likely to discover that what they have in common is the fact that they exist. You lapse into emptiness through the effort to become supremely general.

Having reached this dour conclusion about the most central of philosophical disciplines, some philosophers asked themselves just what was left for them to do. If all of existence could

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Philosophy accepts a new challenge— the exploration of the full dimensions of the words, thoughts and feelings we use in communicating with one another.

About the Author

Morton White, forty-three-year-old Harvard professor and author, associates himself with the analytic movement in contemporary philosophy: "Analytic philosophy can be broad in scope without abandoning standards of rigorous thinking and clarity. The two great dangers in philosophy are empty formalism and woolliness. One of my hopes is that philosophy will avoid extremes of trivial exactitude and vapid, pompous 'profundity.'" During the past year Professor White has been a Fellow at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, Stanford, California.

be parceled out to different scientists who worked so effectively by specializing, and if the philosopher was unable to supply any significant first principles which could neatly order the tangled forest of modern science and information, what was the philosopher's function in the intellectual world? Once philosophy was everything. Now it threatened to become nothing.

Fortunately the story of philosophy did not end here. There were some who did not desert the battered, beleaguered ship. They knew that there were nonmetaphysical questions of large import which had always been asked by philosophers and which had to be asked more relentlessly than ever in an age of scientific specialization. One of these questions—short, but powerful—was "What do you mean?" The patron saint of philosophy, Socrates, had spent most of his time asking it, often to the discomfort of those with whom he conversed in Plato's *Dialogues* and to the immense delight of centuries of readers who watched Socrates puncture humbug and ironically examine ideas which could not stand the test of honest logical criticism. The question "What do you mean?" could be directed even at scientists. It was the tiny candle which had flickered since antiquity, which had never gone out even in philosophy's darkest days. It was used to light a philosophical bonfire by a generation of thinkers at the turn of the century—Ernst Mach, the Austrian philosopher-physicist who influenced Einstein; Bertrand Russell and G. E. Moore in England; Charles Peirce and William James in the United States. They sparked the various new explosive movements of the twentieth century—pragmatism in the United States, logical positivism in Austria, and Cambridge analysis, so called in honor of the English university where it first flourished.

No matter how far scientific specialization went it left the possibility of asking Socrates's question. In fact, the more the scientists specialized, the more their preoccupation with description, experiment, observation and prediction robbed them of the time and energy needed for the clarification of their fundamental concepts. Physicists before Einstein had failed to be sufficiently clear about the notions of space and time, and biologists were not always prepared to give comprehensible answers to the question "What is life?" Even mathematicians were foggy about the idea of number and had fallen into serious paradoxes. Here, then, was an opportunity for philosophers to co-operate with scientists in an effort to elucidate the basic concepts of special sciences, instead of pretending that the philosopher possessed a mysterious key to all scientific doors. The revival of the Socratic question "What do you mean?" as applied to the words of the scientist, thus preserved for the philosopher a central, if not regal, position. He was no longer a surveyor of everything, but rather a careful student of language who at this stage of the analytic movement tended to concentrate on the terms of natural science and mathematics. The most brilliant monument to this pre-World War I era in philosophy was the three-volumed *Principia Mathematica* of Russell and Whitehead.

After the First World War the harvest of this intellectual activity was reaped by younger philosophers who described themselves as logical positivists. Philosophy, they said in going beyond Russell and Whitehead, was nothing but the philosophy of science. And philosophy of science, as someone put it, was philosophy enough. A story was told of a philosopher of the old school who came into the *CONTINUED ON PAGE 70*

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Illustrated by Arthur Lidov

She insisted on waging a hopeless battle against . . .

THIS HOSTILE LAND

By PRENTISS COMBS

A section of land is a square mile of the surface of the earth. Land, in that part of the country, had once been granted by that measure. But there were few men tough enough to work that much and say with any truth that they owned the land and that the land did not own them. Most ended up with a quarter section. It was a portion of the earth to which a man could hold title with some degree of comfort.

Part of the valley was irrigated, and there was some security in that. But a lot of it was dry, and a quarter section of unirrigated wheat could turn into a grindstone and wear a man away, body and spirit, year by year. No woman had any business trying it, wet or dry. But Jessie Hilton tried it on a quarter section of heartbreak wheat and worried Tribus Afton, the mail carrier, more than anybody else on his route.

Tribus watched her turn from a handsome woman into a hurrying ruin, all womanly softness melted off her, leaned down to weathered rawhide. Tribus saw her one day as she went from barn to house and he turned in to let his presence force her into the neglected kitchen to make coffee and talk awhile. She sat, but fidgeted to be back at her work.

"How are you?" Tribus asked.

She grinned at him, cautious of the sun blisters on her lips, seeing through him and answering with mock brightness as if to a polite question. "Just fine, Tribus. Just fine."

One look at her was plenty to see she was sick and exhausted. But her iron core glinted out from her eyes. She knew Tribus and Doc Purdy were worrying over her and that Tribus was there checking. She was letting him know she wanted neither help nor pity.

"I was just thinking," Tribus said, using one of a dozen gentle tricks he had tried with no success, "there's a box supper at the school on Saturday evening. Why don't I just pick you up?"

There was that sardonic downflick of the mouth and the glint of core iron. "And I just bet we could stop by and see Doc Purdy—just by chance."

"You should let him take a check," he said.

"That old quack," she said, but there was no fire in it.

"Doc was in at the hospital the other day and arranged for you to go any time—just any time."

"Which hospital?"

Tribus fumbled and juggled the word, but there was just one way to say it.

"The County!" She repeated it and said it all in that scornful echo. It meant a lot of things. It meant you were broke—but that was no sin in that country. Most people were broke, but if a man was hard-rinded and hopeful, he took credit and paid when he could. But to go to the County Hospital shouted out that being broke had got to you and had turned you from a man to charity trash.

"The County!"

"The County Hospital," Tribus said patiently, "is for sick people who need help. You need it."

"A little stitch in my side."

"You know it's a lot more than that."

"Listen, you nosy mailman, I'm not going." Tribus sat patiently without speaking. "Oh, I don't mean to badger you and Doc," she went on penitently. "But it's what you are. I'm an in-betweener. It's like the clothes you wear. Now old Crazy Pete Estrada, he can wear rags, and nobody thinks anything of it. He's got nothing and never will have. And a rich man can wear rags. But nobody in between can. If I were somebody, I could go to the County, or if I was nobody."

Tribus sighed. It was an old battleground, and the boundaries of it were laid down that day last fall when Henry Hilton had called it a life and tumbled forward through the plow handles. Death had been such a sudden fist that he had not even had time to whoa the team. He had fallen in front of the turning share and had been (Continued on Page 63)

Out in the field Jessie worked determinedly while her visitors fidgeted in embarrassment.

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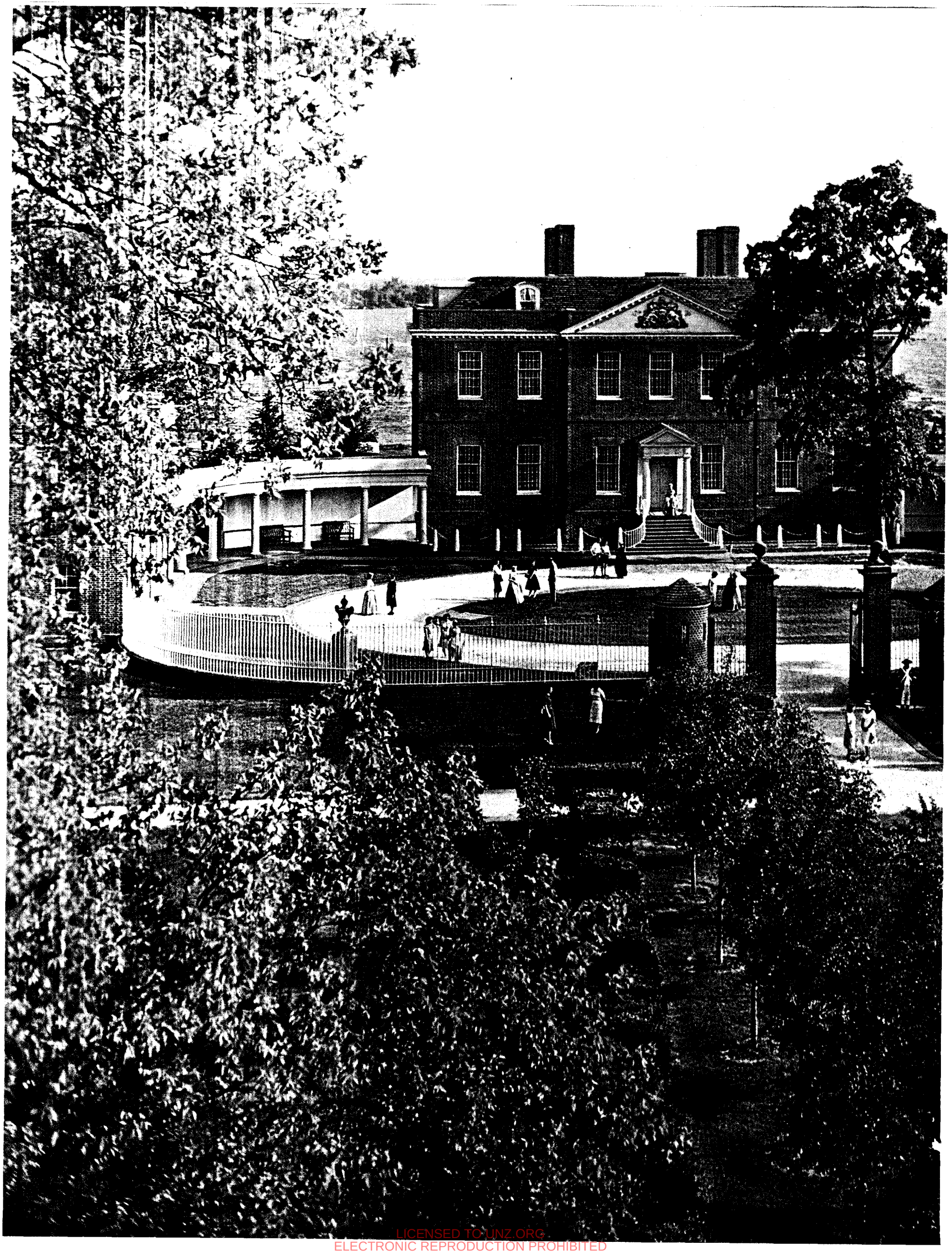

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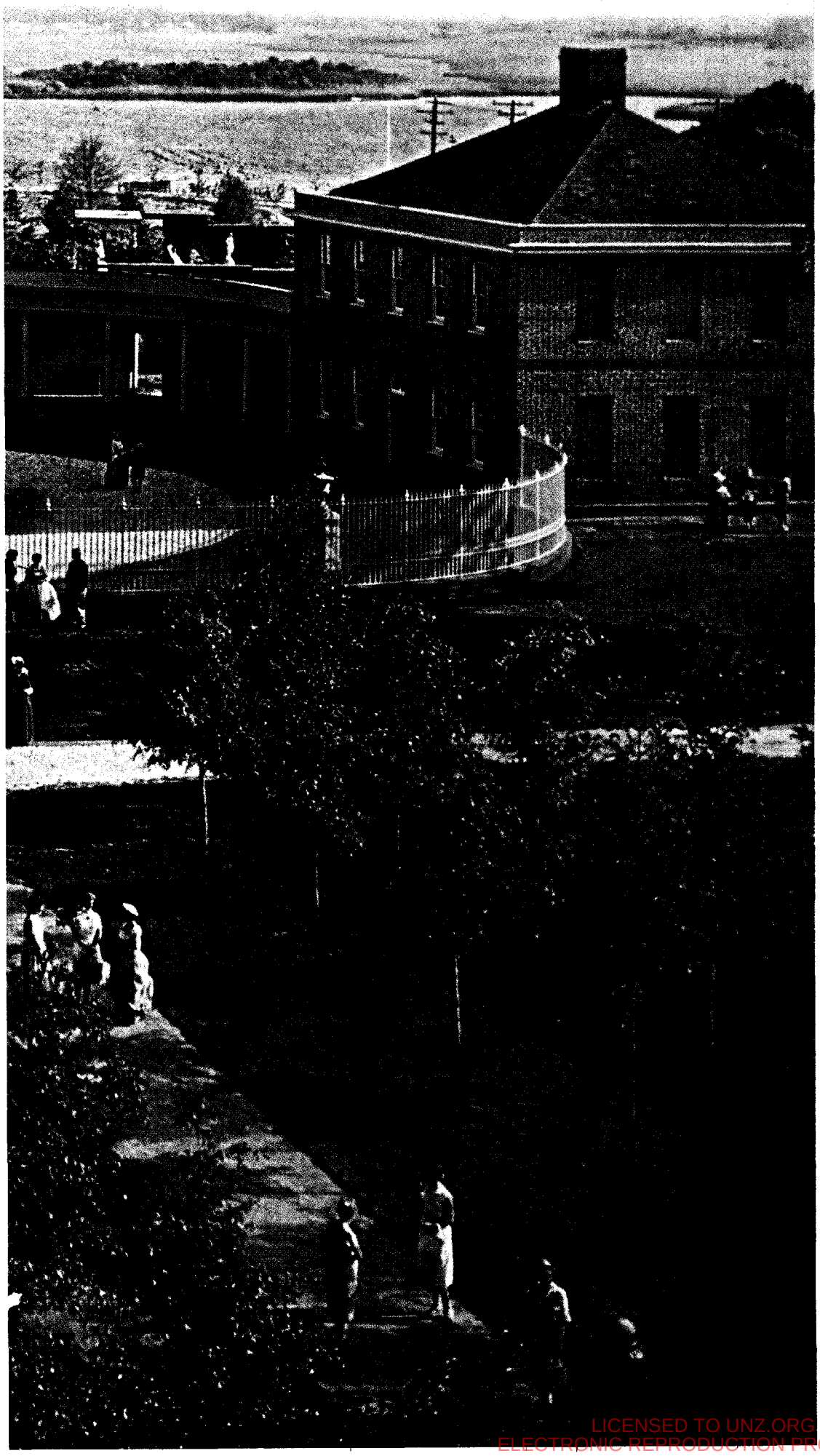
The Face of AMERICA



Carolina Palace

In 1770 William Tryon, Royal Governor of North Carolina Colony, filled with pride in his king, himself and his station, completed the original of this magnificent building in New Bern as his residence and government house. High construction costs caused an abortive rebellion by the tax-conscious North Carolinians, who heartily detested Tryon. The governor used his elegant quarters for just a year before George III transferred him to New York. In May, 1775, colonial patriots occupied the palace, which thereupon became North Carolina's first state capitol. In 1791 George Washington found it "a good brick building now hastening to ruins." By 1800 fire and neglect had leveled all of the palace except one wing building. One hundred and forty years later Mrs. Maude Moore Latham, widow of a Greensboro businessman, donated more than $1,500,000 and a valuable collection of antique furnishings toward the restoration of Tryon's Palace. After fourteen years of research and seven years of actual construction, the rebuilt, refurnished palace was opened in 1959—eight years after Mrs. Latham's death. Today goggle-eyed tourists pay two dollars a head to wander through the reconstruction of a royal governor's dream.

• Photograph by Larry Fried

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A ROOSTER IN GENERAL GRANT'S TENT

A Civil War Story by

JOHN PAUL HEFFERNAN

A number of improbable things happened to my grandfather during the Civil War, and it was no surprise when he mentioned a rooster who once had held the rank of colonel in the Army of the Potomac.

The rooster's name was Brewster, appearing to add strong support to the theory advanced by certain students of the language that jive talk is nothing new.

It was 1864 and spring was stirring slowly in Virginia. The Potomac soldiers were down at Brandy Station. Rumors were thick about a new campaign, but the soldiers figured they'd wait and see what happened and concentrate on more immediate things, such as food. Food was always a problem. The army tried hard, but even its best was never up to what the boys had known at home. So they made do around the countryside to supplement the army's doleful diet, and grandfather said that it wasn't beneath even a hungry chaplain to chase a chicken when his rumbling stomach made him forget what it said in the good book about his neighbor's property.

Grandfather said that chickens were scarce in Virginia, and it was a day to chalk up when he and his two friends, Jed Steele and Eph Jones, had chicken for dinner. He said that salt pork and desiccated vegetables can get fairly gruesome as a steady diet, so he and the boys begged a day off and went fishing, hoping that they could catch something which could be cooked and eaten before it became venerable.

"But the Virginia trout streams had been fished out," he said, "and it looked as if we'd have to return to camp and face the same old poison we'd been existing on since Eighteen-sixty-one."

They got lost in the woods and thrashed around through undergrowth and timber for several hours, each with his own idea as to direction. Finally they sat on a fallen tree and took a vote. It was an overcast day, and they couldn't rely on the sun for help. At length grandfather and Jed Steele voted to keep straight ahead, and Eph, who disagreed violently but didn't want to try it alone, gave in and trailed along, full of dire predictions about how they'd run smack into Robert E. Lee and fifty or sixty thousand mean, hungry Confederates. (Continued on Page 46)

"What are you doing here, soldier?" General Grant asked calmly.

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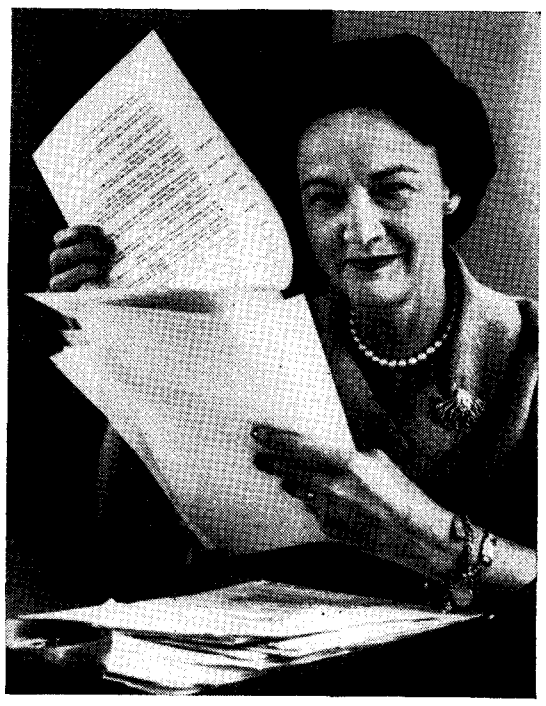

Ebullient Katie Louchheim (left) and Margaret Price, her successor as Democratic women's leader. "Brains have no sex," says Katie, an outspoken critic of politicians who "talk down" to female voters.

Republican leader Clare Williams (above, left) says, "Women are people—not a separate species of animal." With her is Minnesota national committeewoman Mrs. Russell Lund.

Is There a "Women's Vote"?

Women are individualists, say the chiefs of the Democratic and Republican women's divisions. Flattery helps win their votes, but the candidates had better be prepared to discuss the issues too.

By Sidney Shalett

During the 1958 Congressional campaign, Mrs. Katie Louchheim, then vice chairman and director of women's activities for the Democratic National Committee, got to brooding on her favorite theme, namely, "There ain't no such animal as a woman voter!" Letting her nimble mind scan the situation much as an expert stenographer's fingers flit over a typewriter keyboard, she thought, *Now is the time for all good men to stop condescending to the gals of the party.*

Mrs. Louchheim, who is taking a leading part in the current Presidential campaign as Robert Kennedy's special assistant, determined to strike a blow against the political downrating of her sex. Katie, as everyone in Washington—and throughout the country—calls her within five minutes after introduction, was due that afternoon to preside over a Democratic women's powwow, attended by such luminaries as former President Harry S. Truman and more senior senators than usually can be found on the Senate floor during an average working session. "I whispered to Mr. Truman what I intended to do, and he was delighted," she relates. "He whispered back, 'Give 'em heck, Katie!'"

(Continued on Page 78)

Grim-faced warriors of 1913 in the ardent battle for woman suffrage. The ladies won in 1920, when the Nineteenth Amendment was ratified. Today female voters outnumber the men by 3,500,000.

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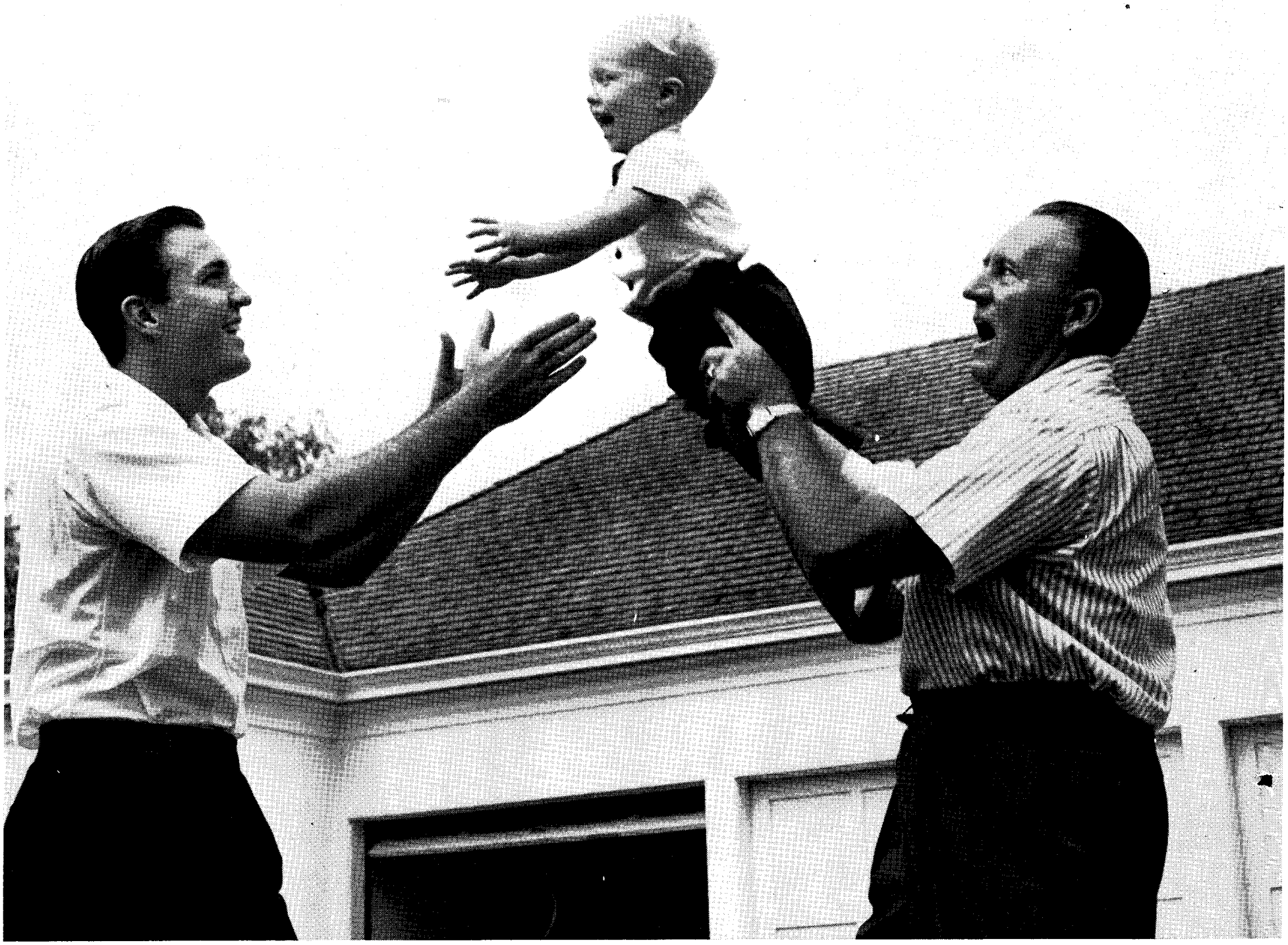

Three generations of Linkletters: Jack, 23; Mike, one and a half; and 48-year-old Art, who was recently elected Grandfather of the Year.

Confessions of a Happy Man PART FOUR

Young Linkletter did everything backward. He became an ad-lib artist because he found scripts too risky. And his big break came when he was fired from an important job.

My Zany Rise to the Top

By ART LINKLETTER
as told to
Dean Jennings

One evening many years ago I passed my son Jack's bedroom and paused for a moment to listen as he said his bedtime prayers. And this is what I heard: "Thank you, God. Amen. Listen in again tomorrow night, same time, same station, for another in this series."

My first impulse was to step into the room, scold him a little and explain that perhaps God *was* tuned into the Linkletter house, but that He was considerably different from a radio audience and should be treated with more dignity. But I didn't. I quietly shut the door and went back downstairs.

Art in 1939, when he worked with the Golden Gate International Exposition. Fired from this job, he was forced to free-lance, and soon hit the big time.

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Linkletter (third from left) at a meeting of the Diners' Club board of directors. A daring investor, he owns interests in dozens of oil wells and such odd items as Hula Hoops.

Art, squinting against the sun, and his friend Irv Atkins return from a preview of *Christmas in the Holy Land*, a film starring the Linkletter family.

I realized that little Jack was not only imitating me, which was natural, but that since his birth he had heard little else around the house but the jargon and shoptalk of my business. Broadcasting dominated my life, and I had been living it every minute, day and night, since my college days. Jack Linkletter is twenty-three now, has recently made me a grandfather for the second time and, I am proud to say, has created and starred in his own television show. He has learned all that I could teach him—and more—but I suspect he is saying his prayers quite differently now.

As for myself, I have been thankful many times for the happy turn of events that got me started in radio and television.

During my senior year at San Diego State in 1934, I had a part-time job as an announcer at radio station KGB in San Diego and, when graduation time came, I stood at the crossroads—as many another senior has done—and faced the challenge of the future.

Among other offbeat opportunities, I probably could have had a well-paying job as a shill or casino employee in one of the gaudier gambling halls in Agua Caliente, just across the Mexican border from San Diego. I had been employed many a weekend there, posing as a spendthrift college boy while trying to trap cheating dealers in the casino. Not only was it an exciting adventure but it brought me into close personal contact with some of the great motion-picture stars I had long admired. I found myself—then a mere country boy in this kind of company—chatting and laughing with Margarita Cansino, now better known as Rita Hayworth; Clara Bow, the original "It" girl; the late Jean Harlow, Clark Gable

(Continued on Page 106)

Art and Zsa Zsa Gabor clown during rehearsal for *Love Is Funny*, an NBC special slated for October. "I'm a married man," he said. She replied, "That makes no difference."

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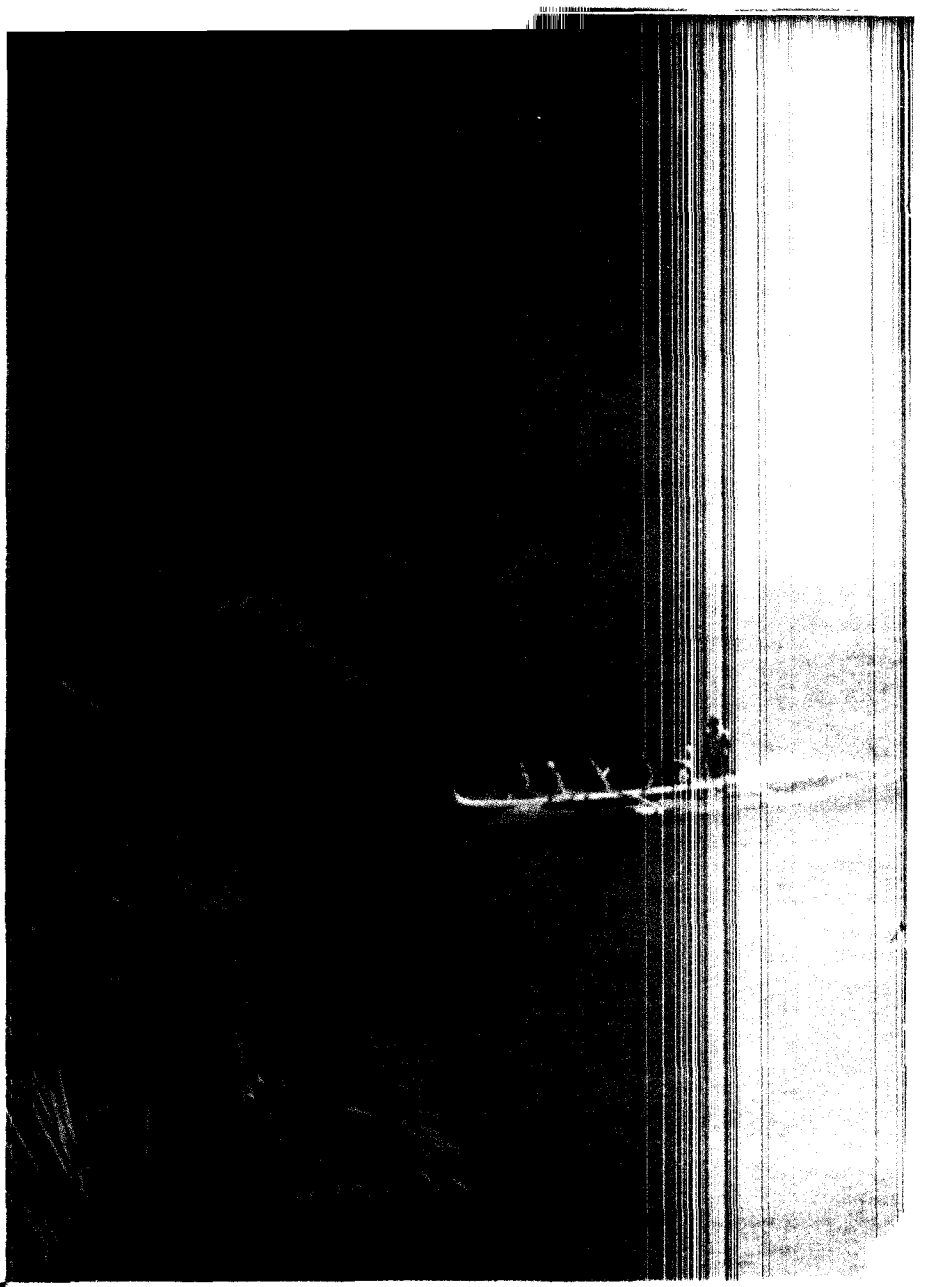


Right: Surfboarders and outrigger canoes riding a Pacific wave to Waikiki Beach, which has been the scene of most *Hawaii Calls* broadcasts.

Hawaii's Music Man

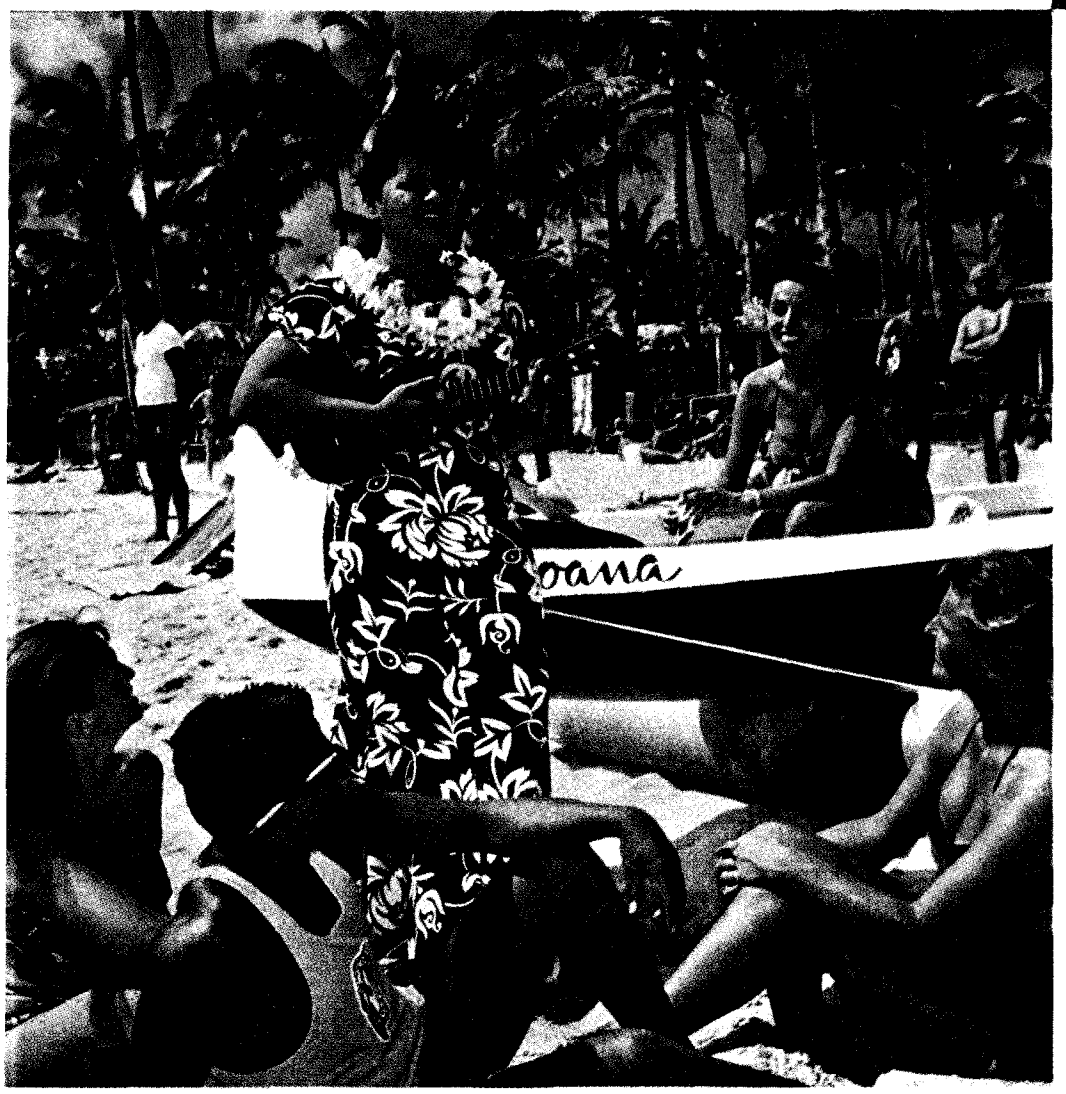
Every Saturday afternoon Webley Edwards sends that haunting island music around the world via one of radio's oldest, most indestructible programs.

By Frank Taylor

The No. 1 Pied Piper of the fiftieth state is a bouncy, breezy authority on Polynesian music named Webley Edwards, producer-narrator of the long-lived radio program *Hawaii Calls*, now in its twenty-fifth year, a ripe old age for network shows.

Edwards has outlasted many early contemporaries, largely because he has been merchandising a blend of romance, nostalgia, daydream and escape—in short, rainbows.

The best years of Edwards' life have been devoted to spreading, by melody and rhythm, the idea that a paradise awaits at the end of these rainbows, which are anchored, of course, in the Hawaiian Islands. The current population surge in the islands, the building boom,



Haunani, a member of Edwards' troupe, has a rare double voice ranging from bass to soprano. Edwards first heard her in a chorus singing background music for a movie.

At right, Webley Edwards entertaining tourists after a broadcast. He is owner, producer and narrator of *Hawaii Calls*, and has become an authority on Hawaiian music.

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the traffic jams, the clangor of bulldozers and air compressors redoing the Waikiki area sometimes make it tough for Edwards to sustain the illusion of a never-never land, where little brown girls in swishing skirts dance the hula on the shores of sleepy lagoons.

But Edwards, heard over some 600 radio stations scattered around the globe, is holding his own. He is credited with luring more people to the Paradise of the Pacific than anyone else, and he does it on an annual budget of only $70,000.

The *Hawaii Calls* show is recorded on Saturday afternoons usually from the old Moana Hotel, the Reef Hotel, or the Hawaiian Village—all on Waikiki Beach. Every so often Edwards loads a plane with singers, instrumentalists and half a ton of recording gear and takes the show from Oahu to one of the outer islands—Kauai, Maui or Hawaii—which are still pretty much the happy isles his troupe has been singing about all these years.

The Saturday broadcasts invariably attract an audience of from 2000 to 3000 mainland fans and a sprinkling of foreigners newly arrived in Hawaii. Warming up this audience by what he calls his "half hour of corny rigmarole" is an important feature of Edwards' broadcast. Wanting kibitzers in the act, he calls for a raising of hands of the various tribes of mainlanders—Canadians, New Yorkers, Californians and so on. (Continued on Page 74)

To project authentic atmosphere from Waikiki, Edwards sometimes rolls up his pants and wades into the surf to report the water's temperature. He used to do this regularly until a wave spanked him in mid-broadcast.

Edwards' colorful show attracts a live audience of about 2500 tourists when it is broadcast from the Moana Hotel, the Reef Hotel or the Hawaiian Village.

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Murtaugh evidently tried to thumb out the umpire in a recent game. But Danny lost the argument anyway.

What's Got Into the Pirates?

General manager Joe Brown—son of comedian Joe E. Brown—built the Pirates from the ground up.

The inside story of the surging, pennant-hungry Pittsburgh ball club, and why it suddenly caught fire.

By Myron Cope

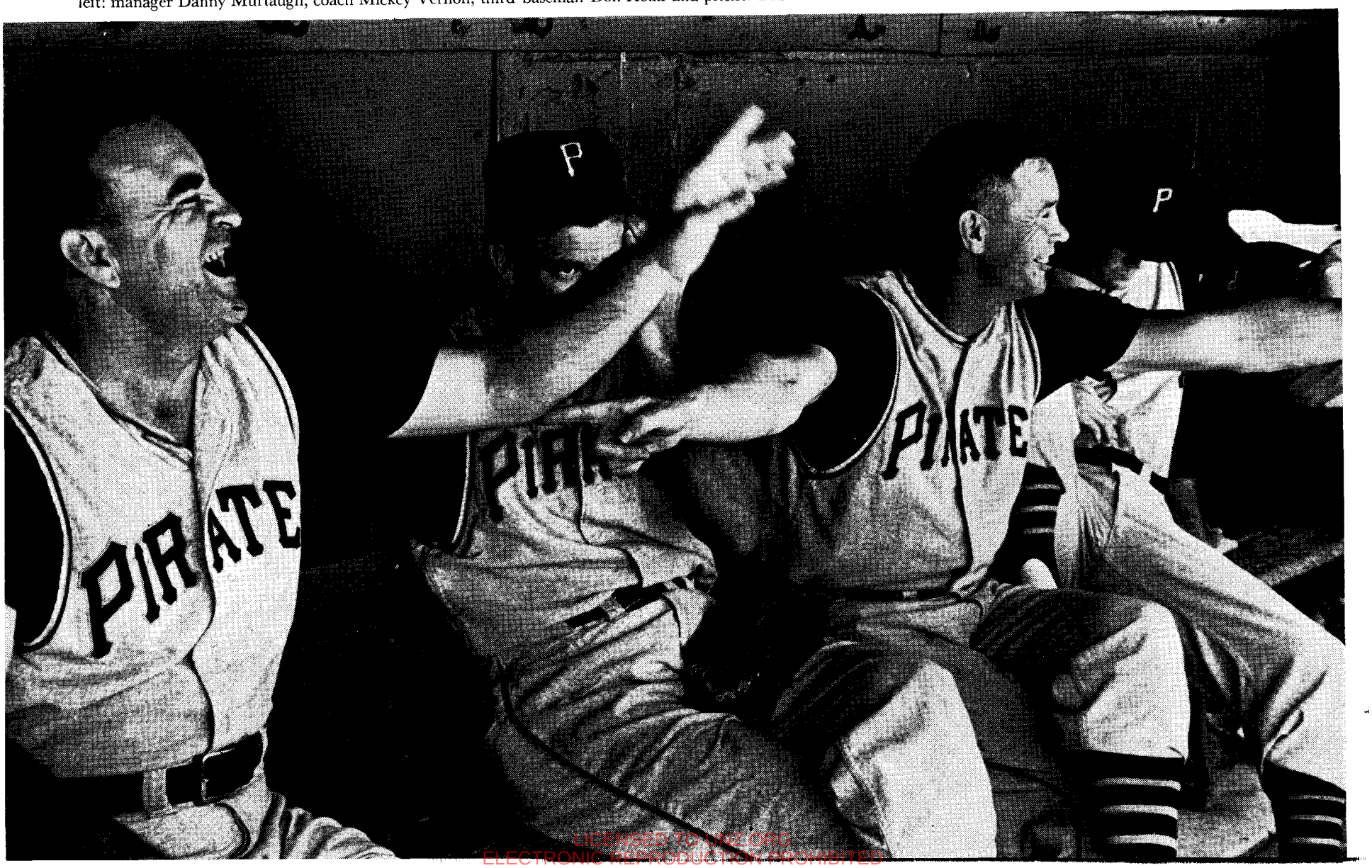
In March, 1947, seven months after a syndicate headed by portly Indianapolis banker Frank E. McKinney had bought control of the Pittsburgh Pirates, McKinney speculated that it might take five years to build the Pirates into a pennant contender, although he was hopeful that the job could be done in three.

In 1952, when McKinney had long since staggered from the Pirate scene, his successor as president, John W. Galbreath, said, "I can see the future forming for us now. Another rough year is coming up, but by 1953 we should start moving in the right direction."

The year 1953—and 1954 and 1955—saw the Pirates standing stock-still in last place. Branch Rickey, Galbreath's general manager, had charted a five-year plan of development to get the Pirates into contention by 1956. A question was put to him, "If by 1956 the Pirates still are seventh or eighth, what then?"

(Continued on Page 80)

In spirit the Pirates have been likened to the old St. Louis Gashouse Gang. From the left: manager Danny Murtaugh, coach Mickey Vernon, third baseman Don Hoak and pitcher Bob Friend.



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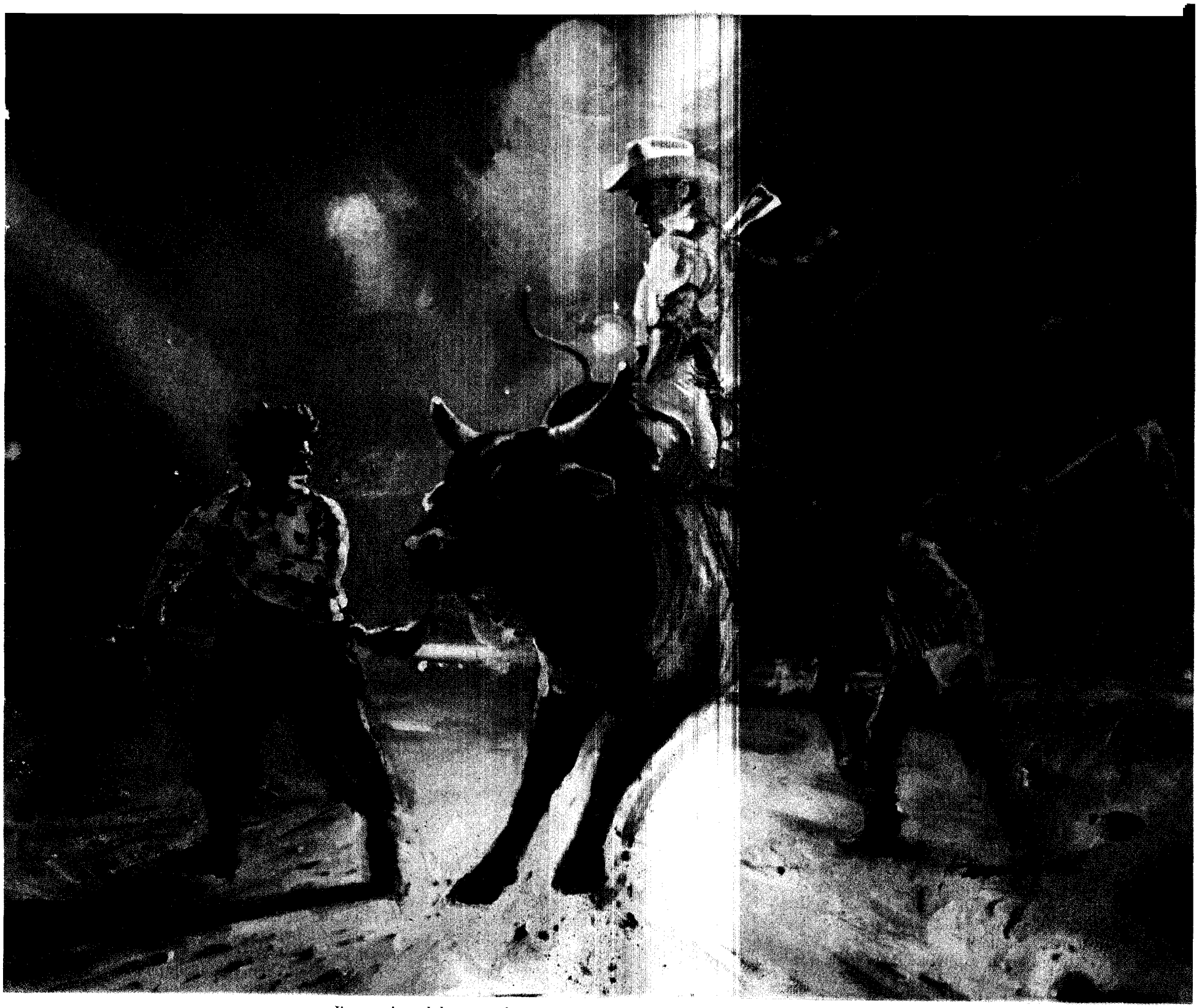

Jiggs cut in and then away from the bull just as the rider was about to be thrown.

Each day riders risked death knowing they could depend on . . .

The Man With the Painted Smile

By COLIN LOFTING

In spite of the fact it was uncomfortably hot, he stayed in his trailer. Perspiration, streaking his make-up, made his face itch. Listening to the blaring public-address system, he could visualize exactly what was happening. He glanced at his watch, calculating it would be another eighteen or twenty minutes until the bull riding. Time dragged.

This was his third year working Phoenix, and the waves of sound from the grandstand told him it was a sellout. He should have been in the arena before this—putting on some silly act for the kids—and now he should be checking the bulls.

Other years, the years he'd climbed his way to being the best clown in rodeo, he'd be reviewing the bulls right now, mentally listing the characteristics of each animal and checking them against the cowboys who'd drawn them. He'd tell himself exactly where to stand in front of the chutes, ready to take the bull off the fallen rider.

Clowning was important and dangerous. Taking terrific risks; the heat and dust; and sometimes being roughed up caused forgetfulness, and if you forgot the characteristics of a bull, you could be late reaching a fallen rider. Yes, he'd forgotten once. Somehow he'd have to quit hiding or he'd be out of work. But he couldn't fight down the impulse to avoid that crumpled figure in the wheel chair.

Feeling his mind tugged toward the never-ending review of (Continued on Page 94)

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ALIBI FOR MURDER

To guard his secret he had to kill again.

By NANCY RUTLEDGE

"There's only one way I can clear myself, Heather," said young Rick Donelli. "To find the real murderer of Old Garth." Rick didn't know that Bartholomew Garth, the wealthy old tyrant's son, was the murderer.

"But how can you?" said Heather. "The police can't find anyone else, and they're looking for you. You'll have to give yourself up. There's no other way. You may get shot otherwise, and anyone who helps you will go to jail."

"I'm not asking you to help me," he said.

"And I'm not going to help you."

There was a heavy knock at the door. They looked at each other. Then Heather said unsteadily, "Who—who is it?"

"Saul Milstein. Police. May I come in?"

IV

Heather glanced over her shoulder before she opened the door. Rick was nowhere in sight. She wondered if he would go out the window or the back door, or if he was merely behind the ancient velvet curtains which were pulled between rooms in winter to avoid the necessity of heating more than one.

"Good evening," said Saul politely. "Is Mr. Garth at home?"

Heather started to say stupidly, "But Mr. Garth is dead." She stopped herself. "Bartholomew? I suppose he's at the funeral parlor."

"I checked," said Saul. "And I thought since his car was still here in the garage—it's all right if he doesn't want to see anyone the night before the funeral. Only just say so. Always tell the police the truth."

"I tell everyone the truth. I didn't know he didn't have the car. He said he was going out. I don't know where."

Saul looked around the great hall uneasily. "Sort of spooky joint to be alone in, isn't it?"

"I wasn't—I'm not afraid."

"Gets you to talking to yourself probably," said Saul. "Coming up the steps, I—I would have sworn I heard voices."

Heather said, "I don't talk to myself."

Saul shrugged. "So long as I'm here and Mr. Garth isn't, do you mind if I ask you a few more questions?"

"I answered all the questions yesterday and at the inquest today. Please, do I have to go through it again?"

"Not that kind of questions," said Saul. He shifted from one big foot to the other. He looked at the hall's peeling wallpaper. "O.K. to sit down in the living room?"

"Of course, I'm sorry." Heather led the way into the vast seldom-used living room. She sat down carefully on a chair with a cracked leg which she had hopefully glued. Saul tried the old sofa, and found in no surprise that the springs were gone. He looked at the cracked-and-taped windowpane and at a hole where a piece of plaster had fallen from the ceiling. He thought, *Old Garth was a miser, all right. Jemima wouldn't keep chickens in this place. It isn't the girl's fault, of course. It's clean enough.* He sighed.

"Had a hard day. Spent most of it in Pangulch. Did Bartholomew call Old Garth from there yesterday morning?"

"Yes. Felice and I answered the two phones at the same time."

"You're sure it was Bartholomew? No possibility of mistake?"

"I couldn't mistake his voice. It was a very clear connection."

"Clear enough to maybe have been a local call?"

"It was from Pangulch. The Mountain House operator got the number. There must be a record of the call."

Saul sighed again. "There is."

Heather said, "I'm awfully tired, I guess. I don't understand all this. Does it mean you don't think Rick did it?"

"I'm just checking a few loose ends. How did the old man and his son get along?"

"I don't know if I should talk about their private lives."

"Dammit, girl, this is murder! How did they get along?"

"Well"—Heather was plainly trying to be fair—"they didn't quarrel. You couldn't actually say Old Garth really got along with anyone. He just roared at them what to do and they did it."

"Including you?"

"It was my job."

"But was it Bartholomew's?"

Heather hesitated.

"There's something you're not telling me," said Saul. "Something about the relationship between them."

Heather did not answer.

"One of the provisions of Old Garth's will was that an envelope in his safe was to be destroyed on his death. What was in it?"

"I don't know," she said.

"But you do know something."

"There was some sort of a debt," said Heather reluctantly. "I don't know what it was, but most of Bartholomew's salary, all the time, went to paying it."

"How do you know?"

"I've heard Old Garth say so. I didn't listen. You couldn't help hearing Old Garth all over the house."

"Did you ever hear him say he was leaving all his money to his son?"

"No. I don't think Old Garth ever intended to die."

"But you're not surprised Bartholomew gets all the money?"

"He was his only son."

"Did you expect him to leave you a small sum?"

Heather smiled. "I wouldn't have expected Old Garth ever to give anybody anything. But certainly not me. I've only been here since he hurt his leg, and I was nothing to him but a cheap servant."

"Still, he might have left you something?"

Heather stared at him. "You don't think I killed him?"

Saul said tiredly, "You were the only person in the police net, except Rick."

"I wouldn't kill anybody! Certainly not a helpless old man! You can't believe that!"

"No. I can't actually believe it. You're not strong enough, for one thing. That knife really went in. It had considerable strength behind it, considerable hatred."

Heather said, "Lieutenant Milstein, if you would just believe me. I'm sure I heard the violin when I was coming into the house."

Saul spread his big hands. "It doesn't matter if I believe you. The point is, no jury would. Those boys in the squad car were two of our best men. When they say they surrounded the house and woods, they did."

"Anybody can make mistakes. Somebody must have got awa[illegible]"

"Did you know Old Garth was planning to sign the papers this morning selling the Gadsden bank, and Bartholomew canceled the deal?"

Heather said uneasily, "I heard them talking about the bank sale. Bartholomew didn't want it, but Old Garth said business and sentiment didn't mix."

"Anything strange about Bartholomew since his father's death?"

"No. Except last night he sat up very late and he never did that before. And he said he hated hot milk and now we were going to spend some money around here for a change, redecorate and all that."

Illustrated by Robert Jones

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She had no chance to struggle or make a sound.

"Anything else?"

"He was playing the tape recorder with a silent tape in it."

"He was what?"

"Last night when I came in to get him his hot milk he was just sitting beside the tape recorder. It was playing, but there was no sound on it."

"Maybe he was erasing a tape to use it again. Kind of a funny time to do it, though. He can buy all the new tape he needs now."

"He doesn't have to play it through to erase it. All he has to do is put it at 'record' and it erases automatically as it records the new piece."

Saul leaned forward. "Heather," he said, "there's no denying Bartholomew had the motive. He doesn't seem to have had the opportunity. But, as Jemima says, nobody actually saw him in Pangulch at the time of his alibi. If he could have come here somehow, do you think Bartholomew was capable of murdering his father? I mean capable psychologically? The general opinion around town seems to be that he wouldn't have had the guts ——" Saul stopped.

"What is it?"

Saul spoke more to himself than to her. "The last thing Old Garth said over the phone was, 'I didn't think you had the guts!'"

"That doesn't prove ——"

"No. Old Garth could have said it to Rick Donelli, I suppose. Do you think Bartholomew would have the guts for murder?"

Heather took a deep breath. She shook her head. "I've never seen him stand up to his father in anything."

"The cast narrows then. Unless you want to believe it was some total stranger—a robber who somehow vanished into thin air in the woods while my boys were watching. Not you, not Rick, not Bartholomew, you say. How about Felice Harris?"

"She was at her shop at eleven-thirty. And why should she kill him?"

Saul nodded. "Why indeed? Only Bartholomew had a really good motive. If Rick was going to stab him, why wouldn't he do it then, not wait for Old Garth to call the police? Why would he have a knife like that with him anyhow? Gloves like that? And then leave his fingerprints everywhere else?"

"I don't think you believe Rick is guilty!"

Saul was glum. "Guilty or not, I believe he'll go to the gas chamber. He hasn't got a Chinaman's chance. I tried all day and I can't break Bartholomew's alibi. Nobody saw him outside that hotel room where he says he was. He's well known in Pangulch. The clerk swears he would have seen him go out. He didn't have any other clothes with him, or anything like that?"

"No. Just his usual briefcase."

"Would it hold another suit?"

"No. It's quite small."

"Could I see it?"

Heather frowned, thinking. Then she said, "He didn't bring it back with him. He said he was so upset he let Johnny gather up all the papers."

Saul said, "Johnny Farrer has the papers. The loose papers. He said Bartholomew took the briefcase with him."

"He didn't bring it home."

Saul said, "I checked the tourists all along the route going to (Continued on Page 88)

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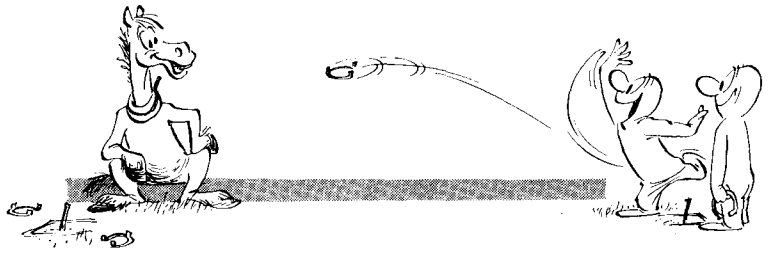
Post Scripts



The Power of Negative Prinking

The rich don't need to flaunt their taste:
  A lack of show, with them, is swank.
The diamonds that they wear are paste—
  They keep the real stuff in the bank.

They drive around in battered cars
  And wear their tweeds till badly frayed.
No need to vie with lesser stars!
  We groundlings *know* they've got it made.

I too would like the world to think
  I'm blessed with scads, but humbly own them:
My washtubs might be lined with mink—
  Who knows for sure? I've never shown them.

And so I drive my ancient job;
  My hair's unkempt, my pants need pressing.
Perhaps I really *am* a slob,
  But anyway, I've got them guessing.

NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"At times, Alice, I think you don't trust me."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Count on It

The moment a glamorous woman appears,
  Her friends begin to compute
Not only how lightly she carries her years,
  But how many she's dropped en route!

MAY RICHSTONE

To Be Continued

When day is done, the reason why
  My joy in thin air melts is:
I always find when day is done,
  So very little else is.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

So's Your Uncle Ben!

A tiff
Is shorter,
There's little doubt of it,
If
You leave
All *In*-laws *Out* of it.

ETHEL JACOBSON

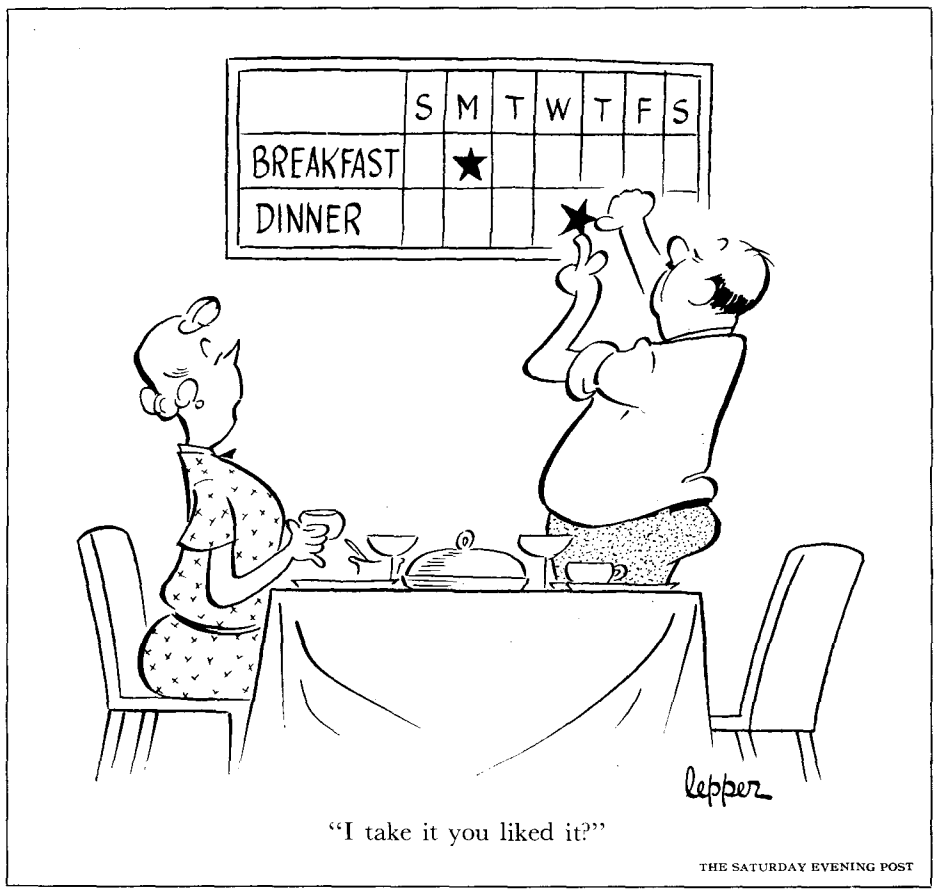
Ready, Willing and Omnipresent

Now self-help books present a creed
  That all of us must bow to—
If at first you don't succeed,
  Some expert tells you how to.

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

		AMOUNT OF CHECK	
NO. 1327	DATE June 7, 1960		
PAY TO Dr. Stirlacci		7	00
FOR house call - Sally's measles			
NO. 1328	DATE June 7, 1960		
PAY TO Nagle Pharmacy		2	96
FOR aspirin, cough medicine			
NO. 1329	DATE June 10, 1960	10	00
PAY TO Dr. Stirlacci			
FOR measles shots - John, Carol			
NO. 1330	DATE June 21, 1960		
PAY TO Dr. Stirlacci (house call)		7	00
FOR Carol & John - measles			
NO. 1331	DATE June 21, 1960		
PAY TO Nagle Pharmacy		6	50
FOR Cough med., tranquilizers			
NO. 1332	DATE July 12, 1960		
PAY TO Wesson Hospital		108	00
6 days @ $18 per day			
FOR Mom - measles			
TOTAL CHECKS DRAWN		141	46

DOROTHY ROBINSON



"I take it you liked it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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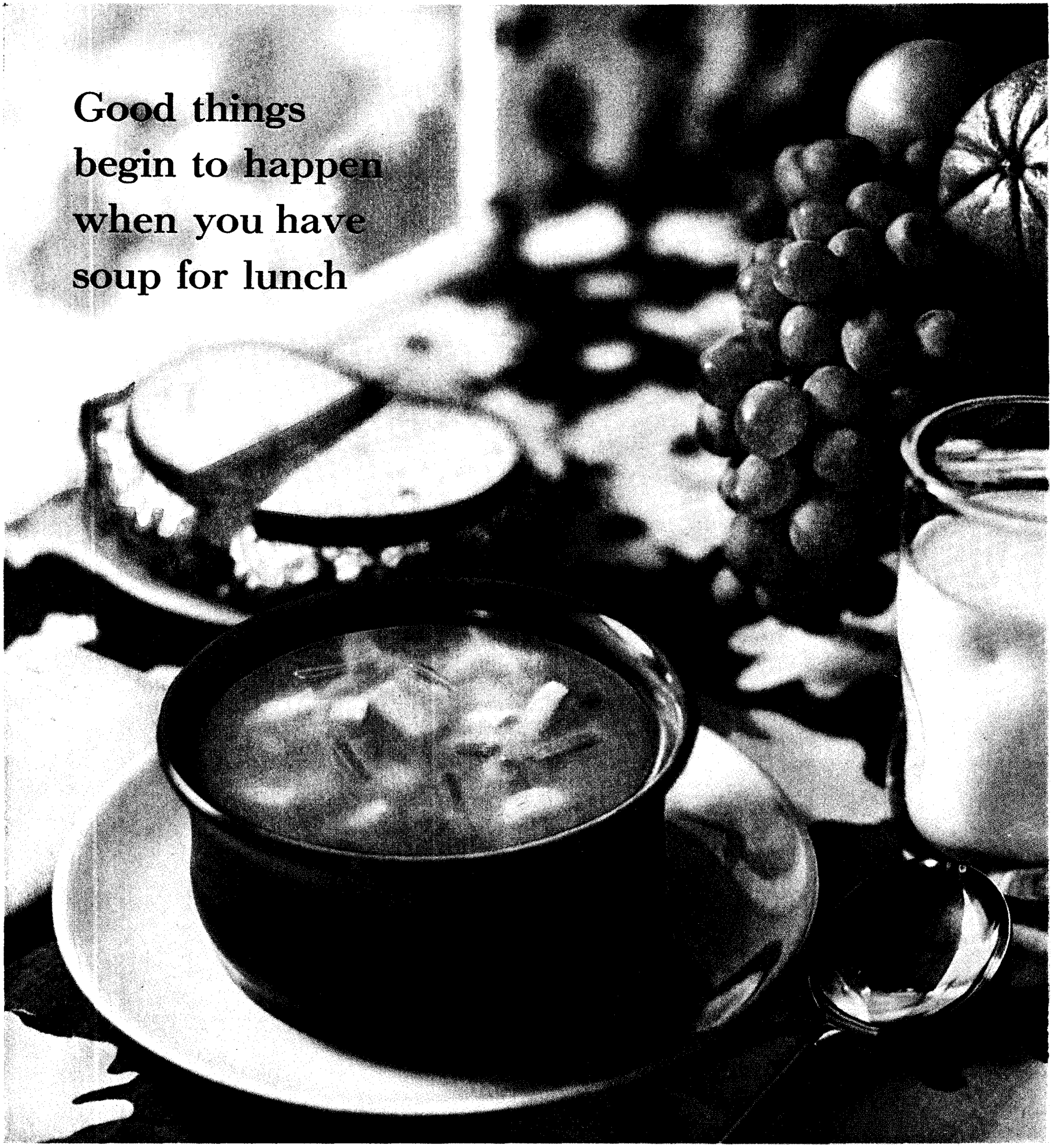

You get the good wholesome nourishment of good natural foods when you have Campbell's Chicken Vegetable Soup. Tender chicken, sun-ripe vegetables, enriched egg noodles – in good, golden broth. And soup warms the way for the rest of the meal. Soup sharpens the appetite. Soup smells good, tastes good. Soup makes almost any good meal a better meal.

Have you had your soup today? Campbell's (M'm! M'm! Good!)

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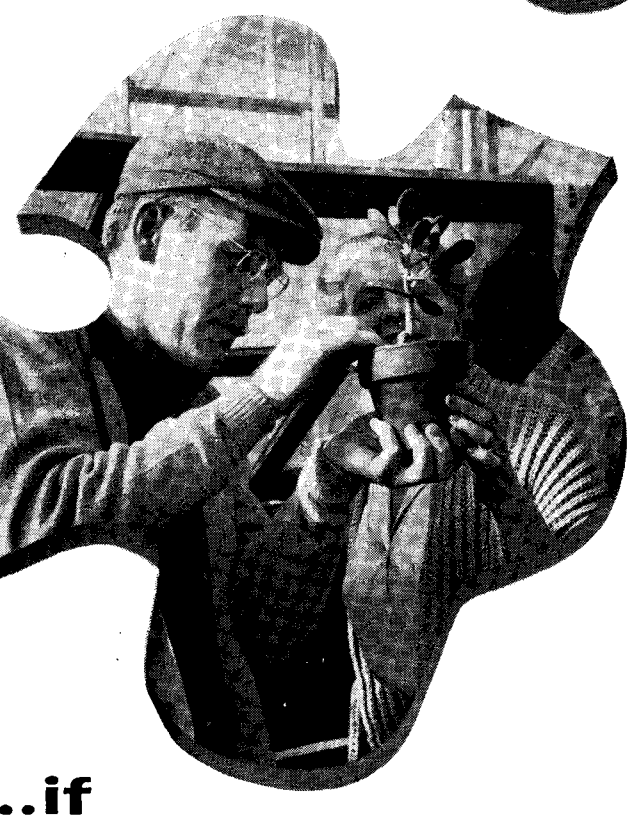


Your family's future

will be less of a puzzle...if

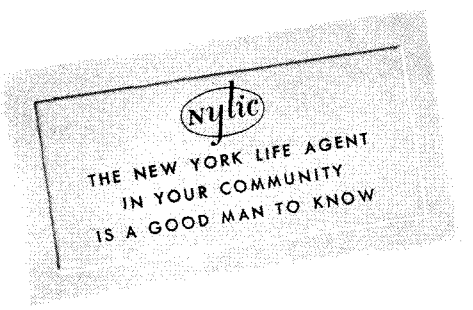
you take out enough life insurance now!

An ample amount can help make your plans come true.
Here's how your New York Life Agent can assist.

Although no one can predict the future, almost all family men prepare for it—through life insurance. And no wonder. Immediately it creates an estate your wife can count on. The same policy can build sizable funds—to help put your children through college . . . to bring you a lifetime retirement income. Because it's so versatile, so dependable, life insurance should be every man's financial cornerstone.

Make sure you have enough. Exactly how much life insurance you need depends on your standard of living, the ages of your children, and other factors. Ask your New York Life Agent for help in figuring the right amount, as well as for facts about New York Life's Family Plans. With one of these modern policies, a man of 30 can insure his whole family for less than 38 cents a day!

Call your New York Life Agent soon, or write: New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. EP-58, 51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. (In Canada: 443 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Ontario)



NEW YORK LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

Life Insurance • Group Insurance
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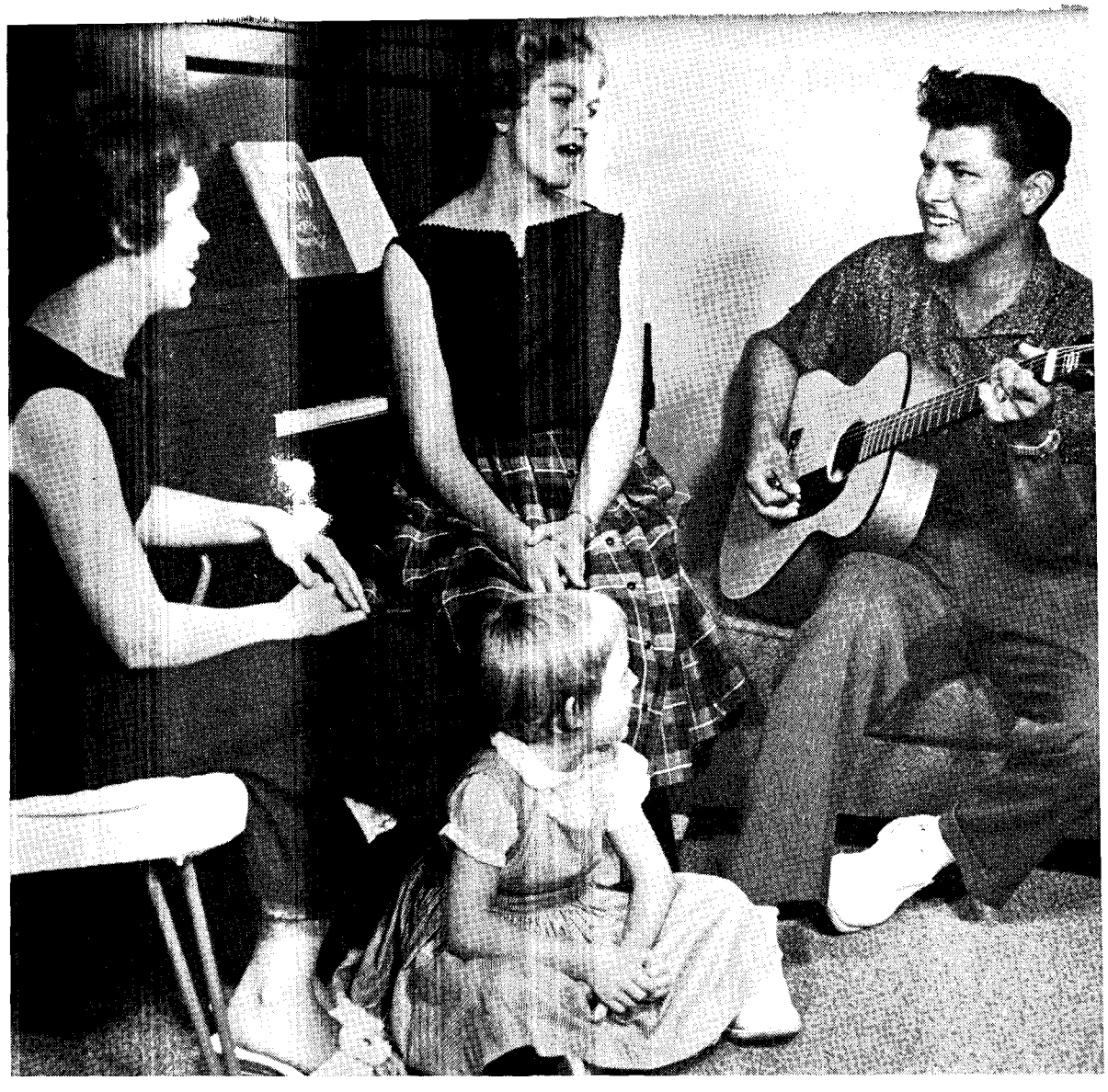
In her Navajo community Winona Bilagody had little chance for schooling. Now, she lives with a Mormon family during the nine-month school term and is a star student in the fifth grade.

Milo House (right), his wife Phyllis (checked dress) and their brood. In foreground is their own son, Ken, and his Indian "brother," David Turquoise. Standing is David's sister, Evelyn.



Harry James, a Navajo, has lived with the Howard Sanford family for two school years. Here he plays a guitar, which he bought with money earned after school, for Marjorie (on floor), Nannette and Colleen Sanford.

Their Indian Guests

By ANDREW HAMILTON

Several hundred Mormon families provide homes and schooling for Indian children who never before lived in houses or ate at tables.

When Milo and Phyllis House saw their new foster son on a hot August afternoon two years ago, he was, in Phyllis's words, "the tiredest, raggedest, barefootedest little Indian boy you can imagine."

David Turquoise was his name, a nine-year-old Navajo from Bitter Spring, Arizona. His family lived in a dirt-covered hogan ten miles south of the Colorado River and raised sheep.

David was one of 360 dark-skinned, jet-eyed boys and girls who had arrived at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, that morning after an overnight bus trip from the Indian reservations of northern Arizona and New Mexico.

"We're glad you're going to be with us for the next few months," said Milo as he shook David's limp hand. "We live in Washington Terrace, up near Ogden."

Phyllis put her arm around the forlorn youngster and said, "We have a boy about your age—maybe a little older. His name is Ken. We hope you'll like him."

David said not a word. As the three of them drove homeward through the great central valley of Utah, the little Indian boy silently cried himself to sleep.

The Houses, a Mormon couple in their early thirties, live in a modest but well-furnished tract home. Milo is the service manager of an appliance store. They had prayed for a houseful of kids, but after Ken arrived their family doctor decreed, "No more children."

So they applied to their bishop for a foster child through the Indian Student Placement Program of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They were accepted in 1958 and told to be at Brigham Young University on August twenty-sixth. Scores of other families from all parts of the state also gathered there to meet the Indian children they were to "adopt" temporarily.

On the way home that afternoon Milo and Phyllis wondered how Ken would react. He was waiting in the front yard when they arrived at twilight. Milo introduced the two boys and then stood back to see what would happen when redskin met paleface.

"Hi," said Ken.

"Hi," said David.

"What'cha got around your shoulder?"

"Lariat—want to see me spin it?"

Milo and Phyllis looked at each other and smiled. Everything was going to be all right.

David has now spent two school years with the Houses, and has developed into a chubby, crew-cut extrovert. He and Ken share a bedroom, empty the trash and cut the lawn on Saturdays, wear the same brand of jeans and watch television programs together.

During the past twelve years more than 1000 Indian children between the ages of eight and eighteen have been given "nine-month" homes by white Mormon families in Utah. Most of them have been Navajos, with a fair sprinkling of Hopis, Apaches, Zunis, Pimas, and other tribes. (Continued on Page 84)

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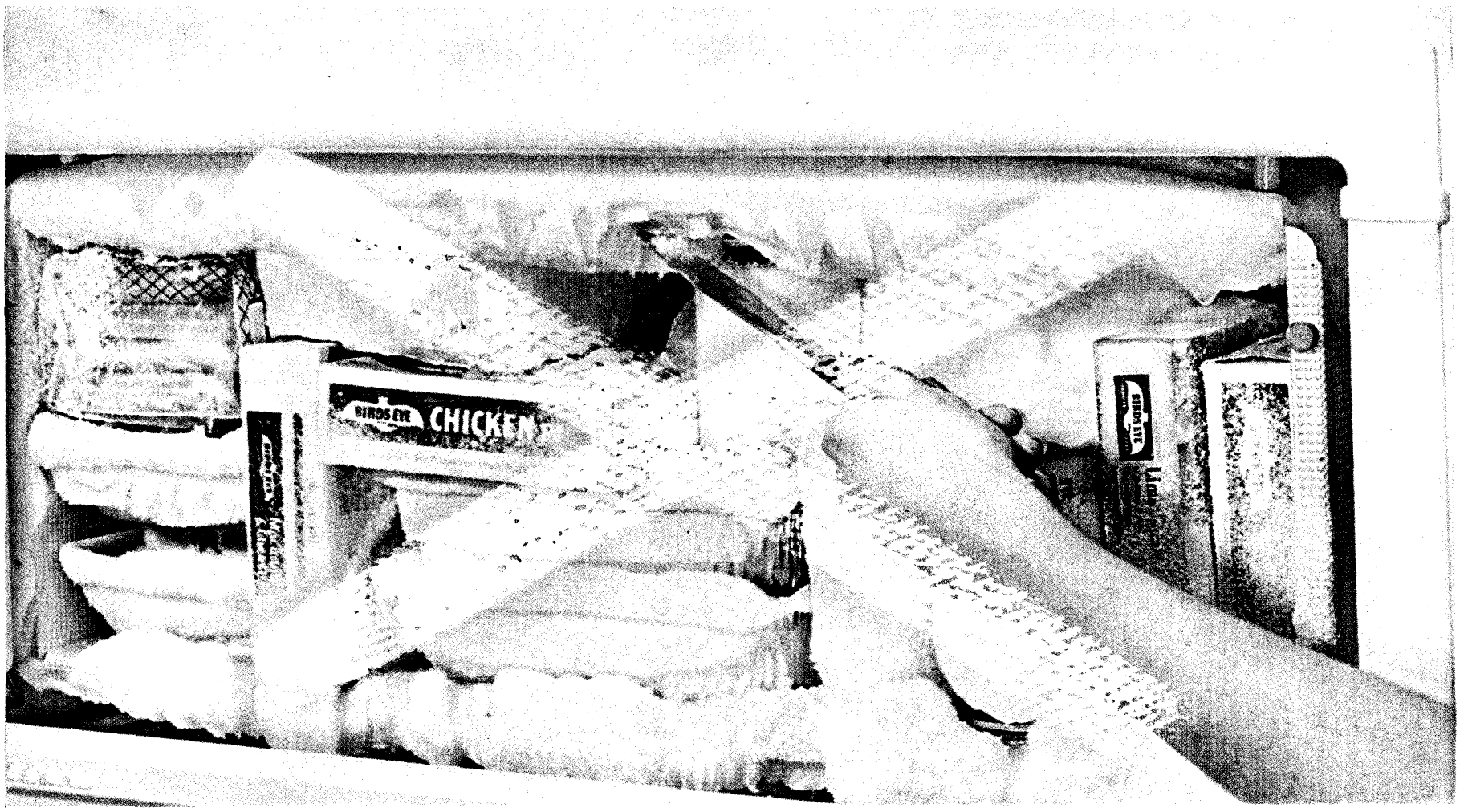


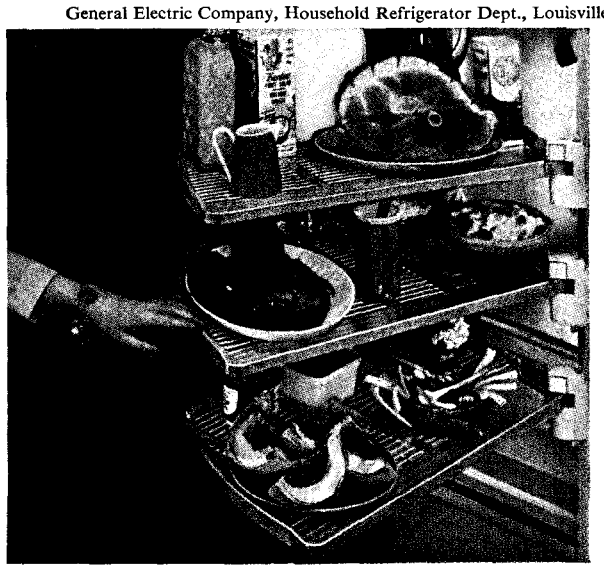
NO MORE DEFROSTING—EVEN IN THE FREEZER!

General Electric Frost-Guard System prevents frost from forming anywhere in this big new Refrigerator-Freezer! Adjustable Swing-Out Shelves bring all foods out front!

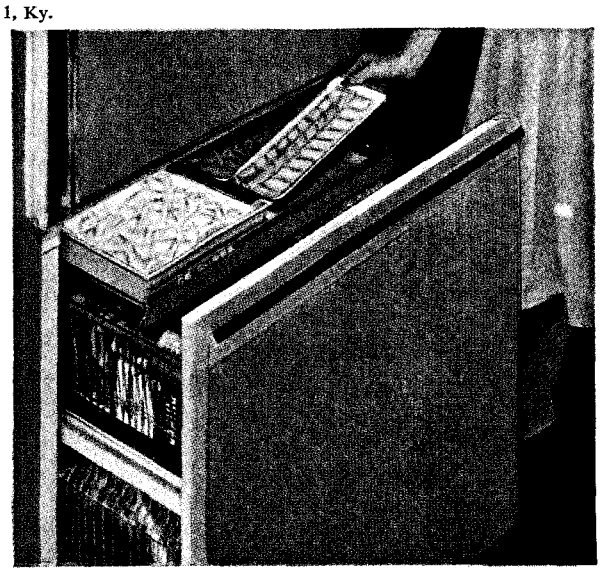
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

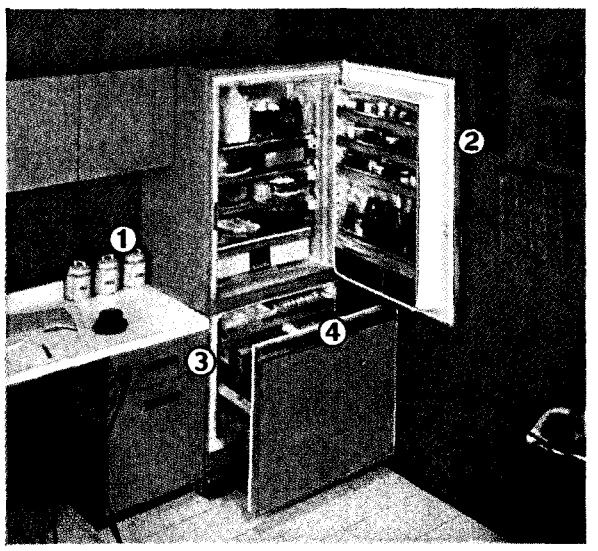
General Electric Company, Household Refrigerator Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.



Three Adjustable Swing-Out Shelves bring even the food in back right out front! You can adjust shelves up or down even when loaded with food—to fit in a large ham or a pie. Cleaning the refrigerator is so easy, too. The shelves lift out completely.



Handy Freeze-N-Store Ice Service. Simply flip trays over to eject cubes; refill with water right in the freezer! Container stores up to 6 trays of cubes. Freeze-N-Store Ice Service and Frost-Guard are available in both the 13 and 15-cubic-foot models.



Straight-Line Design and Big Roll-Out Freezer. 1. Fits flush with walls—no coils in back to accumulate dirt. 2. No waste space at side for door clearance. 3. Front lines up with base cabinets. 4. Roll-Out Freezer holds up to 4 huge supermarket bags of frozen foods!

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RETURN TO TERROR

As a hostage she would be the pawn in a deadly game.

By MARTHA ALBRAND

Jed Drake knew something was wrong. Just the day before in Brussels someone had tried to kill Kendeffy, the anti-Communist whom Jed was trying to help sneak back into Hungary. Now Pista, who was driving Jed and Kendeffy to Ghent, was acting strangely.

Jed couldn't take any chances. He hit Pista and momentarily knocked him out, grabbing the steering wheel and pulling the car to a stop at the side of the road. When Pista regained consciousness, Jed noticed him staring at the car clock.

Why is he looking at the clock? thought Jed. *Is there a time limit? And if there is. . . .*

Holding Pista, he told Kendeffy, "Get out of the car—fast!"

"There's a bomb in the car isn't there?" Jed demanded of Pista. Then he swung around and pressed down on the door handle on his side. The door didn't open. It was jammed.

V

Jethro Drake had faced death before. As a boy of thirteen when, paying no attention to storm warnings, he had taken his small sailboat from the Vineyard over to Woods Hole; during the war he again had known personal danger, and again three years ago, in a riot in Africa, where he had gone to see an American client. He knew the split second in which the most insignificant events of one's life, interchanging rapidly with those that are of no importance whatsoever, flashed through one's mind. But at this moment, trapped by the jammed door of the car, no recollections of the past surged to the surface of his memory. He was deeply conscious, rather, of what was happening—Kendeffy, convinced apparently that Jed had got out of the car with him, running without looking back, across the meadow beyond the highway; and Pista, struggling to control his shaking body, opening the door on his side with trembling hands, sliding from his seat behind the steering wheel. Red-hot fury seized Jed. A jammed door lock—nothing could be more stupid. But he was not aware that he was cursing loudly as he hammered against the handle. Then Pista's voice reached him.

"Lift it gently—up, for heaven's sake, up! And pull it toward you."

Jed lifted the handle, pulled it toward him. It didn't give.

Pista, who had managed to get halfway out of the car, saw it. He acted instinctively, without thinking of what he was doing or of what the consequences might be. He leaned back into the car, reached past the wheel, across Jed's knees, manipulated the lock until the door flew open and shoved Jed out. Jed rolled sideways onto the soft green of the shoulder and kept rolling.

Pista, his body trapped in an awkward position, half lying across the seat, cramped by the wheel, with his feet off the ground, began to smile. *Why*, he thought, *there they go. You wouldn't like it, Farkas.* He tried to straighten up, but he was not quick enough. The car exploded before he could reach safety.

Time to each man is relative. To Jed and Kendeffy it seemed endless until the terrible noise of the detonation stopped as abruptly as it had started, until pieces of steel and glass and rubber were no longer flying about and only the crackling of fire could be heard.

"Stay where you are," Jed shook his head at Kendeffy, who had swung around, turning in the direction of the highway. "Better walk up that lane as if you were one of the people living in that house." He pointed to the path which wound through the meadow, up to a small building. "I'll speak to the police later—not now. Now we can't afford to be questioned or delayed as witnesses."

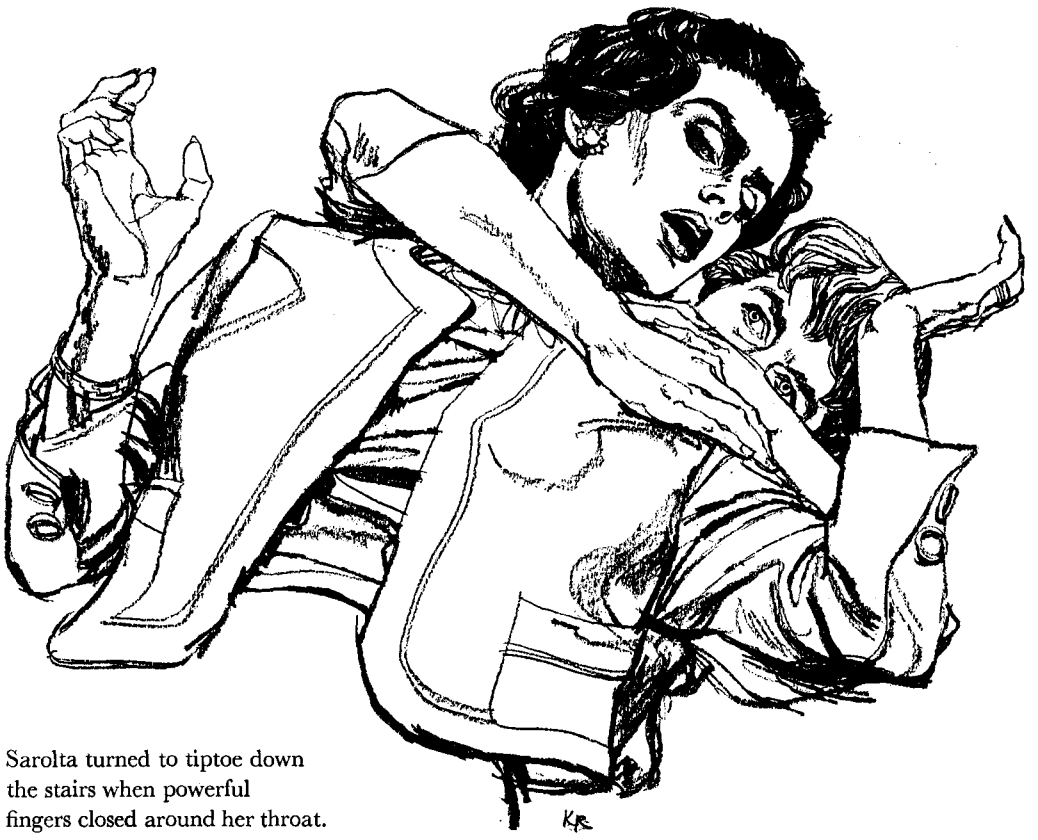
While Kendeffy crossed over to the lane, Jed ran back to the scene of the accident. A couple of cars had pulled up and stopped, well away from the stretch of road that was spattered with gasoline and flames. The bomb must have been powerful. It hadn't left much. For a few minutes Jed mingled with the onlookers, listening to their horrified guesses, as to what might have happened. Then, when he heard the sirens of an approaching motorcycle patrol, he cut back across the shoulder—just one of the curious who had seen enough.

Kendeffy, to be completely out of sight, had withdrawn to the back of the house Jed had pointed out to him. Apparently the people to whom the house belonged were away at work. It was very quiet. Kendeffy scarcely looked up when Jed sat down next to him. "He is dead?"

Jed nodded. "He saved my life. If he hadn't come to help me ——" Jed paused, the image of the explosion vivid in his mind.

"There are more houses farther back," Jed said after a while. "Let's see if we can find a telephone."

(Continued on Page 101)



Sarolta turned to tiptoe down the stairs when powerful fingers closed around her throat.

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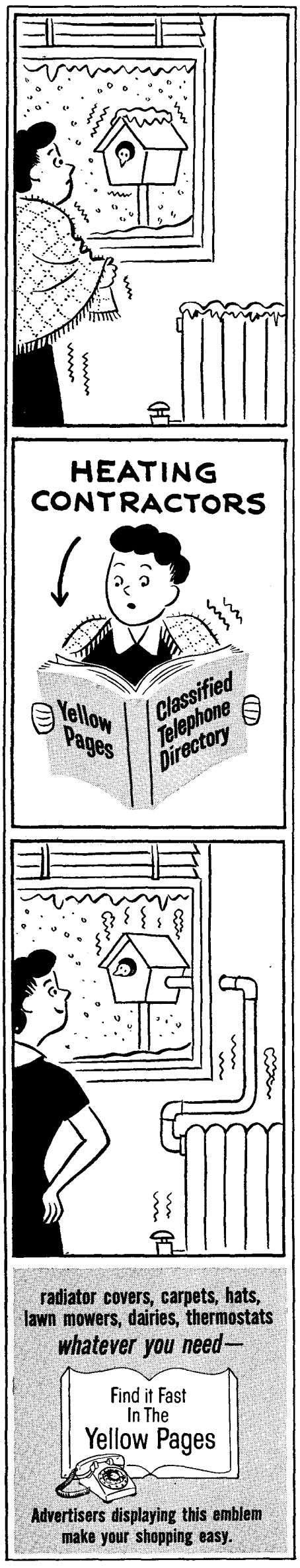
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A Rooster in General Grant's Tent

(Continued from Page 30)

"As it turned out," said grandfather, "we couldn't have made a luckier choice."

They stumbled into a clearing where they found a sagging little cabin with a curl of smoke snaking from the brick chimney. And sprawled on the porch with his back against the wall was a young Union soldier smoking a clay pipe.

The soldier said his name was Eban Tolliver, and he was looking for the Army of the Potomac. He said that he had a brother with the Fifth Corps and he had come to join him before the spring fighting got under way. "I was with a heavy-artillery outfit outside Washington," he told the boys. "Walked all the way down here. Thought I'd rest up a bit an' mosey along tomorrow."

Grandfather said that he and his friends weren't sympathetic about the long walk from Washington. He said that it took a lot to impress men who had spent nearly three years walking all over Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania. In addition, infantry soldiers took a pale view of artillerymen who lounged around Washington in permanent installations while the poor old Army of the Potomac chased Robert E. Lee all over the map and got nothing but inept generals, wounds, death and a bad press for its pains. They joshed Eban Tolliver and said he must be out of his mind to give up such a soft assignment.

Tolliver wagged his head wisely. "Just readin' the handwritin' on the wall. There's a new general come out o' the West, an' pretty soon all them artillery soldiers will be handlin' muskets on the firin' line. This new man, he wants everybody to fight, the way I hear it, but it takes too long to tell now, an' I don't want to burn the chicken. You fellas like to stay for dinner?"

Grandfather said that soldier humor was usually the wry type and he was willing to go along with the joke. "What are you serving?" he asked.

"Chicken—like I said."

Jed Steele whistled. "You mean real chicken with wings and legs and feathers an' all that?"

Tolliver grinned. "Real chicken, 'cept it don't have feathers, an' I took out the innards before I put 'er on the spit inside. Should be ready about now. Right glad to have you. Come on in."

Grandfather said that they didn't believe it until they saw it. Golden brown, just ready for eating, and the smell was better than the haunting fragrance of the costliest perfumes of France. He said that only men who had been rusting their insides on hard bread, dried vegetables and salt horse, which is what they irreverently called the army's salt pork, could appreciate that chicken. They reduced it to bones and scraps in no time at all and sat back with their pipes and fresh coffee before a cheerful fireplace.

"Best meal I've had since Sixty-one," grandfather said.

Tolliver looked pleased. "Wish I had more. There's another runnin' loose around here, but I don't much favor eatin' him even if he does come back."

"Chicken's chicken," said Jed Steele. "It don't hardly matter if it's a him-chicken, does it?"

Tolliver said that the rooster in question was a little different. "I got a hunch he was sort o' lookin' out for that hen we just et—sort o' like he was her brother or somethin'—though I don't s'pose kinship means much to chickens. But I tell you it near broke my heart after I wrung the hen's neck to see him standin' on the edge o' the clearin' and lookin' like he was about to bust out cryin'."

Jed Steele said irritably, "No call to make us feel like a bunch of cannibals."

"Tell you what," Eph Jones said. "Our company's one of the few ain't got a mascot. If we could make friends with him, maybe he'd go along with us. I got a old ear of corn I stole from a mule two, three days ago. If he's still around, might be we could give him a little feed just to let him know there's no hard feelin's."

Eph rooted around in his knapsack and found the ear of corn, old, hard and dirty, but still edible for mules, hungry soldiers and bereaved roosters. He scraped off a handful of kernels with his knife, scattered them in the yard and they retreated inside to watch through cracks in the walls.

Grandfather said that he showed up after a while and that he was the saddest-looking rooster he had ever seen. After he finished the corn he came up on the porch and nosed around the door as if he wanted to come in.

"Clean up the scraps," Tolliver said. "It don't seem right he should see what happened to his kinfolk."

They gathered up the bones and scraps and hid them in an old gunny sack; then they opened the door and the bird walked in. He looked at them solemnly for a while, seemed satisfied that he was safe and went to sleep on the hearth.

"Trustin' little cuss, ain't he?" whispered Jed. "Sam," he said to grandfather, "don't he look just like old Tom Brewster dozin' in church?"

Grandfather explained that old Tom Brewster was a skinflinty character who ran the emporium and was a deacon of the church back in their home town in New England. He said the resemblance was so marked that they christened the bird on the spot and started discussing how they'd get permission to make him their mascot when they returned to camp.

Mention of camp brought back a realization of their military obligations, and they started worrying and wondering where they were.

"Don't make sense to go tumblin' through the woods now," Tolliver said. "Might's well stay where it's comfortable and strike out when it's first light."

Grandfather said the boys agreed on that, but they wondered who would wake them for an early start. They were tired and well-fed, and the chances were they would sleep like dogs with no thought of reveille.

Eban pointed to Brewster. "There's reveille. Roosters was made before buglers. Ever hear of a rooster that didn't sound off by daylight?"

That settled it. They added more wood to the fire and went to sleep. Grandfather awoke first, and what brought him to was the mournful voice of a railroad whistle. He roused himself and sat up. Jed, Eph and Eban were snoring gently. And Brewster looked as if he hadn't moved a feather all night.

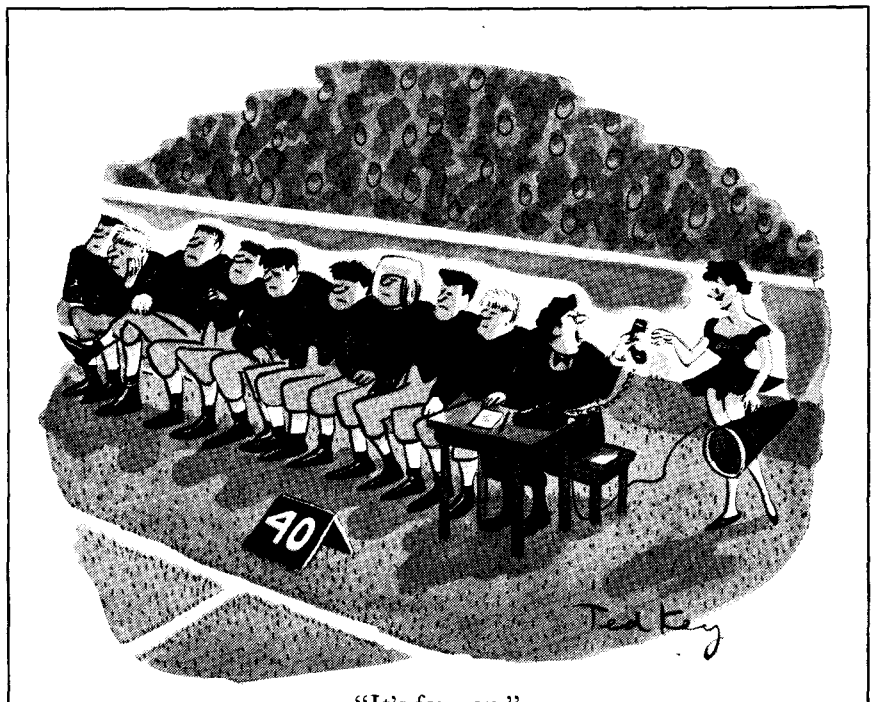
"Fine bugler," grandfather grunted and went to the door to discover that it was full light, with the sun beginning to work its way over the tops of the pines surrounding the clearing. He said he had some dark pictures of the 1st sergeant and the captain, both of whom had old-fashioned ideas about where soldiers were supposed to be at given times. The boys were put out with Brewster for not crowing reveille, but Tolliver defended him by reminding them that the rooster had undergone a trying emotional experience. "Lose your mother or sister or aunt—whatever the hen was—and see'f you'd be able to blow reveille next mornin'."

Grandfather led the way, figuring that the train whistle was a fair indication of the direction of the railroad leading to Brandy Station. Brewster followed them, trailing along beside Tolliver.

"That's the best example of Christian forgiveness I ever seen," said Eph, who was something of a church-goer. "That bird knows what you done last night but he's willin' to forget it. Eban, you got a lot to live up to."

The 1st sergeant was unhappy when they reached camp, but his wrath was diluted by the hustle and urgency of preparing for the arrival of a new general who had come out of the West to command the Union armies. His name was Ulysses S. Grant; he had an affinity for victory, and names like Fort Donelson and Vicksburg were stars in a diadem he wore with shy indifference.

Grandfather said that if the 1st sergeant had had time he would have thought of some fiendish punishment for missing reveille but, with the camp in a turmoil, he merely chewed on them for a while and then announced that they could meditate on their sins while they guarded the coming (*Continued on Page 48*)



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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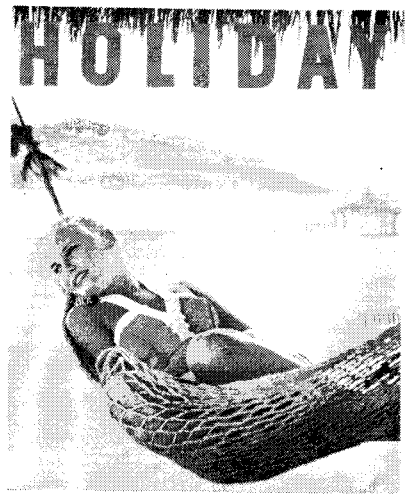

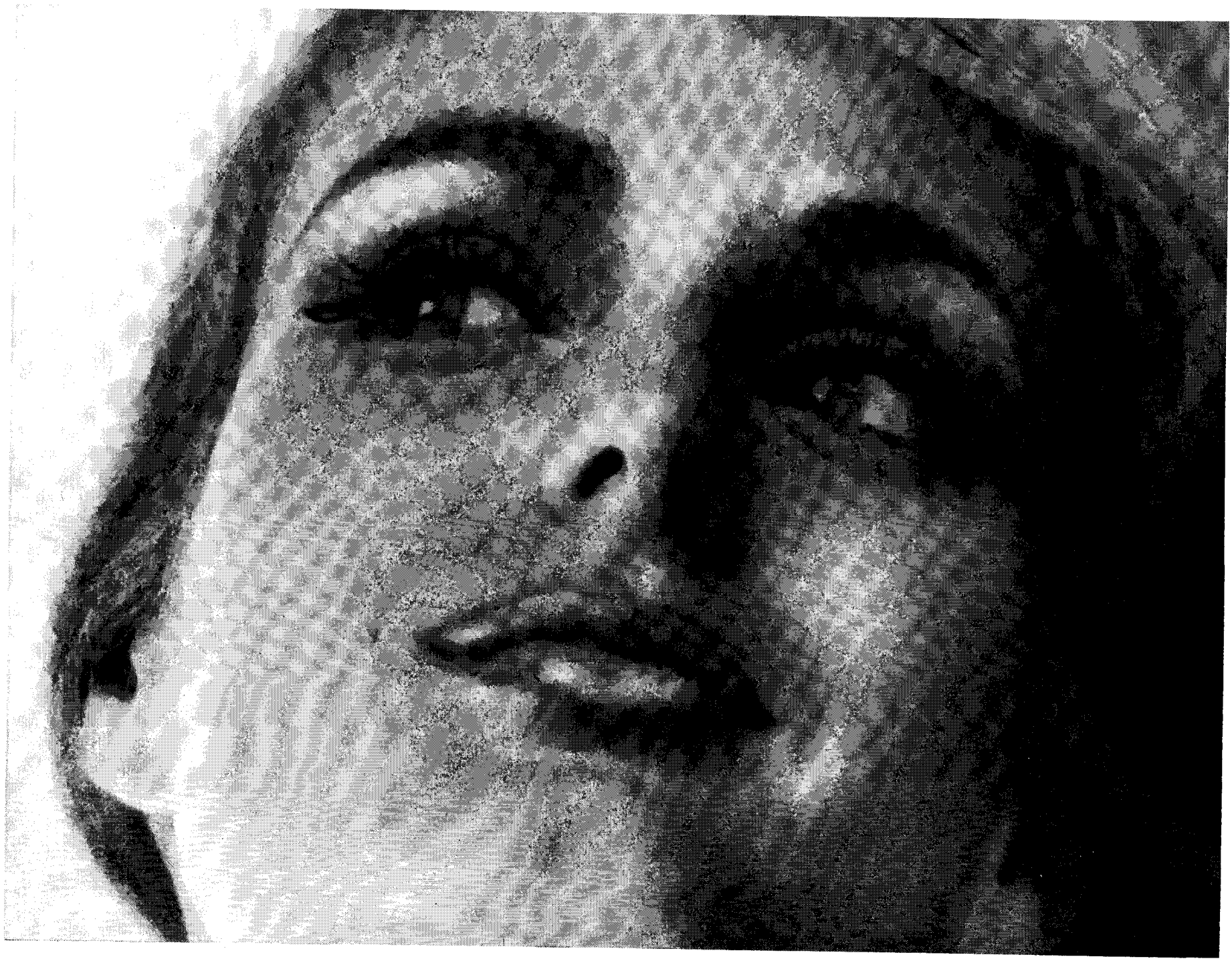

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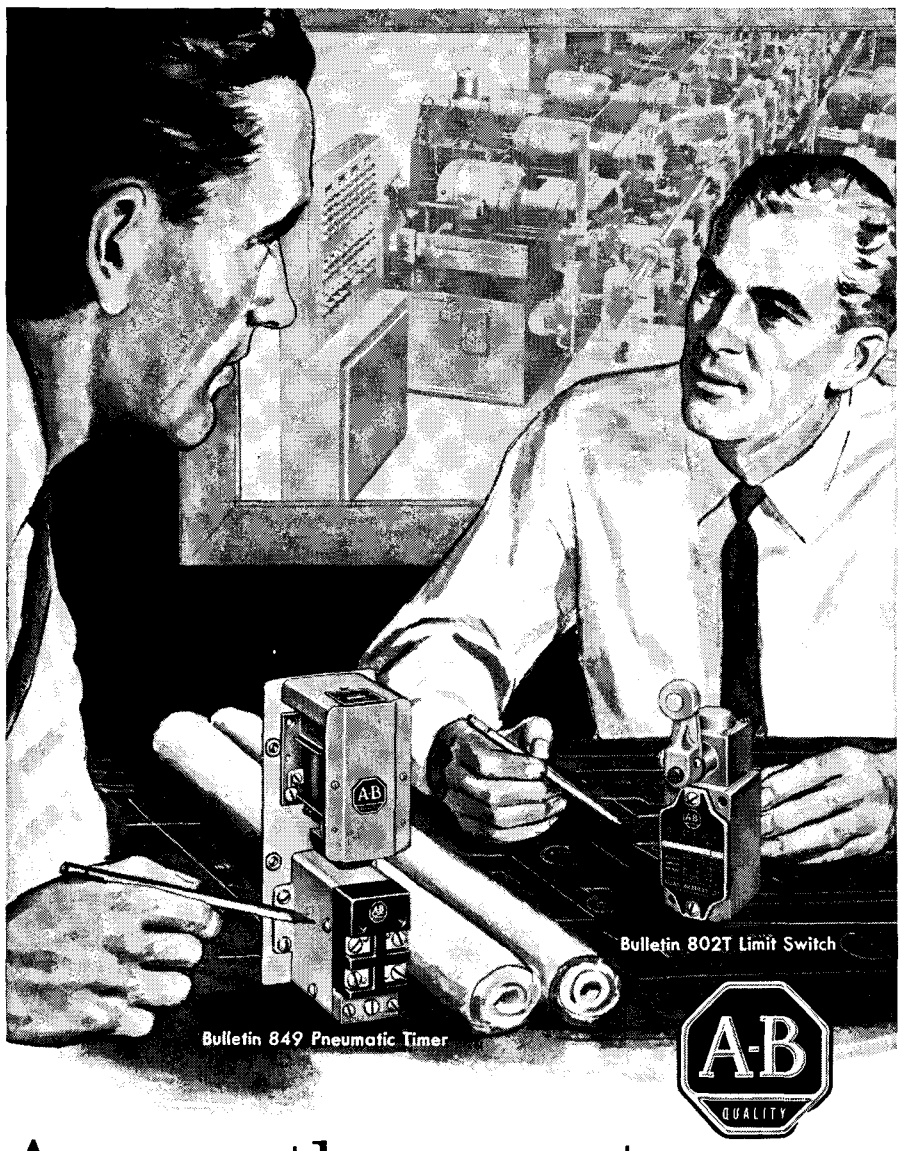

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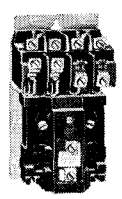
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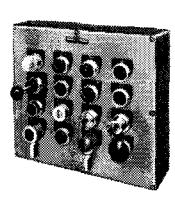
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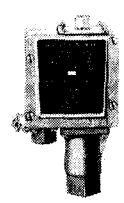
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(*Continued from Page 46*) general's tent during the night. Eban Tolliver, even though a stranger to the company, was roped in too, but grandfather said that he made no protest, and the boys thought it strange that he made no effort to look for his brother. Brewster, of course, stuck close to Tolliver, much to the amusement of the soldiers.

Grandfather said that General Grant was both a relief and a disappointment. The Potomac soldiers had seen many a commander come and go and they were tired of generals. Raised in the flamboyant tradition of McClellan and the dash of Joe Hooker, they expected a formal parade to welcome the new commander of the armies, and irritable George Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, appeared at the railroad siding in full dress with sword, looking like a tired hawk and snapping at the unfortunate captain who was in command of the honor guard.

Finally the special train from the North pulled in and the band started to play. A stubby little man got off the train, acknowledged General Meade's salute and stood looking very bored and uncomfortable while the band thumped and tootled in his face. Grandfather said he didn't look like very much. He wore a private's blouse with the three-starred shoulder straps of a lieutenant general pinned on, as if by afterthought. His boots were unpolished, his clothing wrinkled and he wore no sword. If it hadn't been for the stars on his shoulders, grandfather said, you might have taken him for a grocery clerk or a farmer in his third-best suit.

"Still," grandfather added, "it's pretty hard to fool enlisted men. An officer can dress up and strut and shout, but if he hasn't the basic necessities behind the panoply, the men will know it somehow. It's a sixth sense developed from the awareness that the officer's capabilities may make the difference between living and dying—for you. Grant didn't look like much, but there was something behind his quietness and shabbiness that made a man study him and start wondering. And there was something a little frightening in the way he clamped his teeth around a dead cigar. It made me think of a tiger grinding at a piece of meat and daring anyone to take it away from him."

General Grant told General Meade that he had come down to talk business and that he could turn off the band, dismiss the troops and let things simmer down to normal. "The men," grandfather heard him say, "will need all the relaxation they can get."

He said this remark was picked up by sharp enlisted ears and quickly passed around. Prophets in the ranks began revising their estimates of the slouchy little lieutenant general and wagging their heads about a dire spring in Virginia.

The generals went off to Grant's tent to figure out what to do about Robert E. Lee, while grandfather and his friends slouched outside a nearby tent that had been pitched to shelter the general's guard. It was a dull, uneventful afternoon, the kind soldiers grow accustomed to until, in the early twilight, a big, hulking private came by and decided to appropriate Brewster for dinner. Bored with the inactivity of his adopted comrades, the rooster had strayed a few yards away, searching for morsels dropped from feed bags and haversacks. As the big soldier reached for him, Brewster let out a squawk more proper to a hen and took off in the direction of his friends.

"Eban Tolliver was only a little fellow," said grandfather, "but he was tall when it came to courage. He dropped his musket and stood manfully in front of the rooster."

"That's our rooster," Eban said, "an' he ain't goin' to be et."

The big fellow blinked at him for a moment, then broke into a snag-toothed grin. "So we got two little roosters, hey? Well, ain't that nice. I'll eat both of you for supper."

And then he flashed a big ham of a fist that sent Eban flat on his back, but plucky Tolliver was on his feet like a cat and wading in as if he really believed he had a chance of winning.

"We moved in when Eban went down the second time," grandfather said. "Jed Steele and I. Eph Jones wanted in too, but we didn't need him and told him to keep an eye on the tent in case the generals should come out. Neither of us could have handled that overgrown lout alone, but together we did a good job and didn't give a hoot about sportsmanship and two against one. The big fellow was one of those no-good, boozing rowdies who had been dragged into the army through the draft. He had spent most of his time in the guardhouse, when there was one available, and he always made himself scarce when the Minié balls be-

Side-Track Mind

By P. J. Blackwell

How often when news stories are
Continued on page 17
I manage to go just so far
And get trapped somewhere in between
By items about riots or
Some intercontinental set-to
Continued on page 44—
A point that I have yet to get to.

gan to fly. He had it coming and we gave it to him."

Eban wasn't hurt, just bruised a little, so they brushed him off, told him they thought he was a brave man and that maybe they could get someone else to take his turn on guard when the time came. But Eban insisted that he was all right. It would take more than a few little bruises to make him pass up the chance to guard General Grant.

As twilight deepened into night, the corporal of the guard came along and assigned Eban to the first shift, with grandfather, Jed and Eph to follow in that order at four-hour intervals. When Eban shouldered his musket and started walking his post, grandfather and the other boys went to the guard tent and sat down for a final smoke before turning in. They were knocking out their pipes when they saw Meade leave Grant's tent. A few minutes later the lantern glow in the commander's tent dimmed, and they figured he had gone to bed. They took a last look at Eban, pacing around with Brewster beside him.

"It was certainly a peaceful scene," grandfather recalled, "and a little comical to see a rooster pulling guard." He said he drifted off almost at once, the ingrained habit of the soldier, catching sleep when and where he can.

It was one of those deep-dark nights, with no moon and no stars, and one by one the lights winked into oblivion, and the sprawling camp of the Army of the Potomac slept as if smothered by the soft blanket of the night.

(*Continued on Page 50*)

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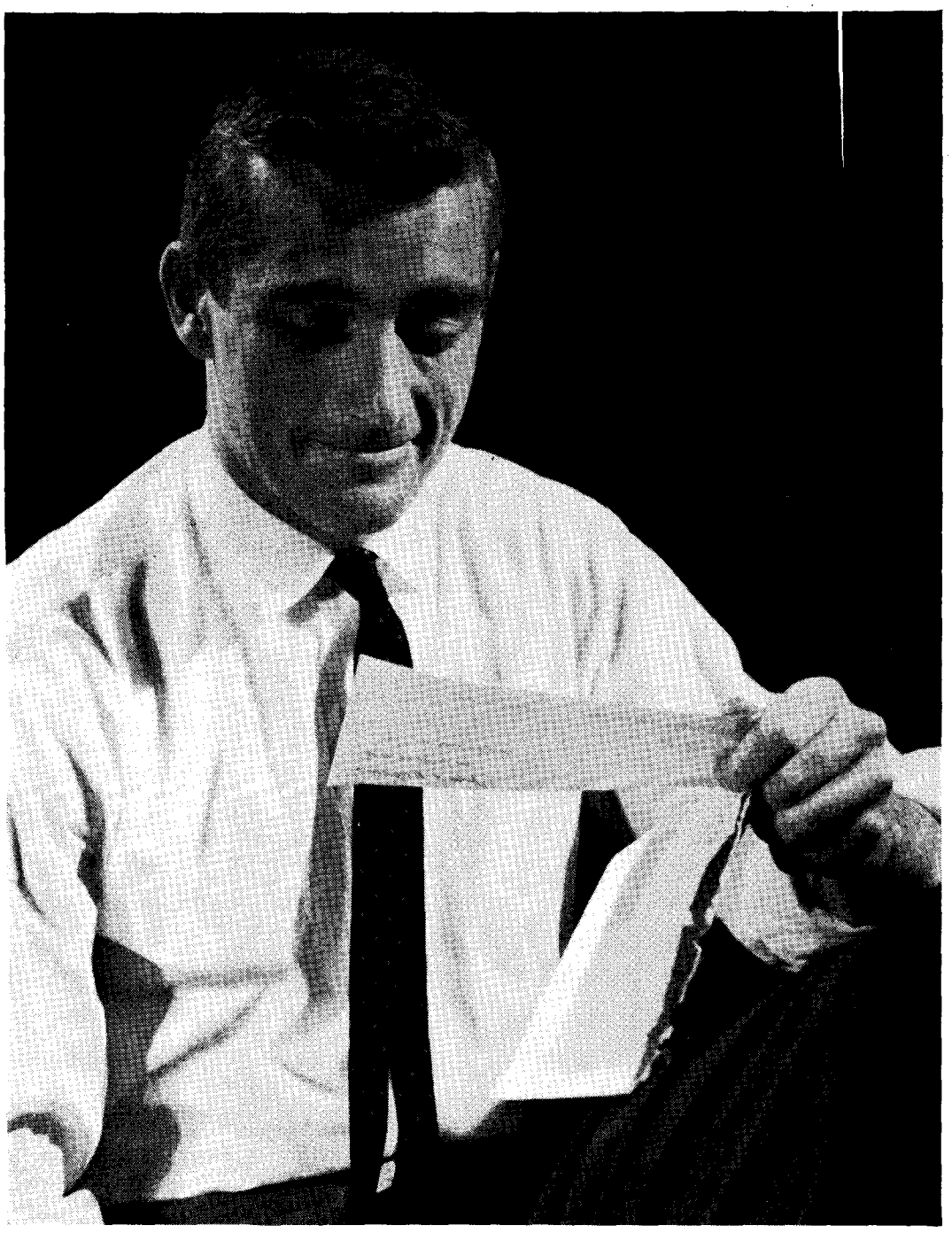

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(*Continued from Page 48*) The corporal of the guard came by to check Eban at ten and then at eleven o'clock. "You oughtn't to have that fool bird walking post with you," he said. "It don't look military—and besides he might wake the general."

"Shucks," Tolliver said, "this rooster don't even know how to crow. He couldn't wake a private, let alone a general."

"Well, he better not," said the corporal, and he marched off into the night.

Tolliver waited until the scene was his again, then he cat-footed to the entrance of Grant's tent and peered inside. The commander of the Union armies was snoring gently on his cot, having removed only his blouse and shirt. On a nearby camp desk a lantern glimmered dimly beside a heap of papers.

Eagerness replaced wariness in Tolliver's eyes. Among those papers might be some of the secrets so badly needed by the tall, gray aristocrat who commanded the Army of Northern Virginia.

Capt. Eban Tolliver of the Confederate States Army felt his nerves hum; whether it was fear or the cold thrill of danger he didn't know, nor did he care. Musket clasped tightly in his left hand, he began to riffle through Grant's papers, looking for some clue that might point to what Grant and Meade had talked about through the long afternoon.

Grant stirred in his sleep, and Tolliver, forgetful of the faithful Brewster behind him, stepped backward quickly and planted his heel firmly on a rooster claw. After more than twenty-four hours of human kindness, this was a rude shock for Brewster. He wriggled free, flapped up on the foot of the general's cot and crowed as loudly as did the first rooster when he saw the gray streaks of earth's first dawn.

Lt. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant rose from his bed and stood looking at Tolliver, as alert as if he had never been asleep at all. And somewhere in his subconscious Captain Tolliver heard the crash of toppling towers and the disciplined belch of musketry, as in a firing squad.

Grant said quietly, "What are you doing here, soldier?"

It was a calm voice, as Tolliver had suspected it would be. Later years, grandfather pointed out, would produce millions of words about the man who ultimately led the Union armies to victory. But even in 1864 people had begun to hear more and more about him. He had his ups and downs, good years and bad years, but he had been through a hard school, professionally and personally, and such waste as had been part of him in the beginning had been smelted out, leaving only the pure metal of character. There was no fear in him and no nonsense.

Tolliver clutched his musket with both hands, thumbing back the lock, the clicks from half cock to full cock echoing loudly in the tent. And the bodkinlike bayonet was only a foot from Grant's chest. "I'm an officer in the Confederate army," he said, "and if you move an inch I'll put this bayonet all the way through you."

Grant studied his remark for a moment. "Yes," he said finally, "I think that would be the sensible thing to do. If you were to shoot me, that would bring people running and they'd get you before you took a dozen steps. What were you looking for, by the way?"

His utter calm both irritated and unnerved Tolliver. "Whatever plans you and General Meade decided upon during your conference," he said. "General Lee can use them."

"You've wasted your time," Grant said. "I seldom put things on paper until they're firm in my mind. Did General Lee send you here?"

"No, general. It was my own idea."

"Your dedication does you credit. What a pity such courage isn't directed toward more loyal channels. And now I'll have to summon the guard." Grant turned his back on Tolliver and moved toward the tent flap.

The Confederate officer stood motionless, as if he had sprung from roots that refused to yield to his desire for action. Grant had said that he wrote nothing down until it was firm in his mind. But what of the mass of papers on his desk? The might-have-been could become the actual, the dream of reality. Somewhere bugles were blowing and wild gray lines charging. Belles waved wispy handkerchiefs from shadowed porticoes as the star-crossed battle flags snapped before a triumphant wind. There could be spring across a shattered land, and the cavaliers could come caracoling home. He lifted the heavy musket, and faint lantern light trembled along the long needle of the bayonet.

Grant stood by the tent flap, seeming almost patient about it and looking more than ever like a teamster who was going out unhurriedly to see to his horses, a short man in his undershirt, but with an inner intensity that suggested thunderstorms on distant mountaintops. Tolliver's thumb curled around the musket lock, holding it back while he removed the percussion cap from the nipple. Then he pressed the trigger, easing the lock down, and leaned the weapon against the field desk. The decision had been made in spite of himself.

"Call the guard, sir," he said.

Grant nodded, as if confirming something he had known all along. He looked at Brewster, perched contentedly on his cot. "A friend of yours?"

Tolliver nodded. "Until he betrayed me. Even though he betrayed me I think he's a pretty good fellow. Must be a Yankee rooster, even though I found him in Virginia."

"Maybe he knows Yankee roosters have been eating better lately," Grant said, and he called for the guard.

Grandfather, Jed Steele and Eph Jones came on the double, and it was then that they learned the shocking news about Eban Tolliver. Grant returned to resume his interrupted sleep, and grandfather and Jed guarded Tolliver while Eph went to summon the corporal of the guard.

"So you're a grayback," Jed said. "We ought to shoot you."

Tolliver shrugged. "The fortunes of war, Jed. You might as well. They'll probably shoot me in the morning anyway. Why put it off?"

"Ah-h," Jed said, "the whole thing makes me sick."

Grandfather said the news spread quickly, and soon they were ordered to march the prisoner to General Meade's tent, where the hawk-nosed, irascible commander of the Army of the Potomac took the matter in hand. Later a detail from the regular provost guard took the prisoner away. And news crackled through the camp that Meade, no man to dawdle when direct measures could settle the army's problems, had decreed that Tolliver be shot in the morning.

"It was a long, depressing night," grandfather remembered. "Under certain conditions you can actually hear time pass by, as if it were a thing of substance, rustling its garments and walking with measured pace. Jed and Eph couldn't sleep and they walked post with me."

He said they talked of Eban Tolliver and the war and all the things that had happened to them since their regiment had left New England in 1861. Each time that the corporal of the guard came to check the post reminded them that it was an hour closer to dawn. They agreed that it was a mean thing for a man to have to die when the sun came up over the pine trees. They had seen so much of dying that it had made old men of them in their youth.

"I figger Eban was doin' what he thought was right for his side. You can't hardly blame any man for that," Jed said.

Brewster came from General Grant's tent and walked post with them.

"I suppose we ought to praise him," grandfather said. "He caught a spy and maybe saved the army. I'll steal an ear of corn from a mule in the morning and give him a special breakfast."

Eph Jones chuckled dryly. "He's a chicken, ain't he? Let's call him Colonel Brewster an' he'll be a chicken colonel."

The boys laughed hollowly, but there was no real appreciation in their laughter. Jed glared at Brewster. "How does it feel to know you fixed it for a man to die in the mornin', colonel? A man that fed you an' stood up an' fought for you?"

Grandfather said that he couldn't stand it much longer and he knew the others felt the same. He said their thoughts were louder than any artillery they had heard at Gettysburg or Chancellorsville. It was after four o'clock when he grounded his musket and told the boys he had had enough. "It will be dawn in about an hour," he said. "There isn't much time. Let's talk to General Grant."

"Likely he'll shoot us too for wakin' him up," Jed said. "You do the talkin', Sam. You got the education."

"All right," said grandfather, screwing up his courage, "let's go." So they went into the tent and awakened the commander of the Union armies.

Grant sat on the side of his bed, gnawing on the cigar that he had automatically popped between his teeth when he woke up. Grandfather said that his voice trembled when he started to speak, but Grant's quiet attention gave him courage.

"We know he's wrong," grandfather said, "but he's a brave man doing what he thinks is right. No harm has been done, really, sir."

Grant nodded and absent-mindedly patted Brewster, who had jumped up on his cot. He was a man of few words and no visible emotions, but he thought aloud for a moment and his spoken thoughts were something grandfather remembered very well.

"There you reduce this entire business to a bitter honesty," Grant said. "How can the lesser folk—the men who must actually face the guns—think otherwise when their own commander once wrestled with the same problem of conviction and duty and chose their side?"

He stood up and paced the narrow confines of his tent, biting savagely at the dead cigar, worrying it from one side of his grim mouth to the other. And maybe, grandfather mused, the man who had sent thousands to their deaths and whose terrible duty it would be to order the slaughter of still thousands more, was telling himself that if any good came of war it would have to start with little things. Little lives, perhaps. So that sometime, in a future only dimly seen, the good would outbalance the flaming evil, and men with different views would learn to live in peace with one another.

When Ulysses S. Grant made up his mind you could almost see it happen, grandfather said. It was like a door opening or closing, firmly and irrevocably. This time the door opened in the few quick minutes before the spring dawn. "Go to General Meade," he told grandfather, "and tell him the man will not be shot."

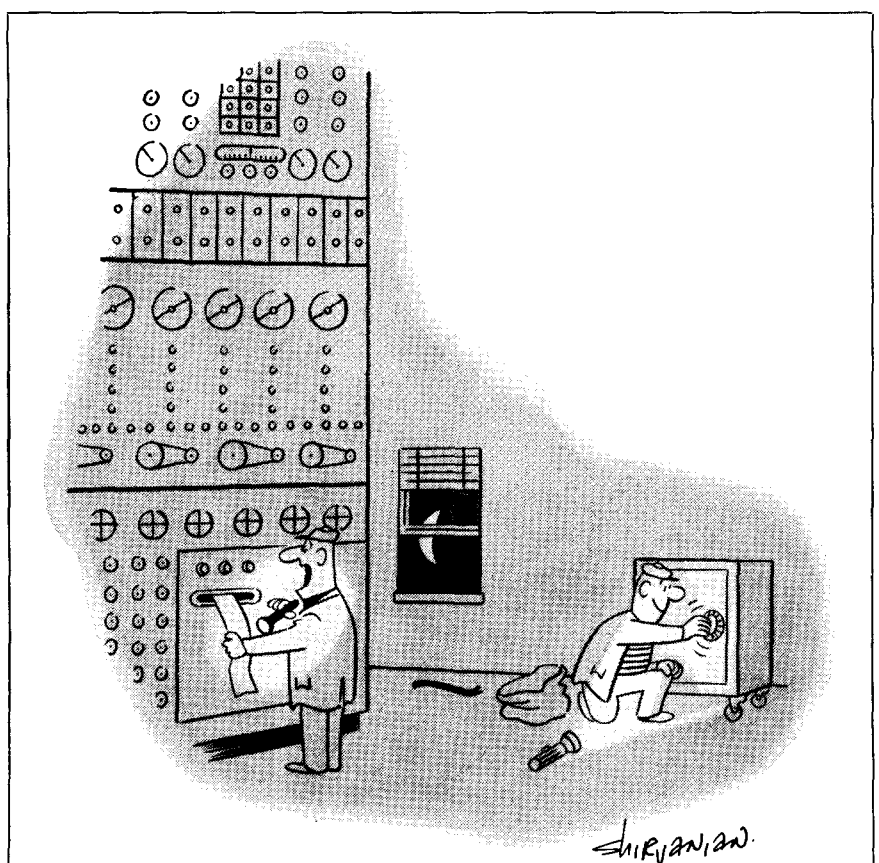
Grandfather and the boys babbled their thanks, but Grant grew brusque and waved them away. "Aren't you going to take your rooster?" he asked as they crowded out of the tent.

"Oh, yes, sir," grandfather said. "He's our mascot. We made him a colonel because he woke you and discovered the spy."

Grant chuckled, a rare thing. "A chicken colonel," he said. "Well, take him and get along, boys. There isn't much time."

So they grabbed the rooster and hurried away, while behind them the commander of Mr. Lincoln's armies put on a wrinkled shirt and a dusty coat and readied himself for the more pressing business of restoring the Union.

THE END



"Fifteen right, twenty-seven left . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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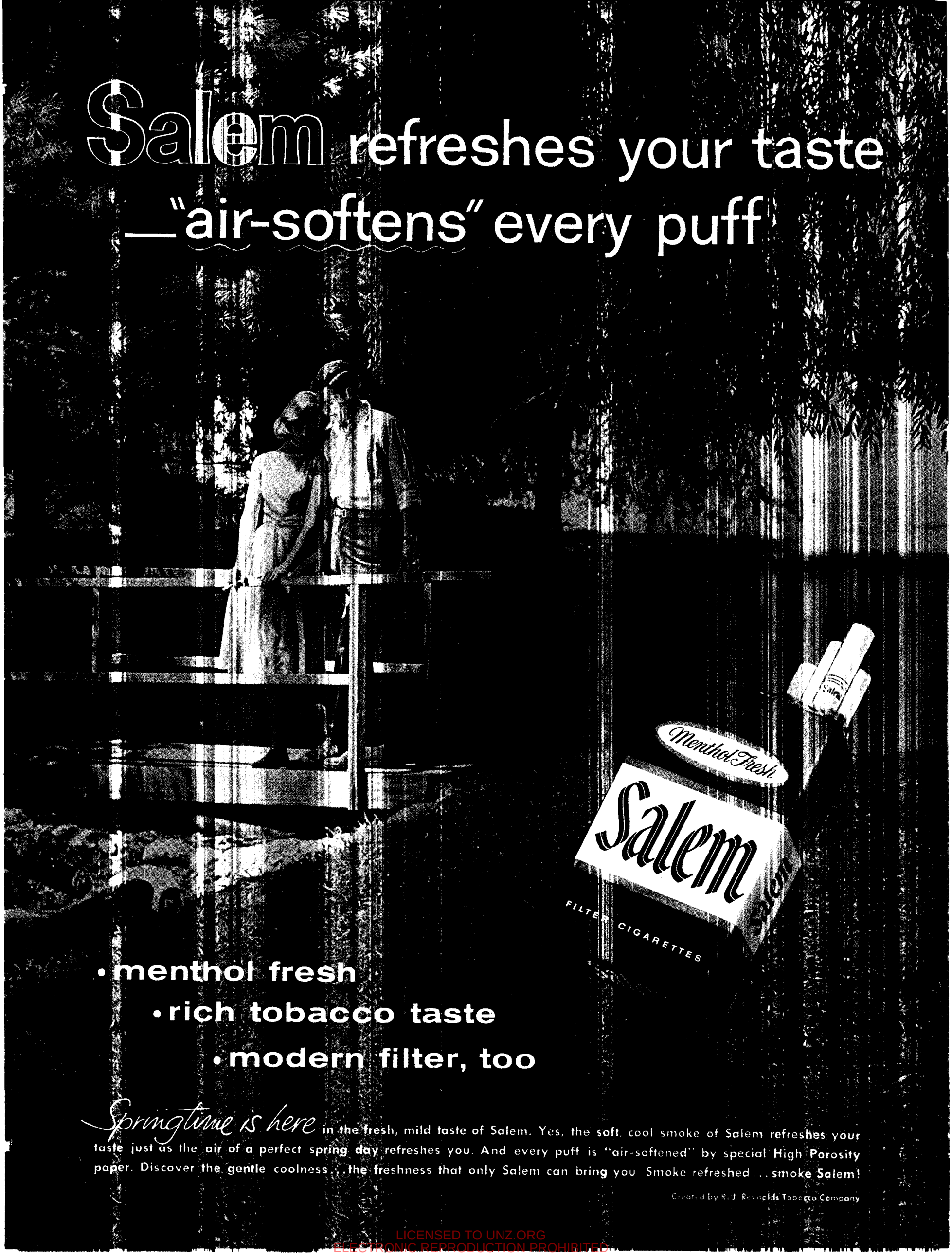
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The President's Guests Unwind Here

(Continued from Page 21)

Even when there are no guests in residence, we give three or four State Department luncheons here each week. It's a real rat race these days."

There was no evidence of a rat race in the quietness of the Blair House drawing room with its age-mellowed elegance. Whether from the genuine naturalness of the setting or the forthright manner of Mrs. Geaney, or both, it was only a matter of minutes before we felt completely at home.

We had heard that Victoria Geaney made it her personal responsibility, far beyond the ordinary call of duty, to cater to the welfare of the Blair House visitors. A friend of ours in the State Department had mentioned that we should ask Mrs. Geaney about the time a visitor's aide had overslept.

Mrs. Geaney looked puzzled for a moment, then smiled. "Oh, that wasn't anything much. The butler came down one morning and said he couldn't arouse the military aide of the visiting head of state. It was then 8:15 and I knew the young man had to accompany his boss to a nine-o'clock appointment across the street with the President. I put a pot of good strong coffee on a tray and, accompanied by the butler, walked upstairs and knocked sharply on his door. 'I'm coming in, are you presentable?' I said, and we walked in. Evidently he had kicked up his heels a little too much the night before and the poor kid looked like he'd been dragged through a knothole. I sat on the side of his bed and made him drink the coffee. 'Now, my man here will help you dress,' I told him, and went back downstairs.

"When the young man came down a few minutes later, I took him to the pantry and gave him some more coffee," Mrs. Geaney added. "By the time he had to leave for his appointment, he had both eyes open."

We had also been told to ask Mrs. Geaney about a heating pad.

"Oh, you must have heard about the time Prime Minister Curtin of Australia was a guest way back in 1944. Mr. Curtin wasn't very well and had a chill during the night. About three A.M. he asked if we had a heating pad. It was in the midst of the war and we couldn't buy such things. But I remembered that a friend of mind had one. So I got in my car and drove out to her home in the suburbs, borrowed the pad and was back within an hour."

We asked Mrs. Geaney if she ever had requests for special foods.

"Well, the day before the crown prince of Saudi Arabia first visited us—he's the king now, you know—his embassy told our protocol office that his highness drank only goat's milk. So I drove out to the Department of Agriculture research center at Beltsville, Maryland, to make a deal for a daily supply of goat's milk. But all the Beltsville goats were dry. I drove all over the Maryland back country and finally, not far from Baltimore, I found a farmer who had some goat's milk. As it turned out, though, Saud drank more orange juice and Coca-Cola than he did goat's milk.

"Last April when General De Gaulle was due," she continued, "I chased all over town trying to find the particular kind of French bottled water he likes. I tracked down the last three cases of Evian water in town."

The State Department protocol office always checks with the embassies beforehand as to any special diets or religious customs. For some visitors no part of the pig can be served. Others, to whom the cow is sacred, do not eat beef. And some are strict vegetarians.

"Several years ago, when President Weizmann of Israel was due, I decided to be good and safe," Mrs. Geaney said. "I went to a delicatessen and loaded up on gefüllte fish and all kinds of kosher meats and delicacies. And what do you think Doctor Weizmann wanted for breakfast the first morning? Scrambled eggs! He was having stomach trouble and didn't eat much besides eggs. The next day we had to put on a State Department reception for a South American country, and we fixed the kosher food into hors d'oeuvres. They loved it.

"Most foreigners like to eat typical American food when they are here," she added. "We serve them such favorites as baked potatoes, the best cuts of beef, apple pie and lots of ice cream. I don't know why, but they all seem to dote on ice cream."

We asked Mrs. Geaney who does the marketing.

"I do," she answered. "I don't just call up and order, either. I get up at the crack of dawn and go down to the wholesalers for meat, fish, poultry, vegetables and fruit, then do the rest of the shopping at neighborhood markets."

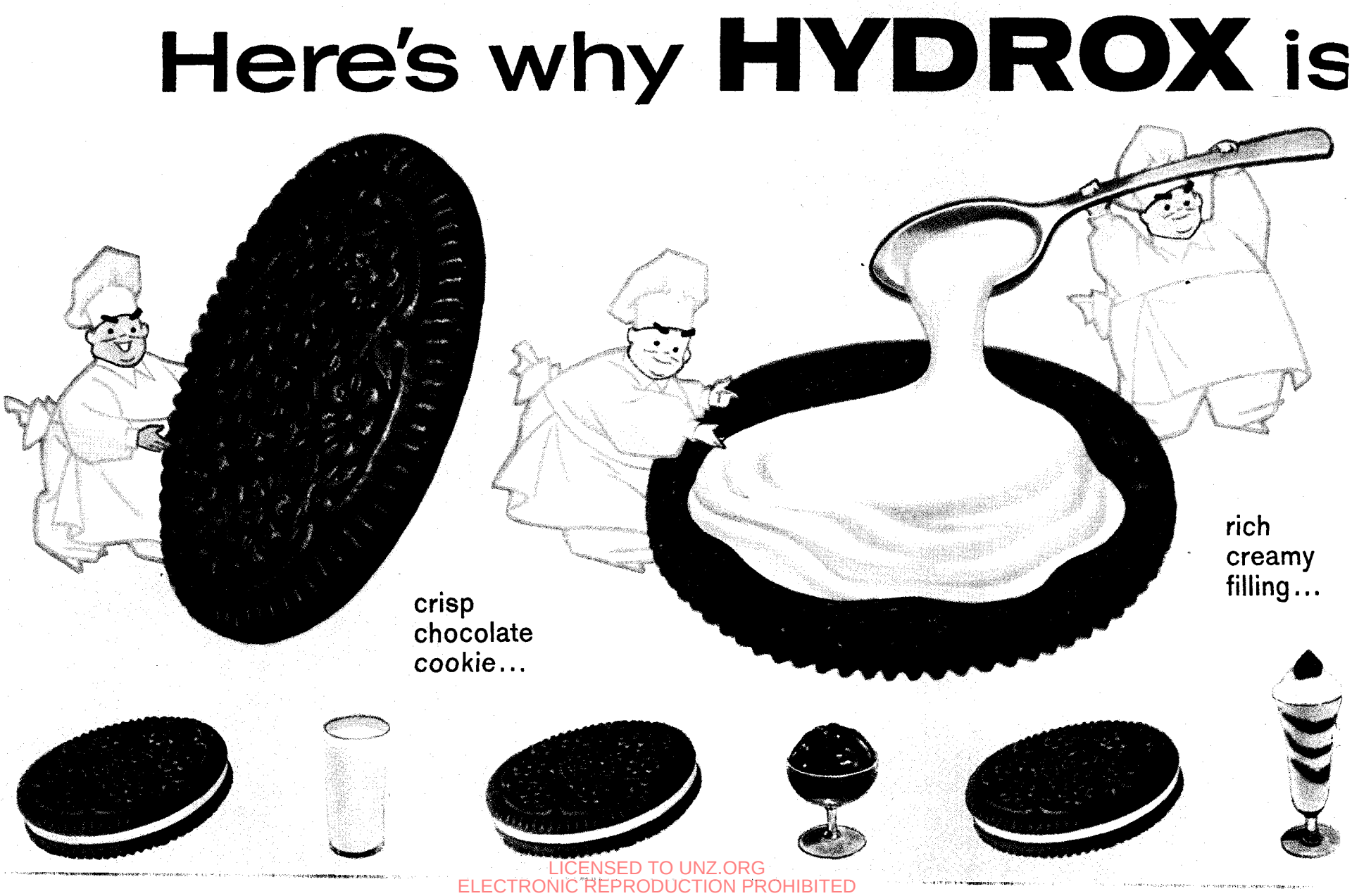
Mrs. Geaney, who first came to Blair House thirty-eight years ago as housekeeper for Maj. and Mrs. Gist Blair, is a native of Washington and knows practically every shopkeeper in the neighborhood. There is a nearby dry cleaner who, within minutes of the arrival of an entourage, picks up all the suits that need pressing—there are often as many as thirty—and gets them back before dinner. A local beauty salon stands by, ready to send manicurists and hairdressers to Blair House if needed. Mrs. Geaney has the home phone number of a haberdasher who will open up his shop nights, Sundays or holidays to replace forgotten suspenders, garters, studs, socks and miscellany, or to fit white tie and tails when members of a delegation are unexpectedly invited to a White House dinner. The Blair House management has so far been equal to every emergency.

The morning King Paul and Queen Frederika of Greece arrived, her majesty suddenly discovered a large diamond was about to fall out of the royal crown.

"I took the crown over to Mr. Levenson, the jeweler," recalled Mrs. Geaney. "He has a little place down the block—been there more than thirty years. I told him the queen had to wear the crown that night at the White House. Mr. Levenson called up a diamond setter, and then got a policeman to go with him to the diamond setter's place.

"That afternoon about four o'clock Mr. Levenson called me up. 'For goodness sake come over here and get this thing,' he said. 'I'm a nervous wreck.' So I went over and picked it up. It hadn't occurred to me what the crown was worth. It had so many large diamonds, it must have been priceless. And here I had been carrying it up and down the street in an old beat-up box.

"But you folks came to see the house, not to hear me talk up a storm," Mrs. Geaney said as she arose and led us across the entry hall into the Lincoln Study. We found ourselves in a small room which looked out on Pennsylvania Avenue. With pride she pointed to a framed letter from President Abraham Lincoln to his Postmaster General, Montgomery Blair. Then she showed us Andrew Jackson's walking stick, which



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President Jackson had given to Francis Preston Blair. Along a wall there was a group of framed political cartoons from the pre-Civil War period.

"Look at poor President Polk being pushed up that flagpole," said Mrs. Geaney, pointing to one of the cartoons. "Cartoonists were pretty rough in those days too. I don't know why anybody would want that job across the street."

Going to the rear of the house, we entered a long pantry. A cupboard full of blue-and-white Lowestoft china, which had come down through several generations of Blairs, was neatly stacked, with pieces of felt between each plate. Mrs. Geaney allows the Lowestoft to be used only for the most important affairs, and then only as service plates. The china used for most occasions is a special United States Government design with gold border and the Great Seal of the United States on it.

As we passed through the dining room, where the table was set for sixteen, Mrs. Geaney explained that the State Department was giving a luncheon for some visitors from Africa. She pointed out three silver tureens which she was using as centerpeice.

"You'd be surprised how much money we save during a year using our silver and china for centerpieces some of the time instead of buying flowers," she commented. "Most of the luncheon guests are men, and they don't notice flowers anyway."

We had come full circle and now found ourselves at the rear of the adjoining drawing rooms, where we could look down their combined forty-three-foot length. The richly carved woodwork and warm tones of the oriental rugs are a fitting background for the fine old pieces of Early American and English furniture. Heirloom figurines, silver cups and other fine art objects give the room an air of warmth and charm.

"Can you picture a six-year-old boy riding a bicycle through these two rooms?" Mrs. Geaney asked. "Well, it happened."

She told us that when King Saud visited three years ago, he brought his little crippled son, Prince Mashhur, for treatment at Walter Reed Army Medical Center. Several State Department chauffeurs became so fond of the lad that they chipped in to buy him a small bicycle equipped with side wheels.

"It was wonderful to hear the childish laughter as he was pushed through the house on his new bike," Mrs. Geaney said. "I held my breath, but all the furniture came through unscathed.

"Now I'll show you Blair-Lee House." She led us through a door into another large drawing room.

Before the Civil War Francis Preston Blair had built this adjoining house as a wedding present for his only daughter when she married Samuel Phillips Lee, a cousin of Robert E. Lee. During World War II the United States Government acquired the house, and in 1944 it was put into use as an overflow guest house. In 1948, when the Trumans moved to Blair House, a doorway was cut through to connect the two houses.

One of Harry Truman's favorite rooms was the small study at the front of Blair-Lee House, where he spent many evenings signing papers and holding after-hours conferences. Today his desk is gone, but his presidential flag and the American Flag are still displayed as they were then, and the room is now used as a televiewing and sitting room for the presidential guests.

In the Blair-Lee dining room, slightly larger than the one in Blair House, President Truman held luncheon sessions with his Cabinet once a week from 1949 to 1952. The room now is frequently used for State Department entertaining.

We followed Victoria Geaney back through Blair House and up a carpeted staircase to the second floor.

"Now you're going into the inner sanctum," Mrs. Geaney remarked. "When visitors are in residence, no Americans except our household staff ever go above the first floor unless invited. The upper floors are the private domain of our guests."

> Some people operate a car as if they had a combination driving-and-hunting license.
>
> FRANCIS O'WALSH

At the top of the stairs we entered a bedroom dominated by a large Early American four-poster bed with canopy.

"We call this the President's Room, because Mr. Truman picked it for his bedroom during the three years he was here," said Mrs. Geaney. "He loved the rare Currier and Ives prints of American presidents and he made it his daily chore to wind the old grandmother clock on the mantelpiece. Mr. Truman was taking a nap right here just after lunch on November 1, 1950, when he heard some shots in the street below. He rushed to the window, but the guards outside frantically waved him back."

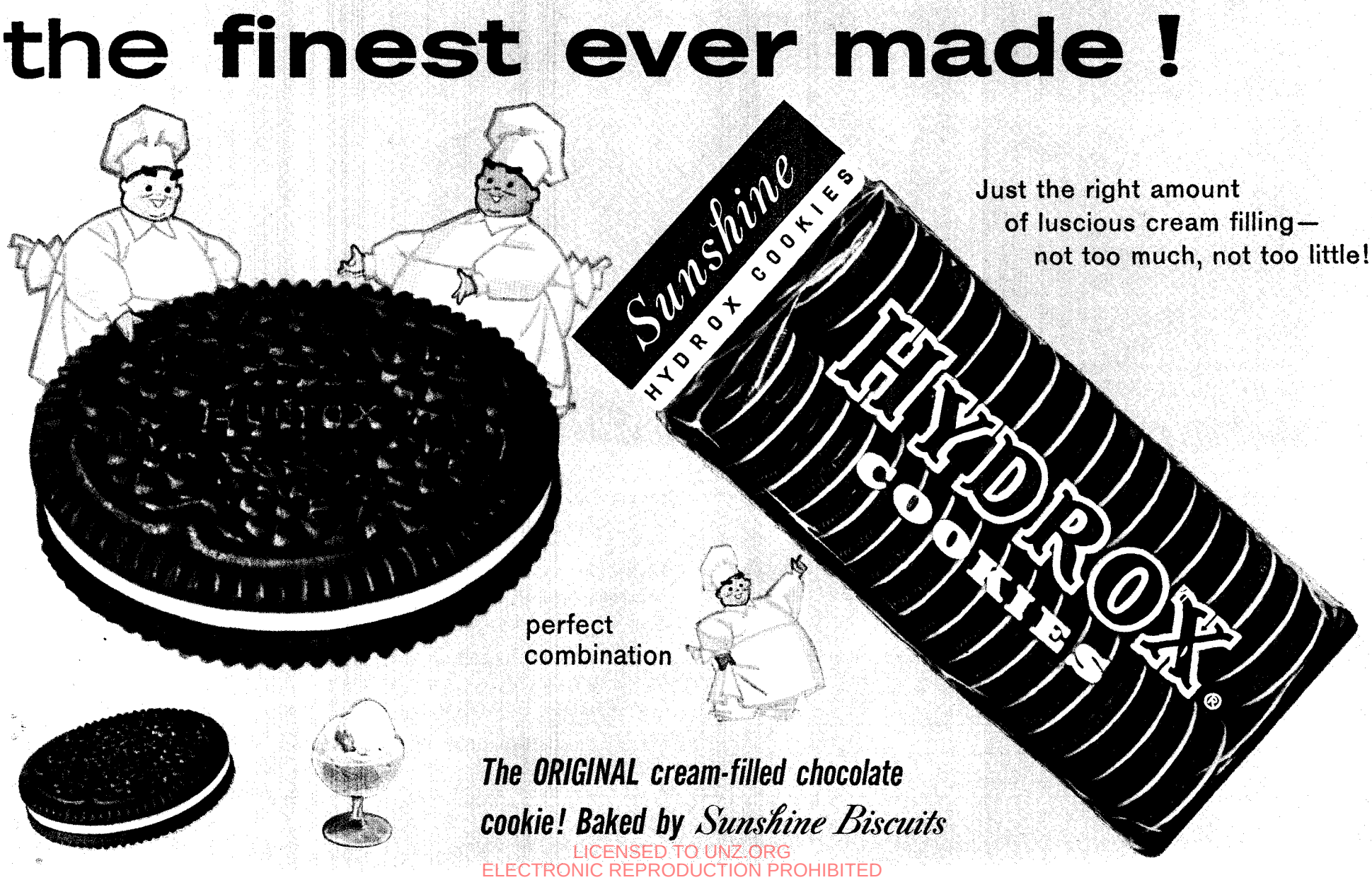
In the gun battle, one White House police officer, Leslie Coffelt, was fatally shot, and another guard and a Secret Serviceman were seriously injured as they bravely kept the would-be assassins from carrying out the plot to shoot their way into Blair House, find the President and murder him. One of the Puerto Rican assassins was killed before he could reach the house. The other was halted at the Blair House steps by a bullet from the gun of the fatally wounded Coffelt.

"President Truman went right ahead with his day's schedule," Mrs. Geaney told us. "Within half an hour he was on his way to a memorial service at Arlington Cemetery. And the next morning before breakfast he took his usual brisk walk along Pennsylvania Avenue. He sure is a banty rooster," she remarked fondly. "He isn't afraid of the devil himself."

The head of state or honor guest always has the privilege of selecting the room he is to occupy, and most of the VIP's have chosen the President's Room. One of its first foreign occupants was a mysterious "Mr. Brown," the name Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov chose when he traveled incognito to Washington in the spring of 1942 for conferences with President Roosevelt.

"Molotov had a flock of M.V.D. agents around him most of the time, and everything was so hush-hush that even the guards out front didn't know what was going on," Mrs. Geaney recalled. "When one of them asked me about it, I told him there was a championship pinochle game going on inside.

"Remember, the Russians were buddy-buddy with us in those days," she added. "But when Mr. Molotov came back for a few days in 1945 on his way to the opening of the United Nations, it was a different story. It was just after President Roosevelt's death, and the Trumans were staying at Blair House until Mrs. Roosevelt had time to move. So we put Molotov and his gang (*Continued on Page 55*)



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(*Continued from Page 53*) in Blair-Lee House. This time the M.V.D. men turned the place upside down, looking for hidden microphones in the bedding, behind pictures and under the rugs."

The dignitary who occupies the President's Room also has easy access to the adjoining large library which extends the entire width of the second floor. The library has always served as the family room. It has a fireplace at one end, comfortable overstuffed sofas and chairs, walls lined with books, a big Chippendale library table, and a soft garnet-colored rug forty-two feet long.

"This room hasn't been changed a bit since the Blairs lived here, except for having a color television set instead of a radio." Victoria Geaney perched herself on the edge of the Chippendale table and pointed to the spot where President Truman kept his piano. "This is where the Trumans spent their free evenings. And General De Gaulle used this room a great deal when he was here last April. The phone on this table was on an open line to Paris during his entire visit.

"One evening during the Khrushchev visit last year," Mrs. Geaney continued, "one of the Khrushchev daughters, Rada, gave an impromptu dinner party right here in the library for some of her friends in the Soviet delegation. It caught us by surprise because Rada was on the guest list for a dinner Mrs. Khrushchev was giving that night downstairs for wives of State Department and Russian Embassy officials. Mr. K. was at Camp David with President Eisenhower. But at 7:30 Rada decided she was going to have her own party. So we put a lace cloth on the library table and managed to handle both affairs at the same time."

Three years ago when King Saud arrived he looked over the house and announced he desired to sleep in the library. Inasmuch as he is well over six feet tall, and his aides advised that he was accustomed to sleeping in an extra-large bed (king-size, no doubt), Mrs. Geaney rented a mammoth bed from a Washington hotel and had it set up in the library. Three scimitar-carrying bodyguards camped on the floor outside the room while their monarch slept. King Saud and his retinue removed their shoes before entering the library, because it was also used for religious observances, and incense was kept burning much of the time.

One morning Mrs. Geaney heard a commotion upstairs. When she arrived on the scene, the library door was open and men were flapping their robes at a smoldering upholstered chair which had caught fire from an incense burner. The Blair House hostess-manager grabbed the rubber pad from under a small oriental rug and used it to smother the fire.

"No real harm was done," says Mrs. Geaney, who dismisses the incident as one of the natural risks of the business. "All of King Saud's party were so affectionate and so appreciative of everything, it was a pleasure to have them around. One night we had a nearby Arabian restaurant cater a native feast for them, with a whole roast lamb and all the fixings."

On the Blair-Lee side of the second floor is the "Aubusson Suite," decorated in blue, white and gold, with Aubusson rugs and antique French furniture. The room usually is assigned to the wife of the honor guest, and a door connects it with the President's Room. Before the recent visit of General and Mme. De Gaulle, a floor plan of the President's Guest House was sent to Paris. The French president indicated a preference for the Aubusson Suite.

"General De Gaulle is six feet four inches tall, and when we found out he was going to use these rooms, we had the twin beds lengthened and bought new springs and mattresses." Mrs. Geaney pushed down on a corner of the mattress to demonstrate its firmness. "People rest better on firm mattresses," she added. "But I don't think the guests know whether they are firm or soft. By the time they get back here after all the day's activities, they're so worn out they can sleep on anything." (*Continued on Page 58*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Well, shall we push on to the next mirage?"

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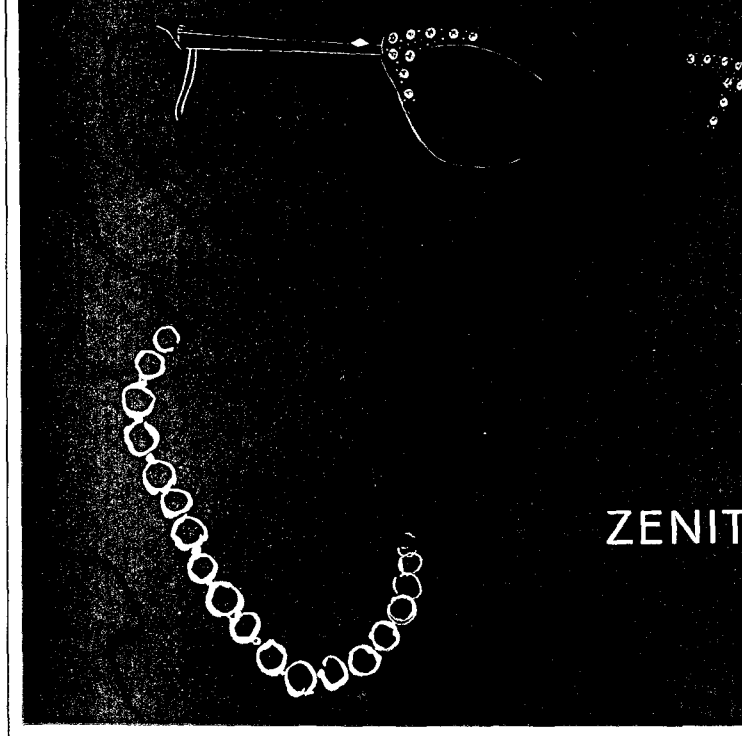

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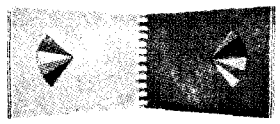

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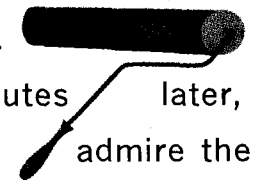

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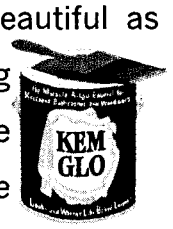

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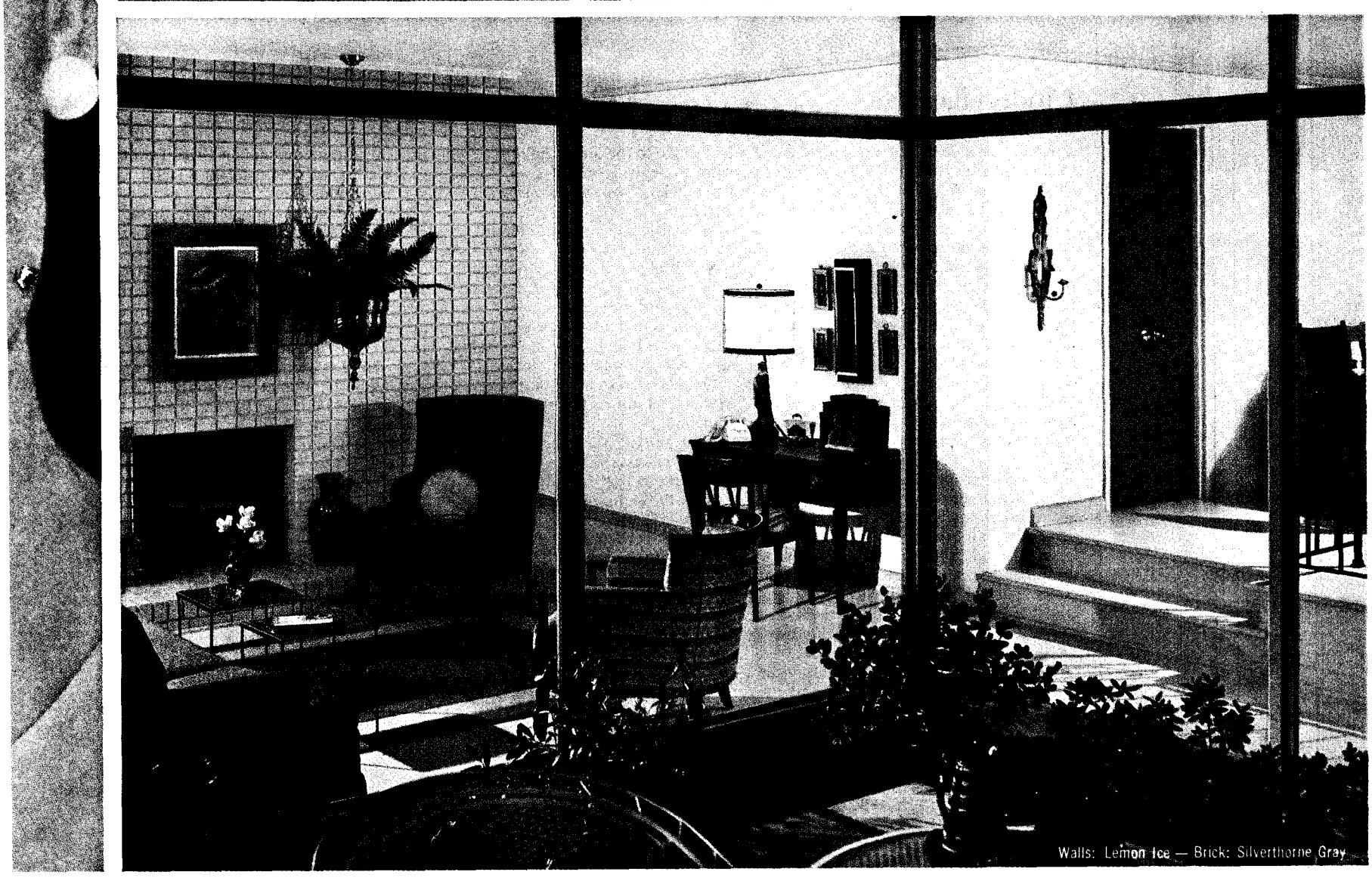

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TING!

Now you can do something about athlete's foot, without fuss or muss! Let TING show you how to get relief, simply, safely, quickly—because TING's three-way action is unique!

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TING goes on as a cream . . . dries in seconds to a clinging powder . . . eases the discomforts of athlete's foot on contact! No trace of grease, no cloud of powder . . . but what a treat for athlete's foot! Get TING now at drug counters everywhere . . . 79¢, $1.25.

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(*Continued from Page 55*) On the third and fourth floors there are an additional ten bedrooms and two sitting rooms. Ordinarily these are used by minor functionaries. For reasons known only to the Russians, Khrushchev chose to stay in the third-floor suite that Mrs. Geaney calls "Margaret's Suite." It was Margaret Truman's room for three years, and it is still decorated in girlish pink, blue and white chintz.

To take care of the twenty-eight rooms, Mrs. Geaney has a regular staff of two maids, a butler, a cook and a handyman, although additional help is hired when necessary. Both the regular and occasional help have been around for years and are well versed in maintaining the air of Southern hospitality that pervades the Blair House service. A bowl of fresh fruit is kept in each bedroom. And sweet rolls, sandwiches, coffee and soft drinks are ready day and night for guests who return to Blair House hungry for a snack.

During official visits, a United States Marine sentry is stationed inside the front door, which, since the assassination attempt, has been fixed so that it can be opened only from the inside. As a further safeguard for guests, especially against fire, the night butler checks each floor at least once each hour.

On the ground floor are the laundry (Blair House does its own towels, napkins and table linens), the kitchen and the hostess-manager's apartment. During the Khrushchev visit, an eagle-eyed Soviet aide stayed in the kitchen during the preparation of all meals, and then sampled each dish before it was taken into the dining room.

Victoria Geaney's living quarters are chock full of mementos. The walls are covered with autographed pictures of world leaders. Over a desk, on which she meticulously itemizes every penny that is spent in the operation of the house, there is a special grouping of signed photos of the seven Secretaries of State under whom she has served.

In two glass-doored cabinets is an assortment of remembrances from appreciative guests. They include a gold medallion from Emperor Haile Selassie, a silver compact with the royal crest of the King of Thailand, a fishing knife from President Truman (who knew she was an ardent fisherman) and, from Nikita Khrushchev, a musical Sputnik which, when wound up, squeaks out the Russian national anthem followed by a "beep . . . beep . . . beep."

A few months ago Mrs. Geaney, the State Department chief of protocol and even some of the President's staff were astounded to read a small story in one of the Washington newspapers indicating that plans were afoot to tear down Blair House. Certain government agencies coveted the choice Pennsylvania Avenue location between 17th Street and Jackson Place. In the mind of the Federal agencies concerned, a big gleaming modern structure would be more functional and more suitable than the unimposing façades of Blair House and its immediate neighbors.

When Washingtonians read of the dastardly plot, the hue and cry was heard all the way to the White House. The next day an indignant denial was issued by the State Department. "There are no plans to demolish Blair House," said a department spokesman. "It is going to stay. It is an historic site." Later, a revised plan for the proposed new Government building was released, respectfully bypassing Blair House.

"If the day ever comes," says Victoria Geaney, "when I see workmen coming with pick and shovel to tear down this place, I'll be out there on the front porch waving the American Flag at them like Barbara Frietchie. And believe me, they'll have to shoot this old gray head before they can start to work."

Cinderella Dress (Continued from Page 23)

gown, it was a design that did not change much along the years. It was beautiful and elegant and simple as the moon in the sky. Cristabel studied the dress for a long time and then decided that it was truthful. It would find out a flaw in the wearer if she had a flaw. That was her final way of describing the quality. One had to be elegant and beautiful and simple to *live* inside this dress. She smiled to herself, and wondered how much of this the young man who had gazed so long could know. She said good night to the dress, as if it were alive, and then walked home in the moonlight to her small pension beyond the Palace Napoleon.

The next afternoon Cristabel had packed her suitcase, paid her bill and checked her *couchette* on the Paris train. She had just four hours to spare, and seven dollars to spend. She walked the Croisette in the burning sunlight. She saw the silver coupé parked in the Palace Napoleon courtyard, and she suddenly remembered she had dreamed last night of the dress. The skirt had billowed all over the bay, and the bodice had blossomed on the Estoril in her dream. She looked at the elegant coupé, but could not find any name on the car. It was an anonymous make, but the number plate was Italian.

She strolled along by the shops, in the shelter of the great sun blinds that came over the sidewalk, to choose a gift for her mother. Then suddenly she found herself looking at the white dress again. Even in the hot afternoon, in the shade of the green sun blind, it looked cool as the moon. She had, in a way, slept in the dress last night when she dreamed. Then she looked at the other window of the shop and decided to buy a silk handkerchief with a lace panel in the corner. And she suddenly knew it would go with the dress.

She went into the shop to ask the price, and just then the coupé pulled up at the curb and the young man got out, dressed now in blue cotton pants and a beach jacket. He was tall, dark-haired, with gray-green eyes, bold, masculine and handsome. He gave a long glance at the window, then walked abruptly into the shop and spoke to the quiet and refined woman who was just coming over to talk to Cristabel. "You speak English, Madame?"

He had that cool, indifferent manner of the Italian, and Madame answered with a slight smile, "*Si, signore!*"

He was so preoccupied with the dress that he did not get the message that Madame could talk his own language and had known him at once as an Italian. He never looked once at Cristabel.

"I am interested in that white dress, Madame. I think I wish to buy it—for somebody."

"Certainly." She turned to Cristabel. "If you will excuse me, mademoiselle, for a little moment."

Now the Italian turned swiftly in apology to Cristabel. "Oh, I am most sorry. I am not in haste. . . . Please to attend first to mademoiselle."

"No, I am just looking at some handkerchiefs. Please. . . ."

Madame drew the inside curtain and opened the window frame, and then the Italian spoke. "But I must see the dress on a model, Madame. I am a man. I cannot understand a dress on a frame. You have a mannequin, Madame?"

Madame turned in dismay. "But—I have not a mannequin just at this moment. You see, the mannequins only come from Paris for the special show. And I have only inside here the small workroom. But perhaps I could get a mannequin from Nice in the morning."

"In the morning? But I leave for Milan this evening. Listen, Madame, I have a *salon* at the Napoleon. Surely you can find a girl in Cannes who can show me this dress. You will come with her and the dress to my *salon* in an hour? Yes? Here is my card. I wish very much to see this dress."

"*Alors*—I do not know." Madame looked at the card. "But—I should know if possible the height and measure of the lady who shall wear this dress."

"Ah, I do not know the measures of ladies." Suddenly his eye paused on Cristabel. "She is the same figure almost exactly as mademoiselle, if mademoiselle will forgive me. Please, you will have the dress in my suite in an hour. Thank you." He bowed to Cristabel. "Thank you for permitting me."

Madame watched him drive away, looked at his card, clapped her hand to her forehead. "*Alors.* These Italian princes. They always are in love. And they want always the moon. But this one has the money—his family is in the big industry at Milan. Ah, fortunately this dress is in the American size. But—ah, what can I do, in one little hour?" Suddenly she looked at Cristabel, then came over and took her hands. "Listen, I know you are an American, yes? So—you will help me, and you will show the dress for the prince? I send at once along to Roberto for the shoes, and then you are perfect."

"Oh, no! I am not a model. I cannot ——"

"Ah, but it is all right. I know you are the lady, yes, and of fine blood, that is evident, but it is correct perfectly and—besides I give you ten per cent of the price as commission if he buy the dress."

"How much does it cost?"

"Eight hundred dollars. So you will have eighty dollars, and ——"

"Eighty dollars! Why I could stay another ten days here if —— You are sure it is all right, Madame?"

"But perfectly. I go with you. And the prince has the beautiful manners. Even if he go jumping because he is in love with somebody, and want the dress. Yes, please?"

"O.K.!"

Marie in the small workroom altered the waistline with a rapid needle, and Cristabel found a pair of satin shoes in the box Roberto sent along. Then Madame left Marie in charge of the shop and, carrying a huge box, went along to the Napoleon with Cristabel. A porter showed them to the prince's *salon* and knocked on the door and then let them in. The prince was sun-bathing in a long chair on his balcony, wearing only brief Italian beach shorts, and looking like an Olympic athlete in his bronzed and shining skin. He waved to his bedroom. "Mademoiselle (*Continued on Page 60*)

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Land-Cruising through the Rockies and the Sierra

Scenery you see no other way—and snapshots to prove it's as glorious as you tell your friends! That's what's up...in the California Zephyr's five Vista-Domes

By LUCIA LEWIS
Travel Editor, The Chicago Daily News

Two full days of amazing scenery—and only the Vista-Dome California Zephyr lets you see it all!...

You can get to the coast in three different ways (or make it six, if you want to toss in horseback, bicycle, and hiking).

But I am happy with my re-discovery of the rail-way, a way that saves time while I'm taking my time. I re-discovered this distinctive travel pleasure when I traveled from Chicago to San Francisco on the California Zephyr—a true luxury train (both first class and coach) which operates via Denver and Salt Lake City, over the Burlington, Rio Grande, and Western Pacific railroads. This is a cruise on land—no-tension, no-push travel that helps me make the wisest use of time en route for work, for pleasure, or a combination of both.

Writing is my job. But it doesn't feel like work aboard the California Zephyr, because every time I glance out the window, I am stimulated by what is surely the longest continuous parade of beauty along any railroad, here or abroad.

Yes, there are areas of monotonous plain and arid desert on any route between Chicago and California. Across these the Zephyr draws a thoughtful curtain for sleep.

Its run is so scheduled, both westbound and eastbound, that you cover the dull portions at night, don't miss a mile of the prize sectors by day. And the five roof-top Vista-Domes give every passenger a front-row view, too.

Here is your bonanza of daylight beauty: *1.* Three hours along the Burlington's historic route in Illinois, serene farms and villages that seem a world away from the skyscrapers of Chicago. *2.* The Mississippi (at sunset westbound—at breakfast eastbound). Every time I cross the big river this definite break between East and West stirs me more than my first trip across the international dateline in the Pacific. That one you try to imagine—this one you *see* in its majesty. *3.* Twelve hours winding through the ever-changing Rockies on the Rio Grande Railroad in Colorado and Utah. *4.* Eight hours of completely different spectacles, unrolled by the Western Pacific in California's Feather River Canyon and the rich Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys.

The busy cameras on this trip must make the California Zephyr seem like a year-round Santa Claus to the film manufacturers.

You feel yourself getting smaller as the train winds through Glenwood, Gore, Byer and other Colorado canyons. Only when you gaze up at them from way down here can you truly grasp the grandeur of these peaks.

Even today, no highways penetrate to much of the most sensational scenery in Colorado and California. Only the rail-builders have blazed their trails into these wilds.

They bored the six-mile Moffat tunnel under the Continental Divide. In winter and spring its west portal dances with added color from sunshine on a festoon of icicles. Then you break through to the dazzle of white slopes, where the bright coats of skiers flash among the evergreens of Winter Park.

Shorter tunnels—46 of them in the Rockies—are like one-minute blackouts in a theater while the stage setting is changed. When you emerge, the curtain rises on a different and still more spectacular view.

A blaze of glory winds up your day, on the Colorado-Utah border, in Ruby Canyon...aptly named for its crimson cliffs and pinnacles. The whole canyon is bathed in a rosy light; even the gray-green sagebrush turns pink in the afterglow of the sun setting beyond the red rocks.

Next morning after breakfast the domes begin to fill again for the entrance to California's Feather River Canyon.

In this 118-mile canyon, the river is briefly tamed here and there by dams for power. These quiet pools merely accentuate the wild power of the river. For most of its length it still tumbles fiercely in cascades and rapids, around rocky islands and over many-colored boulders, foam flying in white plumes, reminiscent of the wild pigeon feathers that gave the river its name.

One marvels that the gold-rushers of 1848 could claw their way up here, by water or by land, through the dense forests that climb these steep peaks. Or that engineers could cut the Western Pacific roadway along these walls, on rock shelves, through tunnels, over high trestles in sweeping loops to make the grade easy for comfort-loving passengers.

Finally you roll out on the Central Valley, across California's second band of wealth, acres of fruit trees that blossom out here when there's still snow back home, rice fields and vegetable farms from Marysville to Sacramento to Stockton, into Oakland by mid-afternoon.

The white towers of San Francisco shine on their hills, welcoming you at the end of your ride across the great Bay Bridge.

This is the way to use time—on a land-cruise for rest or for undisturbed work—and always for joy in the communion with 2,500 miles of your country at its splendid best.

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Ever sit under a drenching shower without getting wet? You can, in a Vista-Dome, when the Zephyr takes a bath at Denver and again at Portola, Calif. Youngsters of all ages love it as the train moves through giant sprays and mechanical brushes that leave windows sparkling for undimmed views and sharp pictures.

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...Zephyr food is marvelous—wonderfully varied, expertly served, reasonably priced. And there's no lineup waiting for service, because the Zephyrette reserves a table at the hour you choose...including the budget dinner, served at five p.m.

...The new "Cable Car Room" (named for its decor of San Francisco scenes and cable car models) is open all day and late into the night for light meals and snacks.

...This is "space travel" in the comfortable sense of the word. There is freedom to move around for a change of pace, in sightseeing dome cars, observation lounge, cocktail lounge, Cable Car Room, dining car, generous sized coaches or private rooms. The extra seats in domes and recreation cars actually provide a second seat for every passenger, at no extra fare.

...And have you forgotten how easy it is to board a streamliner? A short ride to the station, a redcap to carry your luggage all the way to your room or seat, extra-generous baggage allowances, a few minutes to your hotel upon arrival.

...Just get to the station on time. Trains do leave when they say they will.

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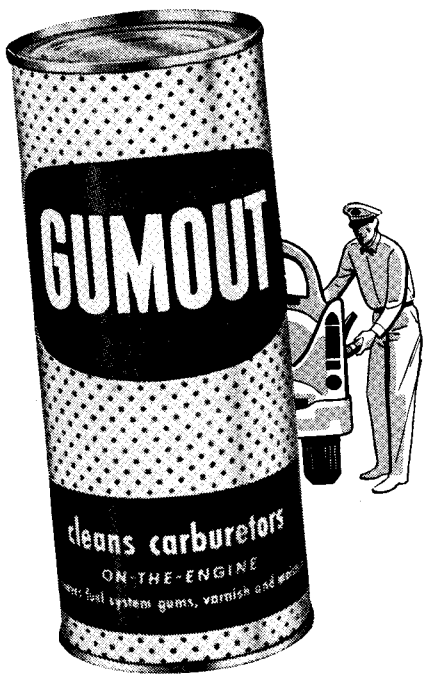
(*Continued from Page 58*) can change in there, Madame."

He showed no sign that he recognized Cristabel as the girl who was buying handkerchiefs in the shop. He was just stepping back on his balcony when Cristabel said, "But—I cannot show you this dress if you are wearing those beach shorts."

The prince stopped, amazed, and Madame looked in an astonished way at Cristabel, who was surprised by what she had said, and now stood all blooming in a blush.



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"But—I do not understand," said Madame.

And now suddenly the prince stepped into the *salon* and spoke quietly. "Ah, but I understand. Mademoiselle has perfect reason. And I see also that I cannot comprehend this dress in the sunlight. So—you will please come back at eight o'clock this evening, when there is night, and moonlight. That is possible?"

"But—it is not possible. I have to catch a train this evening."

"That is nothing, mademoiselle. I shall drive you, instead of riding by the train."

"My train is to Paris."

"That is nothing. We shall be in Paris before the train."

"But," said Madame, "I cannot come this evening. I must go to Nice."

"Mademoiselle will be treated with perfect courtesy, Madame, if it is necessary for her to come alone. At eight o'clock? Yes?"

Outside, in the corridor, Cristabel stopped and gasped, "But I meant to say no. I *can't* stay another night in Cannes."

"Mademoiselle, you must help him. He is in a very great problem."

"What has his problem got to do with me? And how do you know he is in a very great problem?"

"Because he does not even see you. And a man must be in a problem very extraordinary if he cannot see a girl as beautiful as you. Now we go back to the shop and we arrange everything—including some money that I lend or give you if that is necessary because you postpone your journey." She paused at the elevator. "I think this dress is going to have a very strange history." She looked with calm dark eyes at Cristabel. "This Prince Raimondo is sleepwalking. But he shall wake up very soon—and have a very great surprise."

Madame arranged the session at the hairdresser, got a string of pearls on loan, provided a blue satin cloak, an ivory-blue handbag, and when Cristabel came into the hall of the Napoleon, people stopped talking. Going up in the elevator, Ricardo the porter gazed frankly at the blue eyes, honey-gold hair, at the whole girl who was Cristabel, and said simply, "*La signorina è bellissima!*"

She paused outside the door of the *salon* and realized that she was out of breath—after walking ten paces from the elevator. And then she knew why she was out of breath, and got a shock of surprise. Then she knocked on the door.

Raimondo wore that blue silk jacket as he stood looking at her with his hand paused on the door. He stood staring like a man waked out of sleep to a very great surprise—as Madame had said in the afternoon. He took her hand and bowed over it and said, "Please come in."

He took her cloak and folded it with care on the back of a chair. He stood in silence, and then he said, "I think I am dreaming—or I have been dreaming."

"Or sleepwalking."

She had not meant to say it, and she flushed in surprise at her own voice. He continued to look at her with polite and searching eyes. But he was talking to himself. "But—this dress belongs to you. I don't understand. Oh, please sit down."

"No, thank you. I am afraid this dress does not belong to me. It belongs to the house. And it is best not to sit, while I show it to you."

"Ah. How much does it cost?"

"Eight hundred dollars."

He went to the table and took up his checkbook. "To the Paris house?"

"Yes, I suppose that is correct."

He handed over the check and said, "Now, will you please sit down?" He stood looking at her as she sat with care for the dress. "Now, please, who are you? Why are you here?"

"I am an American. I happened to be in the shop. Madame asked me to show you the dress, as she had no mannequin. So, I am here."

"And do you have to get to Paris tonight?"

"Not now," she smiled, folding the check.

"Ah. I see." Now he came over close and looked straight into her blue eyes, and suddenly she felt cold as snow. "But, of course, I would not have let you go, anyway. What is your name?"

"Cristabel."

"I am Raimondo." He paused. "I suppose you realize that I am—dazed at this moment."

"Yes."

"Ah." He smiled for the first time. "You are frank. But then, of course, you could not tell a lie in that dress."

"Oh!"

"Why did you say *oh* like that?"

"Because I looked at this dress last night. And I decided the—very same thing. That it would find out a fault, or a lie, in anybody."

"Ah, you wanted to buy it?"

"No. I looked at it because I saw you gazing so long in the window. Then I dreamed about the dress."

"So did I, Cristabel." He paused. "I must have known all this. That is why I did not go back to Milan. Now, will you come and dine with me?"

"Yes."

He gave her his hand in a polite way as she rose. Then he laughed—for the first time. "You know, I can hardly believe it, but I did not see you today. I must have been ——"

"In a problem very extraordinary," smiled Cristabel.

When he opened the door of the coupé, Cristabel said, "I looked at this car last night. It has no name. What is it?"

"A Colomba. We make them. Only twenty a year. To keep our craftsmen in their pride. Our business is long-distance buses. Those big blue ones that go across the world, with cocktail bars and armchair seats." He smiled. "We lose many of our profits on the twenty Colombas. They cost a fortune, and we give them away as gifts to presidents of bus companies and people we like." He smiled again. "My father will probably give you one, when he meets you."

She did not say anything as she slid into the Colomba, which was silver and soothing as a dove.

He drove her to a small bay where there was an inn just down by the water that was silver and soothing in the moonlight. The table was under a pine tree, and the waiter talked quietly as the waves whispering on the sand. Cristabel smiled. "I don't have to look. I know what I want. A lovely cold lobster with a salad and then pineapple and wine the color of moonlight. I've wanted that all the time down here."

"And why didn't you have it?"

"Because I looked at the price, Raimondo. An American girl at the Sorbonne on an allowance does not have lobster on her vacation. Not when she dines alone."

"I don't see why you need to dine alone," smiled Raimondo. "Every man can't be sleepwalking, like me. Why did you say I was sleepwalking?"

"It was Madame who said that." She smiled. "But I am not going to tell you why."

"Maybe I can guess. . . . Ah, here is your famous lobster. You see, he is red and blushing to be eaten by such a beautiful lady!"

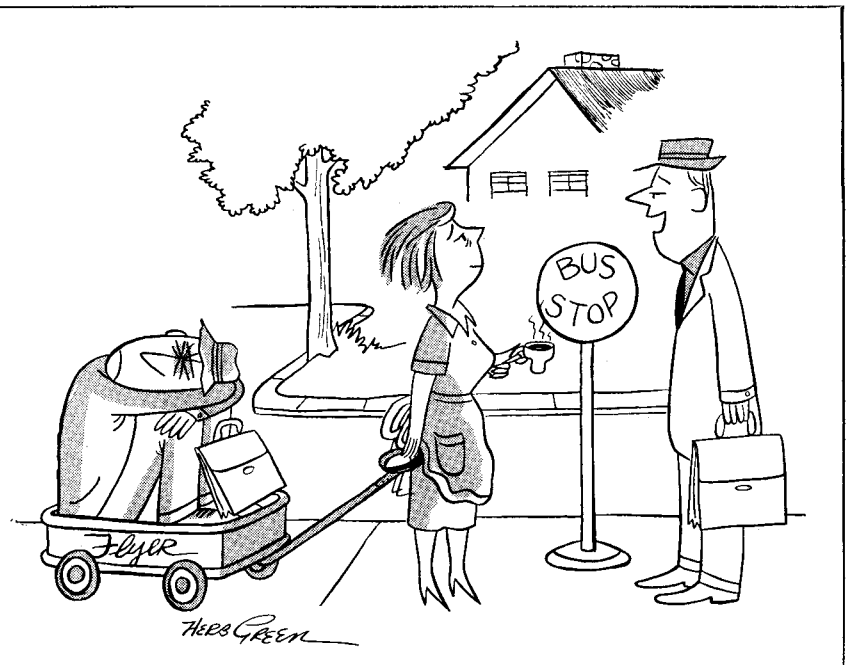
It was later, over the coffee, that Cristabel said, "Now, you are going to tell me all the story about the dress?"

"Yes." His face changed. "It goes back to a fall in the snow." He looked taut, like a man who hides a sharp pain. "Forgive me. I felt cold just now—like the snow."

"It was in the winter before last. At Cortina. I was skiing, with my brother Enrico. He was doing medicine at Harvard. And he flew home to ski with me at Christmas for a week. He loved the snow. The mountain and the snow. He climbed in the sun in the summer. He skied down in the winter in the snow. And we skied down that morning after sunrise, only we two alone on the mountain, and then he got on ice. And he went over the edge and into the crevasse.

"He was killed at once, of course, and he was peaceful in the snow he loved when we found him. I looked in his pocket, I don't know why, and he had nothing—only a picture of a girl in a white dress that was white as snow in the moonlight. I don't know why, but I thought his face was asking me something, and I went back to the hotel and called his friend in Boston, who might know the name of the girl.

"The friend knew, and he paused a little time on the telephone, and then he said the girl (*Continued on Page 62*)



"Oh, pretty good. And how was your weekend?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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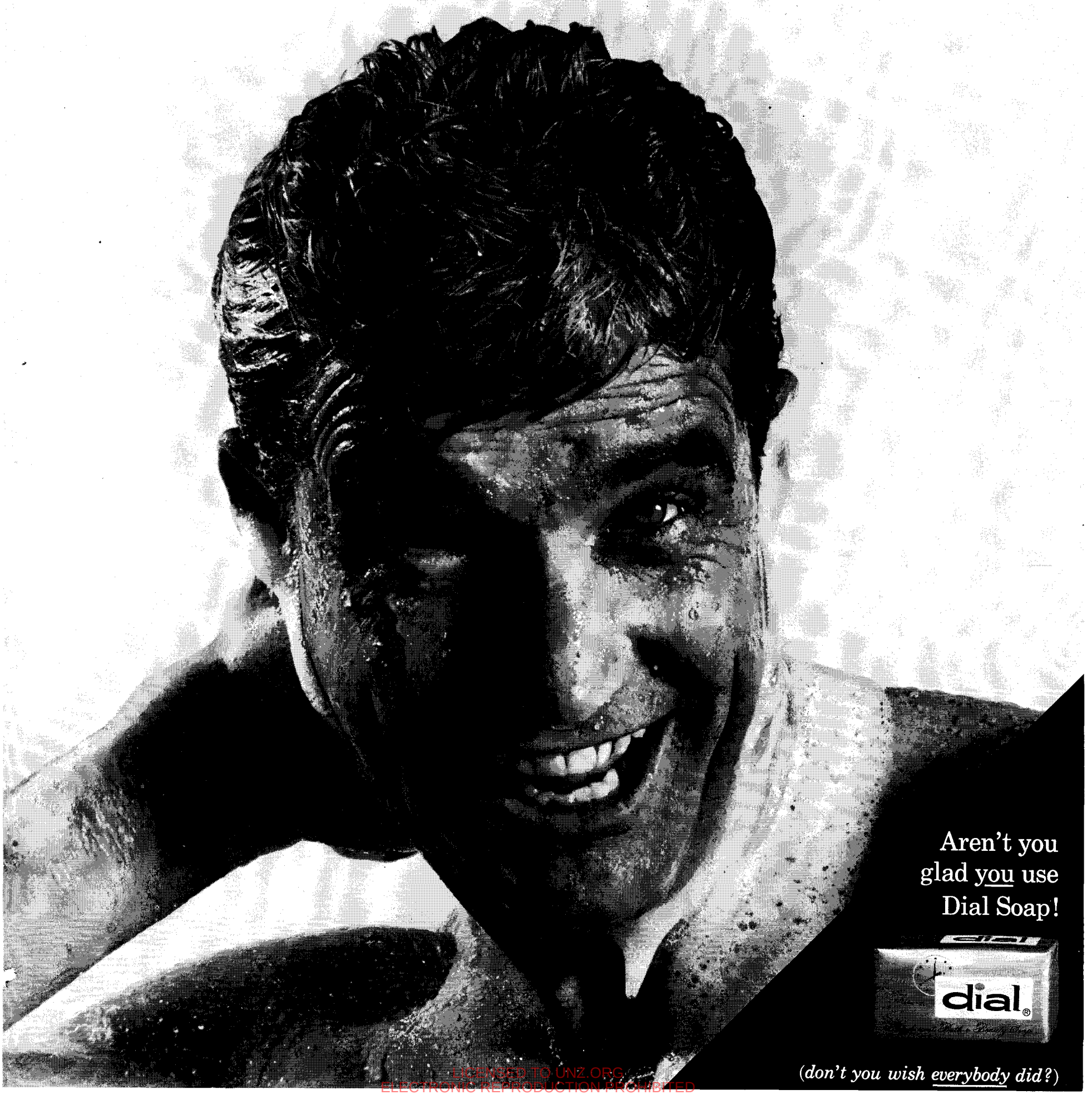

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(*Continued from Page 60*) would be over on the first plane, and I gave him our home address in the country.

"She came over, and she went straight to her room and came down wearing that white dress, and, of course, we knew Enrico had met her in that dress. She just said, 'Please,' and my mother and I took her in to Enrico.

"She did not say anything, but looked at Enrico and kissed him on the forehead, and took a gold ring from her handkerchief and placed it on her finger. Her face was white as the dress, but she walked with a strange smile from the room.

"When I turned, I found my mother had fainted. By the time I got my mother on her bed, the girl had gone to catch a plane back to New York.

"For a long time I could not feel anything at all. Enrico and I had grown up with a family in the country. The sister is Gabriella, and she is a very beautiful girl, and she has kept near me since Enrico died, as if she wished to heal me. She has given me sympathy and understanding, and my mother has always loved her, and she is good in every way, and I know that she would make a wonderful wife, and I have got very upset about it. I came to Cannes to see, could I get clearness in my mind.

"But I think I see every woman now against that girl who came to say good-by to Enrico. Nobody who saw that girl in that room with Enrico could ever be the same again.

"Last night, when I saw this white dress, I saw that girl in her white dress, and I knew that I had to see Gabriella in this white dress, and then I would know. You may think it very strange, but you would not if you had seen the love and purity in that girl who wedded herself forever to my brother with a gold ring.

"Perhaps I wished to know if Gabriella could become that girl if she wore the same kind of white dress.

"Then I dreamed of the dress last night. I saw the dress walking, but there was nobody in the dress. I remember in my dream I felt that it was waiting for somebody."

Raimondo got up and stood for a long time looking at the moonlight on the sea. Then he sighed. Cristabel did not say anything. There was nothing to say. Raimondo came back and sat down. "And now I think we shall have a little brandy. And then perhaps you will tell me about you. Where do you come from?"

"From Virginia. Like you, I live in the country. I have two brothers, Victor, who runs the farm, and Dick, who is studying physics at M.I.T. I am taking languages at Boston University. I went there to be near Dick. And I am over here taking a special course at the Sorbonne. That is all."

"Tell me about the farm. We also have a farm."

"Oh, it is quite a big farm. But we go in for horses. So it is mainly a stud farm. We have another stud farm, and a racing stable in Kentucky. Horse mad! But we have some good horses. One of them won the Triple Crown. Why are you smiling, Raimondo?"

"Well, I am just wondering why you could not buy a lobster!"

"Oh. We are not brought up that way in my family. Dick has to work in the vacation to help pay at M.I.T. And I sold newspapers in Paris to earn ten days on the Riviera. Victor had to work and live the same as our own stable boys until he was twenty-one. He rode in the horse vans and slept in the cubicle to race meetings and got the pay of a boy. My father is that kind of man. I have never had a car, and Dick cannot even drive one. We eat dinner at home in the middle of the day, and have a meat supper when the horses are laid up for the night. My father does not like being grand. I did not go to the cotillion. I just went to a students' dance in Boston with my roommate. She is going to be a doctor." She paused. "We are a very happy family." She laughed. "I have never worn such an expensive dress. That is why I am holding this saucer under the glass. In case I spill the brandy on my—I mean your dress."

"Our dress?"

"But you did not intend to buy this dress for me—even if I would allow you to buy me a dress. And I would not wear such a dress until I am twenty-one."

"How long is that to wait?"

"Nearly a year. And then I shall have my Sorbonne diploma and my Boston graduation, and ——"

A white yacht under a white sail suddenly shone in the path of the moonlight, and it gleamed as if made of crystal. It was very beautiful, and Cristabel smiled and turned to Raimondo, and was shocked to see his face. Her hand went softly over his hand, and her voice was soft and trembling. "Don't think about the snow, Raimondo."

It seemed a long time before the heat of her hand warmed his cold hand and she could feel the blood pulsing.

"What are you thinking, Cristabel?"

"You know what I am thinking. I am not going to lie to you. And I could not lie, anyway, in this white dress." She gave a little sigh that turned into a funny laugh. "Oh, I'm glad you live in the country, Raimondo." THE END

ELMER: Elsie, you're out of your mind!

ELSIE: Oh, I think I have a pretty good chance.

ELMER: But you have no experience—no organization—no platform—no . . .

ELSIE: Don't be silly. I've had loads of experience and you can't beat my platform; "A gallon of Borden's Milk in every refrigerator."

BEAUREGARD: We've even got a campaign slogan —"Borden's Milk—the All American drink."

ELMER: Pretty savvy. . . but not enough to make you President of the United States.

BEAUREGARD: Pop, that's the *Uptown School Association!*

ELMER: Oh.....!

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VERY BIG ON FLAVOR

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This Hostile Land (Continued from Page 26)

almost covered with dirt before the horses stopped.

Jessie Hilton went looking for him when he did not come in for noon. She ran to him and tried to lift him and could not. They were far from neighbors. She unhitched the team and led the horses to the barn. Then she had gone to the mailbox and had waited for Tribus. An hour of such waiting at such a time can work dark things in anybody.

Tribus had bounced his Model-T across the furrows to where Henry lay. He knelt beside the body and felt for the beat of the heart. Jessie Hilton did not kneel. She had already made her panicky search. She looked down at her husband, looked at the dirt half covering him, and her voice raised the hair on Tribus's bent neck.

"This land killed him," she said, "sure as a bullet."

She was drinking the dark cup, Tribus knew and he did not answer. A woman is a lot like the land—abiding and innately promising of new life. And Jessie Hilton must be seeing herself as a field deep-sown to salt. It was a crime against her, and blame had to be placed. That body had been her promise of fulfillment.

"I hate it," she said. "This land killed him."

"Maybe it's not too late," Tribus lied, straightening. "We'll get him into Doc Purdy's as fast as we can."

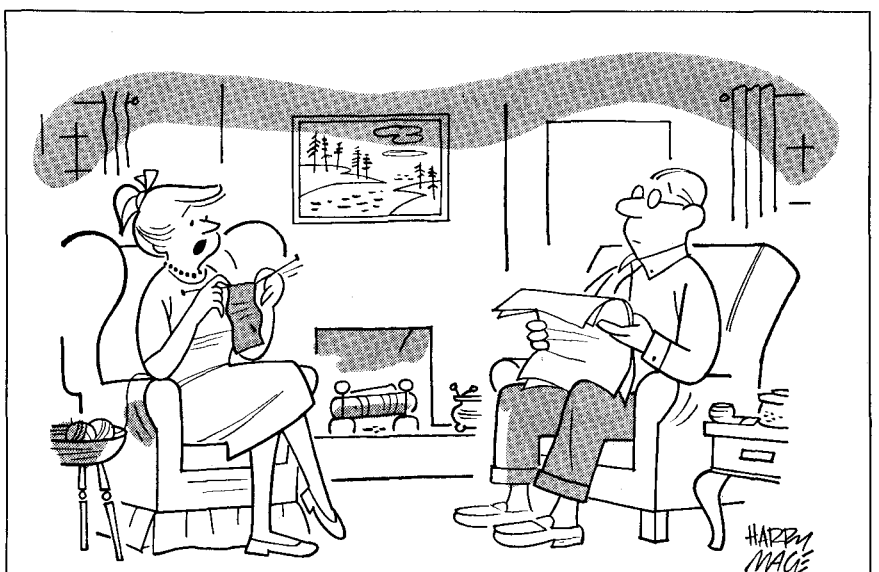
Jessie Hilton was tall and strong, and her years on the land had made her stoop instinctively to pick up her end of any load. She went to her husband's feet and bent to lift. But her face went white, and her breath whistled in.

Tribus heard it and looked at her quickly.

"It's nothing," she said, her mouth thin and angry, and she helped lift the body of her husband onto the back seat.

She sat still-faced and dry-eyed all the way into town. She watched Doc Purdy make his brief examination, and her courage was of the kind which would not permit her even the smallest surge of hope. Doc Purdy marched the foot of his stethoscope across the chest, rapt-eyed and unbreathing, and heard only the muted thunder of his own heartbeat. In his way he was as big a liar and coward as Tribus. So he delayed it. He got out the hand mirror and held it to the mouth, and then used his stethoscope again. But it had to be faced. He looked straight at Jessie Hilton and shook his head. She nodded, having accepted it long before.

Tribus was moved to see that Doc Purdy's eyes had gone all soft. This man, Tribus knew, for all his fierceness and rough tongue, had a pool of inner tenderness that would not permit him the practiced sympathy other doctors were allowed when they were forced to admit that their enemy had sneaked again through their lines. Doc Purdy had lanced boils on that tough body, had set broken bones and had once sat through the lonely vigil of the midnight crisis of pneumonia. That was doctoring.



"Oh, I'm sure they're both fine men, but what I'd really like to see, for a change, is a President with a mustache."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

But Doc Purdy had been more than that to Henry Hilton. They had shared something Doc was not likely ever to forget. While Jessie had slept exhaustedly, Doc Purdy had had to sit down across the table from Henry Hilton and admit, shamed by his ignorance and helplessness, that he did not know why it was that some healthy female bodies would cast off young.

Henry Hilton had nodded, but his eyes were sick. He had talked slowly about how it is to be robbed of the sight of yourself reflected in the eyes of your young, and to be denied tangible proof of love in a house. Doc Purdy knew well what Henry Hilton was talking about.

"You shouldn't try it any more," Doc had told Jessie, and she had grinned that tough grin at him. Doc looked after her and delivered her of three more lifeless babies. She was tough, and he knew it and this knowledge and his own angry feelings at himself made him tactless and fumbling when he wanted more than anything else to give comfort.

"He died quick, Jessie," he said. "Never knew what hit him."

He was a friend, in private desolation, but habit is a powerful thing and made him notice the movement of her hand to her side.

"Here, now," he said roughly and had her lying down in the other room and his exploring fingers busy before she could object.

"Nothing, probably," he said when he was through. "Probably a stomach-ache. After—after the funeral you come in, and we'll go into the hospital. Won't hurt to have a better look."

"You're crazy," she said, outraged that he should be thinking of her useless body at such a time.

"Probably."

"A little stitch once in a while."

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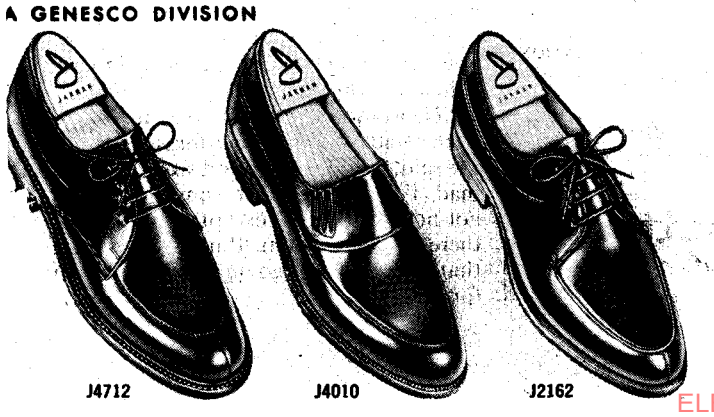

Jarman Shoes for Men

Each style shown here is crafted of Bahama Brown "Evershine" leather and features "Shadow-Tone" shading along the seams. Included are a handsome grain-leather wing-tip (J4193, pair above); a smart closed-seam number in grain leather (J4712); a good-looking slip-on (J4010), and a moccasin blucher of classic lines (J2162). Each of these styles also comes in black "Evershine." Jarman shoes available at Jarman dealers and Jarman stores, $10.95 to $19.95 most styles.

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"You pick her up and bring her in, Tribus."

"We'll just see about that," she said.

She walked to the table where Henry Hilton lay, and one of her hands fumbled at the unresponsive fingers. Tribus saw that she was shaking hands—solemnly, like two men on a pact. Then she was woman again and turned over the hand and ran a finger slowly across the calluses that marched mountainously across the palm.

"I've got to get on home," she said, turning away.

Tribus tried to say it in that take-charge tone men are supposed to use at such times. "You stay in town," he ordered. "Plenty of your neighbors would be more than glad to have you. You shouldn't be out there alone."

"I've got something to do," she said impatiently.

"Nothing I can't do for you."

"Tribus, it's for me to do."

She walked out firmly to the car and sat waiting. Tribus turned to Doc, and his question was in his eyes. Doc sighed. "Oh, it wouldn't do any good to tell you what its name is. She's lost four babies. It ought to come out—sooner the better."

Tribus knew what it was. It was common. "Female trouble," men would explain an illness, and the others would nod. Tribus started out to the car.

"Tribus." Doc Purdy had his pipe out and was scraping its bowl with vast care. "Don't take no for an answer. You bring her in."

"It's that bad?"

"It's one of those things where time counts. If it's out, she'll be good as new. She lets it go, there's no telling."

She sat beside Tribus without speaking almost all the way home. But when Tribus turned into the ruts that ran to the house, she spoke.

"I never thought about it before," she said. "A farmer works in dirt all his life and in the end goes back to the dirt. Out there in the field, if I'd have kicked a little more dirt over Henry, the land would have had him all."

"Some men," Tribus said, "would want it just that way. I think Henry would have called it right."

By that time they were in the yard, and she didn't disagree with him. She got out and thanked him for his trouble. Tribus sat there and watched her walk steadily into the little house, watched her through the windows as she went into the front room and sat down like company. She looked around her, and then her head bent suddenly, and her shoulders dipped and twisted. She cried briefly and bitterly. After a minute she got up, wiping her eyes with quick scrubs of anger, and went out of his sight. Tribus was about to leave, thinking she had gone to lie down, but the screen door slammed, and she came out.

She had put on a pair of Henry Hilton's pants. She walked to the barn, and Tribus remembered guiltily that he had not stripped harness for her. But before he could get there, the old mismatched team came out the door, and Jessie Hilton was walking on their heels, short-lining them. She didn't even see Tribus. She clucked the horses around the barn corner, walking with that hurrying hitch a man has to use to keep up with an unburdened team.

Tribus frowned. He was being nosy, he knew, but could not keep himself from going out to the section road to watch her.

She marched across the field to where the plow was still sunk. She hitched to it and plowed out Henry Hilton's unfinished furrow. It was the shallow, wandering furrow you'd expect from a woman. But she plowed it out to the end.

Tribus swore and went back to the yard to wait. When she came in, he grabbed the bridles and led the horses in and stripped them. He threw down hay and went out to her.

"Now," he asked, "what was that for?"

"He never could stand things dangling," she answered reasonably.

"I could have done it," Tribus said, but she shook her head.

"*You* and Henry Hilton weren't farming together."

Tribus thought about the fumbling handshake with a dead hand. "That one furrow," he said, "that was only the beginning, wasn't it?"

"He was sure this year was going to be the year. We were going to get a crop this year—get back even."

Tribus hated the thought of a sick woman trying to farm a quarter section of heartbreak wheat and keep up with the chores of a truck patch, chickens, pigs and cows that every dry-wheat farmer kept to allow him to eat while he worked his land. But he sensed the iron in her and, being alone and lonely, stood in a kind of reverence of such a relationship as must have existed between this woman and Henry Hilton.

"You and he—" he ventured wistfully "—you and he must have had yourselves a life."

She nodded. "Some wouldn't say so. It was work and hope and dream. But it suited me while he was here."

"He wouldn't want you to go it alone."

Her face fell into hardness. "Well," she said, "I am alone—and so deep-down mad I've got to fight something. I've got nothing to fight except that land out there that killed him. I'm going to fight that land and I'm going to make a crop for Henry Hilton."

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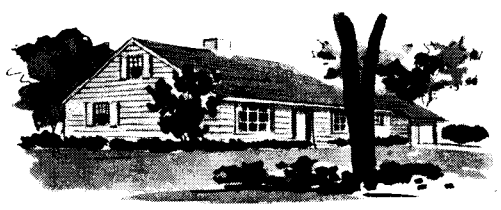

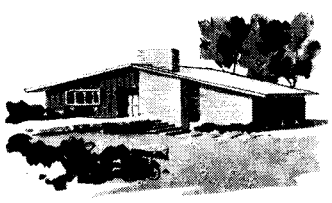

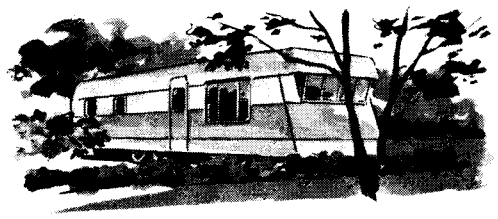
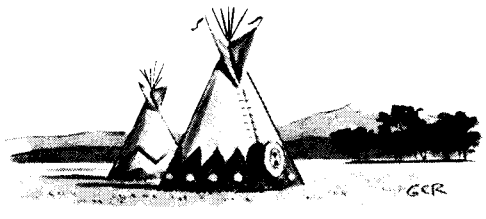

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"I'll get you a hand to plow out while you're in the hospital. Doc said you shouldn't put it off at all."

She turned away. "I'm going to fix coffee. Do us both good. Come on in."

Tribus followed her and sat down at the kitchen table, and she busied herself at the stove.

"I'm not going to any hospital," she said, shaking the grate. "First things come first. I've had this stitch in my side for a long time. A while longer won't kill me. What little money I'll have after burying Henry, I'll need for seed. I've got no money to waste on a hand. Anyway, it's my fight. A hand out there would ruin it for me when I win. I can't use help, paid or neighborly."

Tribus thought about Doc's anger when he reported he had failed. He knew the Hilton place was papered as far as the bank would go and that Doc could make arrangements.

"No cause to go on being sick when it doesn't take money to get well."

She turned slowly and looked at him. "What do you mean?"

"The County," Tribus said.

That was the first time it had come up, and her contempt and anger were such that only a man as sympathetic as Tribus would have kept insisting. He was thinking of what she was getting herself into. It had been eight years since anybody there had made a crop of unirrigated

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The longest day of the year is the one just before the children go back to school.

ANTHONY J. PETTITO

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wheat. Eight years—and each year meant a trip to the bank to extend the mortgage, get credit for groceries and seed for another year of making do, patching, eating lean, hoping for next year.

Tribus had to turn around and begin all over on his mail route to notify everybody of the death and tomorrow's funeral, but his troubled awe of what she had cut out for herself demanded to know what lay in back of it.

"Why are you doing it, Jessie?"

She went over and looked out through the kitchen window. "Twenty years ago," she said, "Henry Hilton and I came out here with eight dollars, a shirttail full of furniture, a team and a wagonload of tall dreams. That land out there took it all. It buried our dreams in the furrows and ground off our youngness and gave us nothing. It got him, but it's not got me. We were in it together."

"He called it a good life," Tribus said. "It showed on his face. Of course, maybe that look on his face came from having a woman like you."

"Me?" she said, close to crying. "Me? That man wanted a houseful of kids, and I couldn't give him one. Now it's too late. He was a dreamer. He was a dreamer, and dreamers are easiest to fool and easiest to love. The land led him like a Judas goat. Each year he'd plow and plant and watch it sprout and then finally plow it under. Oh, sometimes he'd make half a crop. But the seed always sprouted. Like me, you see—the seed always sprouted, but there was no harvest. The land and I, we kept promising him things. There's always next year to a dreamer. Now there's no next year."

She looked at Tribus. "The land and I. That land tricked him and cheated him and finally killed him," she shouted, her voice thick. "All our dreams and youngness out there in the furrows and just me left to show for it. Just me. No children, no crops. Just me, barren as a mare mule, and that land out there. Call that fair?"

She sat back down at the table and put her face in her hands. Tribus was shaken. "Who did you buy this place from?" he asked.

"A Swede," she said wearily. "We got it button-cheap. His wife had died, and he couldn't go it alone."

"When you're plowing out there," Tribus asked slowly, "do you ever turn over a shard of the Swede's dreams or a piece of his youngness?"

She looked up at him, her face triumphant. "No," she said, all contempt. "The Swede quit!"

Tribus left then, wishing he could tell himself it was none of his business and make himself believe it.

People always wanted the details. Even knowing how many people Tribus had to notify that day, they all insisted that he stop and tell how it happened. . . .

After night fell Tribus switched on his wavering headlights and suddenly felt small and alien in the sweep of the desert. The mailboxes were far apart, and the far lamplights in windows only made it more lonely. Tribus was suddenly depressed and saw vaguely how Jessie Hilton could give the land a malevolent character and hate it. Tomorrow, at the graveside, all the human life that could be gathered would be no more than a knot of saddened ants. There could be no dignity, even of grief, in that stretching land.

Gravedigging had to be a voluntary thing there. A man's family did the sad thing if he had a family—if not, his friends did it. Tribus, next day, looked into the grave and saw that it had taken pickwork all the way down. The ground was so hard and dry, even at grave bottom, that the shovel must have rung against it like brass. He was bone-tired from the long ride the day before, and the bad taste of his depression was still in his mouth. He looked at the graveyard and called it an ugly place. It was tiny, and the gray and gap-toothed fence around it made it smaller. Bullhead vines and foxtails grew between the plots. Those weeds were the only living things there.

Grief too, he saw, was a strange thing. There in that place its permanence and profundity could be measured. Some had not been able to think of one of theirs lying in that place without shade. A dozen trees had been planted over various graves. Some were only sprouts, saying in small and shamed voice that here lay a being grieved for briefly. Others stood six feet tall and shouted of deep loss and many, many trips with a water barrel. All were dead now—all skeletons, rattling in brittle accusation in any wind.

Tribus had offered to drive her, but Jessie Hilton would not have it. She came across the flat in her rickety wagon and got down over the wheel stiffly, grabbing her side, her face white. Brother Stringer talked of things such as how Henry Hilton always returned a borrowed tool sharpened and oiled and carried no tales and helped a neighbor. Those were the things that counted there, and it was a tribute to Henry Hilton that heads nodded in agreement as Brother Stringer spoke.

Then he went to Psalms and quoted, "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

And Tribus thought of what he had wanted to tell Jessie Hilton when she had raised the hair on the back of his neck by saying that the land had killed Henry Hilton. After that quotation he could have told her well.

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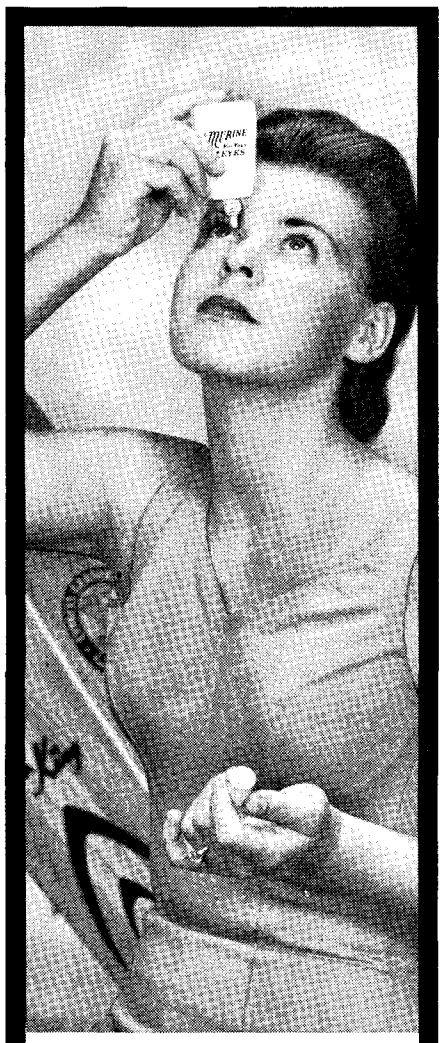

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The land never kills a man. Somewhere else in the Bible it talks of how the generations pass and the earth is there abiding forever. If death is involved with the land, why, life is born too, and surpasses death a hundredfold. Every crop proves it. Henry Hilton's knowledge of what he was about, what his work had been, had given him a serenity of face. He knew himself to be as grass upon the face of the land, a thing as shallow-rooted and transient as grass, with the privilege of working with something big for a while. And when the winds blew over him and, as grass, he was plowed under, the land was still there abiding.

Henry Hilton could never have spoken of such things. But the awareness of it is in the bone. Henry Hilton had loved that grim quarter section beyond his life. If rains came at the wrong time, or if frit flies, chinch bugs and smut ruined his crop, Henry never railed against it. The rains had come wrong only for him—never for the land.

Some said later that Crazy Pete Estrada ruined the funeral, but some didn't think so. Jessie was never to know what her husband had done for Crazy Pete. Anyway, he came riding his burro right through the group at the grave. The coffin had been lowered and the green chinaberry branches and skimpy, fast-withering flowers thrown on. Crazy Pete rode up to the grave with a vast dignity. For the occasion he had dug up a great high celluloid collar. He slid off the burro and bowed formally to Jessie.

"*Señora*," he said, and he had practiced it, "this was my friend. A good man. I feel your pain." He took off his hat and got a paper packet off the top of his head. "I could not find flowers." He held out the paper packet. "But next spring these will be flowers. They are seeds of amapola."

Jessie Hilton had ignored the women who had pressed on her and urged her to cry and feel better for it. But she looked at that crazy ragged figure holding out the seeds, and her face crumpled, and she couldn't speak.

Crazy Pete looked at her and he grinned his loose grin, shamed and apologetic. "That Crazy Pete," he said. "Another crazy thing, huh?"

Afterward there were some who said she shouldn't have done it—hugging a crazy, ragged Mexican the way she did there right in front of everybody.

Doc Purdy was one of those friends who had volunteered to dig the grave. Jessie Hilton had gone on home, and Doc Purdy had a shovel and was getting in the way of others who were working. They were relieved when Tribus called Doc aside.

"Are you going to sit with her?" he asked.

Doc grunted in disgust. "Savage custom," he said. "Feasting in a dead man's house, keeping a widow company who doesn't want it or need it. No, I'm not going."

"She's not going to the hospital," Tribus said, bracing himself for Doc's outburst. But Doc Purdy only nodded.

"Money?" he asked.

"Partly," Tribus said, and Doc nodded again.

"Too proud to go to the County. Going to stay out there and make a crop, isn't she? Going to make a crop and get Henry Hilton his triumph."

Tribus looked at him. "How come you know so much?"

"I've only come across a few like her. Not many to a dozen. Henry Hilton had himself a woman there."

"She doesn't think so," Tribus said. "Blames herself about the babies."

Doc nodded and sighed. "Keep an eye on her, Tribus," he said and went back to shoveling. After the grave was covered, Crazy Pete dropped his seeds around it.

Tribus took some of the women to their houses to pick up their hot dishes to take to the sitting and he was late getting to Jessie Hilton's. A knot of people were standing in the yard, and Tribus saw what they were looking at. Far out in the field he saw Jessie Hilton, already changed into Henry's pants, wrestling a plow while those who came to relieve her lonesomeness fidgeted in embarrassment in her yard.

Tribus went out to her in rare anger, and she stopped the team reluctantly when she saw him. "Can't this wait?" Tribus asked angrily. "People have come to keep you company. Can't you be neighborly?"

"I've got work to do," she said. But finally she gave in and let Tribus unhitch for her. She left the team harnessed at the horse trough and joined her guests without changing into a dress. The pants and the horses standing there made everybody uncomfortable. They ate hurriedly, patted Jessie's arm and left.

When they were all gone except Tribus, she saw his troubled face. "Tribus," she said, as if she were comforting an uneasy child, "I'm going to make a crop—a good one. I was worried, but now I know."

She simply took up then where her husband had fallen. She finished out the plowing and shook her head against all offers of help. She rode the disk in the drifting dust and grew thin and lean. The first rains came and wet the land shallowly and left a crust, and she harrowed off the crust and was ready to drill.

Tribus dropped in on her often, but she never talked over what she was doing and just would not hear any mention of the County or her sickness. So, it was a surprise to him to meet her wagon on the road one day and to see it piled high with chicken coops. Back of the coops all her pigs lay leg-tied and grunting in protest.

"I'm selling these things," she said defiantly.

"What will you live on the rest of the year?"

"I've got flour, salt pork and a cellar full of canning. I'll make it," she said. "I don't want to be bothered with these things and I need money for seed. Will you take me to Bakersfield on Saturday?"

"To buy seed?" he asked. "You can buy it here."

"Not the kind I want. They had to order it special."

So, on Saturday, Tribus picked her up and took her to the big feed-and-seed store in Bakersfield and then tried to treat her to a show and an ice cream, but she was impatient to get back.

"It could rain, and I'd have to harrow again. I want to get this seed in." She reached back a brown, hard hand and patted the sacks stacked in the back seat.

People didn't broadcast there, even then. They drilled, sitting in comparative comfort on the planter; and Tribus was shocked one day as he was passing by, to see Jessie Hilton out on the land, a bag at her side and her dipping, rising and falling as she sowed broadcasting, throwing the seed out onto the earth. He was tempted to go argue with her, but instead went out by the barn and examined the machinery there. Her planter seemed in good shape, and Tribus knew she was broadcasting in the ancient way for some reason of her own.

He stood and watched her far figure, and there was something timeless and heroic in the stately dance of seed broadcast—the dip into the bag, the wide sweep of the arm. Tribus didn't disturb her.

When the seed is in the ground there is still much work to be done, but maybe the hardest work a heartbreak-wheat farmer does is wait for rain. He can mend harness, repair equipment and buildings, but one thing he must do is look a dozen times a day at the sky.

The rains turned the roads to pig wallows and cut her off from a chance visit by anyone. It was lonely out there and monotonous, with dusk coming early and day coming before it was light. Jessie was on Tribus's mind a lot as he thought of the other things she had to face—things like starting up at night over a strange noise and calling out a name that had lost all fleshly meaning, then wakefulness and memory, shifting against the gnawing pain in her side. The gamble, too, that she had taken must be a sleep stealer. No man can bet his last chip on a big gamble without feeling his breath come fast in a kind of fear.

The rains stopped early, and the sun began appearing longer each day, and the seeds in the fields along the road thrust out fragile roots, blindly and gropingly, and began to feed themselves from the moist earth.

One day when Tribus passed Jessie Hilton's quarter section, he saw the thinnest and loveliest of green hazes over the face of her land and he stopped. It was beautiful. (*Continued on Page 68*)

"This may take a few minutes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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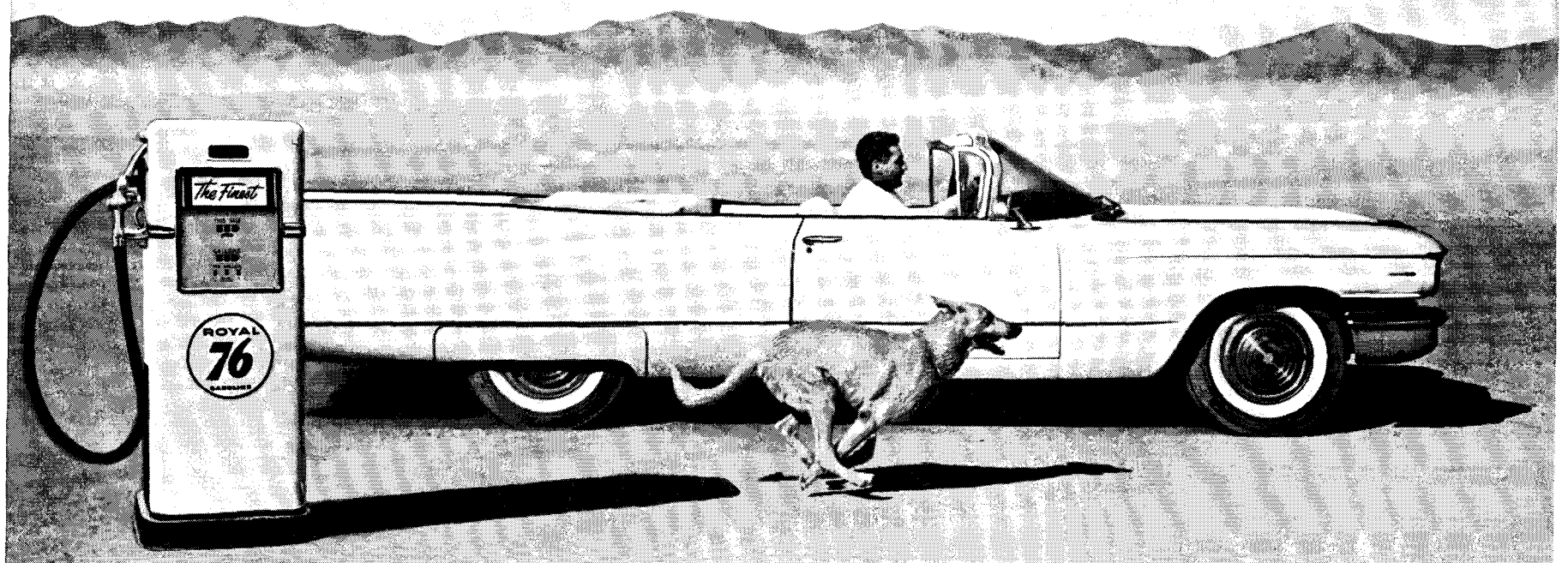

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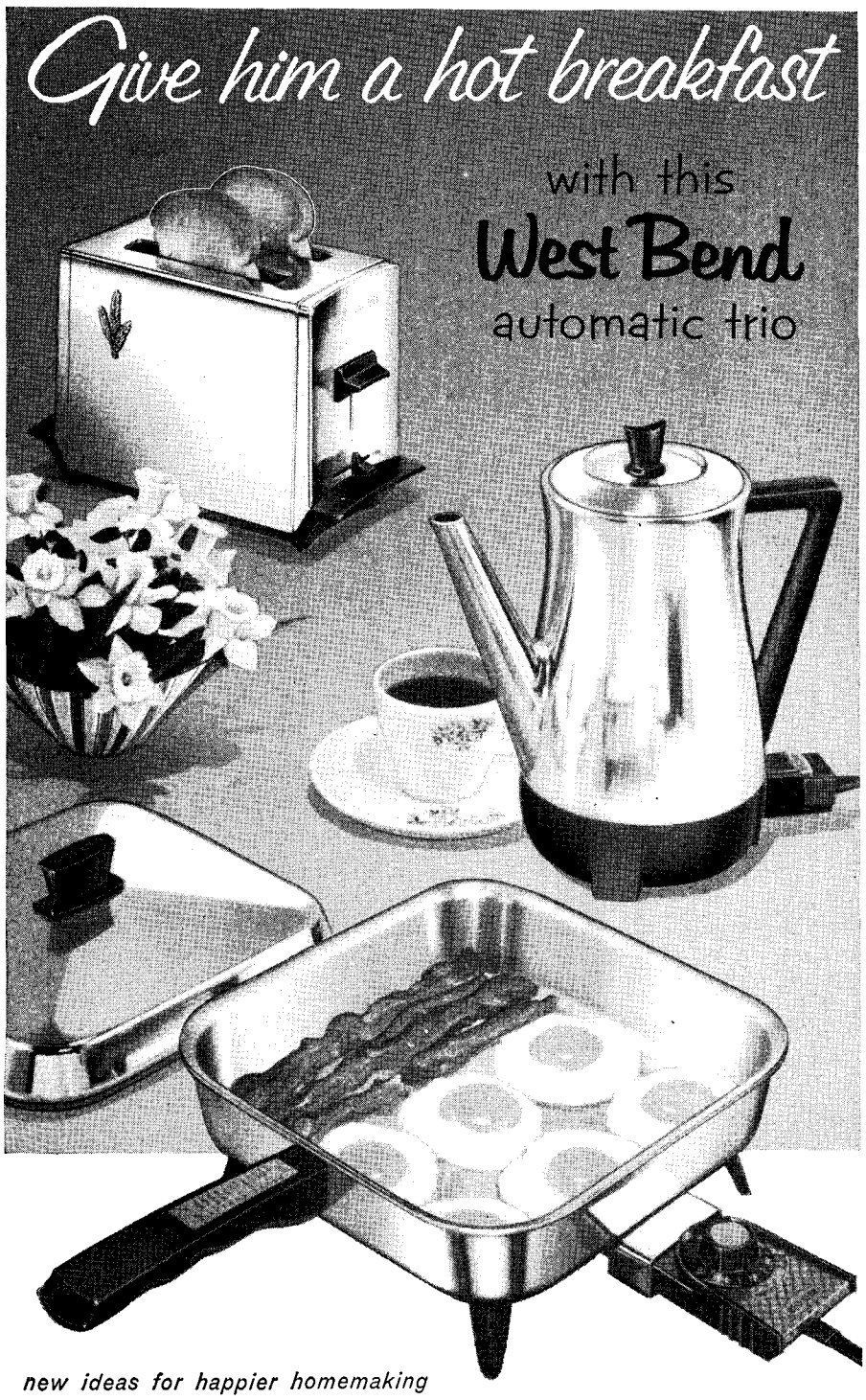

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(*Continued from Page 66*) As he stood there, Doc Purdy's old car came up, and Doc got out and stood beside him.

"She may just make it," Tribus said.

But Doc just grunted. He had ridden too many country roads and knew too well the centuries of anxious and angry waiting there was between that first green and the sight of a thresher in the field.

"How is she?" Doc asked.

"Just awful. Seems to be in pain a lot of the time."

"Awfully proud woman."

"She got a post card the other day," Tribus said, "from her sister in Wasco. Wants her to come stay with her."

Doc turned his head slowly and grinned. Tribus suddenly discovered a sliver in his thumb and picked at it with great concentration. "Post cards," he said with as much dignity as he could, "are more or less public property."

"That sister of hers," Doc said, "is married to a clerk in a feed store. Can you see Jessie Hilton, after what she's done, getting in the way in some other woman's kitchen, pushing the same dirt around day after day and waiting for her sister's man to come home to tell how many sacks of milo they sold that day?"

Tribus thought about it and could not. He looked again at the sprouting field. "I pray she makes it," he said fervently.

But his hopes didn't last long. It takes three or four rains—good, soaking rains, spaced just right—to make a crop of dry wheat, and that year they did not come. When he stopped by Jessie's house, he did not mention the weather or the way the wheat around the country had stopped growing and was beginning to yellow. He was too big a coward. She looked terrible physically. Her man's clothes hung about her like sacks, great folds taken at the waist. Her teeth looked too long in her thin face, and the bonnet strings of her neck stood out like cables. One hand now was almost always at her side, kneading pain. But none of it seemed to affect her. Her eyes were no longer hard; there was a kind of serenity.

Maybe that was the way it was, Tribus thought. A person fights as hard as he can and then can tell himself he couldn't have done better. But it was as if her courage could affect her crop. It seemed somehow to be doing better than those on the other farms around. Although the field was a hundred yards from the road, with a thin pasture in between, he could see that the growth wasn't nearly as tall as wheat should be. But it was staying green, and a good rain, even then, could save it.

Real spring, in that country, turned the sage only slightly more green; and thin grass grew up, but there was no real color change. It was because of this that the splash of color out there on the flat caught Tribus's eye. He turned off his route and drove to the graveyard and saw that Henry Hilton's grave was something to behold. The poppies, all yellowish gold, blinded him; and in that instant, he remembered Jessie Hilton hugging Crazy Pete Estrada at the graveside.

He knew it already, in his heart he knew it, but the magnificence of the gesture made it hard to believe. He drove back to Jessie Hilton's quarter section and was going to climb the fence. But he didn't need to.

He stopped there by the fence and tried to understand what she had done by planting a quarter section of poppies. She was going to get a crop, that was for sure. It didn't matter if no more rain fell. She'd had a crop insured since she'd broadcast that seed; and the broadcasting, too, made sense. Rain or no rain, the wild flowers always came up in the spring.

He knocked on the kitchen door, and Jessie Hilton took only one look at his face and saw that he knew. She smiled serenely.

"Told you," she said. "Told you I'd make a crop."

"It's crazy," Tribus said with tremendous respect. "Just so crazy, it's beautiful."

"That's what they say, all right," she said. "They'll say it's crazy because a crop like that won't bring in a penny. But I don't care." She said it happily. "I don't care. A week from now that field is going to shame the skies. Let them say it's crazy."

Tribus left then, but as he was driving down the road he began to wonder if the rest of the valley would call it so crazy. He remembered how men sometimes let the morning-glories grow along their ditches instead of getting them quick before they took over. He'd seen hame knobs polished highly on disreputable harness, and he'd seen flour sacks dyed green and red to hang at kitchen windows. He thought about all those people leading hard and work-bossed lives and he knew that a hunger for beauty gnawed at them all and that the blinding sight of a quarter section of blooming poppies would fill that hunger and give a feeling of vicarious triumph. Jessie Hilton, one of theirs, had forced that grim land to create something completely beautiful and completely useless save for its beauty. Jessie Hilton had thumbed her nose at the land.

When Tribus had it all sorted out, he passed the word. They began coming early Sunday morning and caught Jessie Hilton still in Henry's pants. She went quickly and changed to a dress, and Tribus saw a smudge of powder, white against her thin, brown neck. All morning long they streamed down the roads in wagons, buggies and in cars. They got out and simply looked. They stood in hushed groups in the yard and spread out along the fences. For such a crowd, they were remarkably silent. Some started toward Jessie to say something, but most turned aside, finding that what they had been about to say was somehow not right. Some women patted her arm and some men wrung her hand silently.

Ma Rankin finally said it. "Now," she said in awe, "aren't you just somebody."

After that, the rest of them could make the fuss over her they'd wanted to. Tribus stood and watched it, a little to one side, as always, and Jessie Hilton came to him.

"Oh, Tribus," she said unsteadily. "I've just found out. Tribus, I want to get well." And she began to cry.

She went to get her few things right then, and Tribus handed her into the car like a queen. And if there was any doubt still in her mind about being able to go to the County without shame, those neighbors of hers settled it. As they were driving past somebody began to clap, all alone, and then another picked it up, and another, and Jessie Hilton started in to the County Hospital with the sound of her victory ringing in her ears. THE END

The Children's Shower

I see that they've used towels galore
And I am wondering why;
For, judging by the bathroom floor,
I'm sure the kids *dripped* dry.

Curtis Heath

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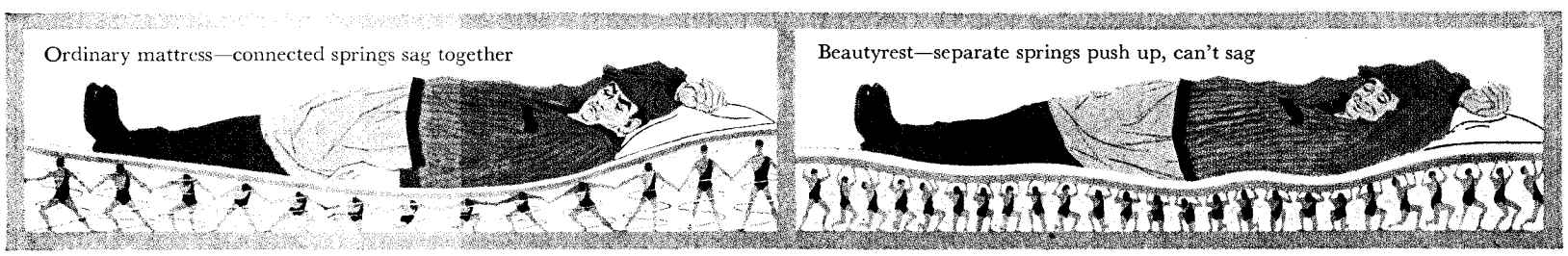

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New Horizons in Philosophy

(Continued from Page 25)

office of his department during the '30's and overheard two of his younger colleagues arguing about the meaning of a physical theory. The disputants grew more and more intense, and just after one shouted, "What do you mean by saying that space is curved?" the other yelled, "What do you mean by saying it's not?" The first, not to be outdone, then produced that classic in philosophical one-upmanship: "What do *you* mean by 'mean'?" At this point the old professor could not contain himself and spoke up for his own generation as he interrupted the conversation to say, "Good morning, gentlemen. If that means anything to you."

The professor's greeting pointed a moral. It revealed a grave limitation in the conception of meaning itself. For the logical positivist a meaningful utterance was simply one that could be verified or falsified. And verifiability and falsifiability, it was said, were limited to scientific statements. Small wonder that a greeting like "Good morning" was said to be meaningless. But much more than "Good morning" was at stake. For by these same narrow standards, poetry and ethics, in addition to metaphysics, were all nonsense.

At this point in its history analytic philosophy was at its furthest from the humanistic tradition. The verifiability theory of meaning was to the positivist in the 1930's what the guillotine was to the French Revolution, and like the guillotine it destroyed indiscriminately. It was one thing to attack metaphysics, another to say that every poetic or moral utterance was meaningless. And it did not help to add that moral and poetic language had what was called "emotive meaning," or the capacity to stimulate emotions. That was often a polite way of sweeping much of human language under the rug, to put it where the positivist could conveniently avoid it, indeed walk all over it while he puzzled about the meaning of space, time and number.

It soon became evident that the question "What do you mean?" had been conceived too narrowly. It tended to direct the philosopher's attention only to language in which knowledge was communicated. Under Plato's influence philosophers had identified the meaning of a term with an abstract concept, thinking of the word on the page as expressing a cloudy entity in Plato's realm of ideas. And therefore they tended to think that only declarative sentences, such as "Socrates is a man," had meaning as they conceived it. On this theory the command "Socrates, come here!" was strictly nonsensical. And so was the exclamation "Great Socrates!" because obviously it was hard to suppose that there was some weird resident of Plato's realm called "Great Socrateshood" which could serve as the meaning of the exclamation.

Partly because of these consequences and other more technical difficulties, and partly because of the intellectual mood created by the aftermath of the war, the influence of logical positivism waned perceptibly in the '40's. Unfortunately, however, the phrase "logical positivist" continued as an epithet which was wrongly applied to anyone with the faintest interest in the philosophy of language. For that reason an entirely different attitude in analytic philosophy has been hidden from public view. It is dominated by the idea that the philosopher should ask of utterances and writings not what their Platonic meaning is, but rather what their *use* is. This attitude is usually identified with the late Ludwig Wittgenstein, who was the leading philosophical figure at Cambridge University after the days of Russell and Moore, and who influences contemporary philosophy mainly through his posthumous writings and through his loyal disciples.

As is so often the case in the history of ideas, a simple suggestion, undoubtedly present in the minds of many others who had failed to stress it sufficiently or to carry it out as brilliantly as Wittgenstein did, caught on among a great number of English and American philosophers after the Second World War. I am not a follower of Wittgenstein, and I regard a good deal of what he has said as dubious. But in the history of recent philosophy he is a liberating force. Once he said plainly and insistently that the main subject matter of the philosopher was the behavior of human beings trying to communicate with one another, a whole new world seemed to open up to the analytic philosopher, the many-sided world of language in all of its employments. Not just the language of scientific assertion and proof, for man does not communicate by assertion and proof alone. He greets, exclaims, exhorts, commands, judges, describes, promises and does many other things with words. And all of these linguistic activities have now become fair game for the philosopher who has abandoned the Platonic version of the question "What do you mean?"

What should the analytic philosopher do, now that he has been shown these new horizons, now that he has been freed from the restrictive idea that he is merely a logician of natural science? In the remainder of this article I should like to formulate and illustrate my own answer to this vital question.

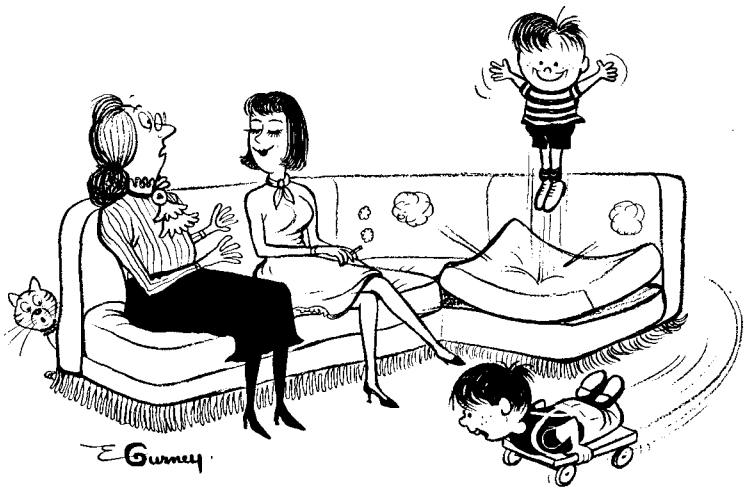
Philosophers have an unprecedented opportunity to clarify the language which men use in the writing of history, in morality, law, religion, politics and education, to take the most challenging examples. And so I label my viewpoint "institutionalism" in order to suggest that one of the primary tasks of philosophy is to analyze, compare and contrast language as it is used for purposes of communication within these different institutions. While communicating in these situations, men use language in a variety of intertwined ways which express their beliefs, hopes, their needs and their values; and one job of the philosopher is to draw an intellectual map, to provide a coherent picture of the interconnections between these different modes of speech, feeling and thought.

Language is a cultural instrument, and it must be seen in its cultural setting. Those who fail to view it in this way and who instead regard it as a collection of dead sentences fall into two related errors. One may be called formalism and the other essentialism. Formalism is the tendency to view language as if it were an inscription on a scroll or a monument rather than as the living, complex, subtle tool that it is. Essentialism is the idea that the philosopher can look at these dead words and, without attention to their use, summarize the essence of complex forms of communication. Philosophers given to such oversimplification have said that religion is merely a belief in God. Law has been defined as the command of the sovereign. History has been glibly summarized as the effort to report what actually happened in the past. Questions in each of these areas have been separated sharply from questions of morality. The icy hand of overabstraction guides the writing of those philosophers who think that merely by examining the *forms* of words, they can characterize the essence of religion, history or law. Their most common assumption is that by looking at any kind of language one can *always* single out those statements in it which are factual, objective and descriptive, and separate them sharply from statements of value. And this assumption, I think, is a mistake, notably when it is applied uniformly to the writings of historians and the language of lawyers. It is often the result of a failure to study the actual processes of law and historical writing, a failure which is encouraged by the formalism and essentialism of which I have spoken.

Of course, I do not wish to deny that *sometimes* we can make a distinction between statements of fact and evaluations in a given context. For example, two men can agree that someone has told a lie and yet judge his lying differently. In such cases our conclusion about the lying may be reported in a conjunction of a factual statement and a moral statement: "Jones lied, and it was wrong of him to do so." Here another person is logically free to agree with the first or factual part of the conjunctive statement, while he denies the second if his moral viewpoint is different from ours. But a careful study of communication, especially in history and law, brings to light a kind of blended or hybrid language which defies any effort to decompose it into factual and moral parts that may be accepted or rejected independently. There are, I believe, uses of language which are simultaneously descriptive and evaluative, and which cannot be broken down into the assertion of a factual statement and an evaluative statement which may be judged separately. The person who speaks or writes in this way is doing two inseparable things at once, stating a matter of fact and evaluating, and therefore his audience must take or leave his speech as a whole. To acknowledge this possibility is to abandon certain conventional modes of classifying language which have dominated the history of philosophy.

My contention is that this hybrid kind of language is most commonly found in an institutional setting. It is too large, sprawling and complex for textbooks of logic, for they are too often dominated by a passion for neatness and an interest in classifying isolated statements. Therefore, in order to illustrate and clarify what I have in mind, I shall turn to a basic problem in the philosophy of history and another in the philosophy of law. History is an institution insofar as no civilized society can live without some image of its past. And no one can deny the pervasiveness of legal institutions.

One of the historian's concerns is to report particular facts, and another is to present a connected picture of the past. The first expresses itself in simple declarative statements, such as, "Caesar crossed the Rubicon," and the second in lengthy sequential narratives about the life of some person or the development of a society or a nation. And narrative is not usually studied by formal logicians. It is one thing to report the simple fact that Caesar crossed the Rubicon, but it is another to present Caesar's biography or the history of Rome. By holding fast to this distinction between statement and narration one can see a profoundly important distinction between two ways in which value judgments operate in history. When the historian is assessing the evidence for individual statements of fact, his value judgments—whether on political or religious matters—are properly distinguished from his factual conclusions. But when he is forming his narrative, the historian is often unable to separate these two parts of his thinking. To show this let us consider (*Continued on Page 72*)



The Perfect Squelch

Elderly Aunt Helen, who had reared nine children of her own, tried to conceal her concern when her three small grandnephews began bouncing on her fine furniture and running toy tractors and wagons over her flawless floors and favorite mahogany table.

The boys' mother, ignoring Aunt Helen's obvious distress, remarked lightly, "I've always admired your lovely hardwood floors, Aunt Helen. How beautifully you've kept them through the years. Did you use some special polish to protect them while your children were young?"

"In those days, dear," Aunt Helen replied with a gentle smile, "the polish was on the children."

Elaine B. Phillips

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(*Continued from Page 70*) some illustrations that are closer to home than Julius Caesar.

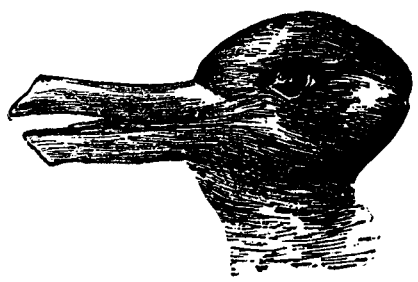
Historian Charles Beard once argued that President Franklin D. Roosevelt had planned to bring the United States into World War II soon after its beginning, had deceived the people into electing him for a third time by promising that he would keep us out of war, and had "maneuvered" Japan into attacking us at Pearl Harbor. Other historians have tried to refute these assertions by citing fresh evidence, by trying to discredit Beard's evidence, by suggesting that he deliberately neglected available evidence which did not fit in with his beliefs. I am not interested here in the historical details. But I do want to point out that the issue was simply whether Roosevelt did plan, deceive and maneuver in the manner alleged, and that in principle this can be settled in an objective way. We should not excuse anyone who would distort the facts. And no reference to the differing political values of historians should lead us to say that two contradictory views of Roosevelt's behavior are logically admissible, that because Beard and his critics operated with different value schemes, their contradictory views were equally valid from their different points of view. Either Roosevelt did or did not do the things attributed to him, and double talk should be ruthlessly excluded.

The situation changes dramatically, however, when we are asked to choose between two general narrative histories of the United States. Here we are not faced with a short question about one man's actions at a certain time. And here our values do play a part in determining which of two general histories we should write or prefer. Take, for example, the difference between general histories of the United States which take the Federalist point of view and those which are Jeffersonian in their slant.

Prof. Samuel Eliot Morison points out that sixty years ago it was difficult to find a general history of the United States that did not, as he puts it, "present the Federalist-Whig-Republican point of view, or express a very dim view of all Democratic leaders except Grover Cleveland." But by the middle of this century the fashion had changed and it was then equally difficult to find a good general history of the country "that did not follow the Jefferson-Jackson-Franklin D. Roosevelt line." Morison says that he was converted to the latter as a young man when he discovered in his first researches on New England Federalism that "the 'wise and good and rich' whom Fisher Ames thought should rule the nation were stupid, narrow-minded and local in their outlook." But isn't it clear that Morison's conclusion presupposed values which some other historian might not share? And is it not clear, therefore, that the historian who tells a story following a "line" is engaged in an undecomposable blend of description and evaluation?

Something similar is true of the history of philosophy. The historian of philosophy does not expound the views of any and all human beings who have philosophized. Consciously or unconsciously he adopts standards of philosophical excellence by which he judges who is to be admitted into his history. Doctrinal agreement with the historian is not the standard, but his history incorporates a judgment of importance and interest which rests on values that another historian of philosophy might easily reject. Any Catholic reader of histories of philosophy which skip lightly over the medieval period will understand what I mean.

When a historian believes that a certain political tradition is superior to another, he tends to see the history of the country as a development of that tradition. And when we see that history in terms of another tradition, we are no more in a position to say he speaks falsely than we would be if he and we were to see certain trick figures in psychology books differently. The reader may have seen the illustration that can at one moment be seen as a rabbit's head and at another as a duck's.



Duck or rabbit?

Well, the historian who tells the story of the United States in Jeffersonian terms because he admires that tradition, is a little like the man who always sees the duck-rabbit as a duck because he likes ducks more than rabbits. And we who evaluate his history are likely to praise it in the degree to which he sees the past as we see it in the light of our values. I think that opposing narrative historians sometimes confront each other as rabbit-loving rabbit seers confront duck-loving duck seers.

Some historians are loath to admit this because they view the problem absolutistically. They think of the general historian of the United States as confronted with an "actuality" whose main line is either Federalist or Jeffersonian and not both. They tend to assimilate the logic of narrative history to the logic of historical statement, and to hold that the general historian of the United States who is preparing to write his book is faced with just as objective an "either-or" as the historian who is trying to decide whether Caesar crossed the Rubicon. They argue that the Jeffersonian line or the Federalist line is *the* line which the main stream of American life has followed, and they refuse to allow that anything as ambiguous as the duck-rabbit turns up in their subject. But can they define the notion of a main stream in a completely objective manner? Can it be explained so as to make it possible for historians to converge on it in anything like the way in which scientific students of rivers locate *their* main streams? I doubt that it can, even though I am willing to grant that no one has said the last or even the next-to-last philosophical word on this subject. Until those words are spoken, historians should admit that one man's duck might be another's rabbit.

The historian must grant that in some parts of his work he engages in a blend of fact finding and evaluation, and that when he pretends in such cases to be recording merely what happened, he is not being accurate about the nature of his enterprise. Moreover, it is impossible to see what could be meant by saying that we can treat the narrative as a conjunction of factual statements and value judgments so that the reader can distinguish them and test them independently. It makes no sense to ask us to remove the Jeffersonian slant from a Jeffersonian history in order to see whether the remainder is factually true. And this is because the value orientation does not figure detachably in the narrative as it figures in the conjunction "Jones lied, and it was wrong of him to do so." The value orientation pervades or colors the narrative and he who would call the narrative a good one must be sympathetic to this coloring and orientation. He must therefore judge the history as a whole, simultaneously guided by the evidence and his values.

History is not the only mode of discourse in which the language of value and the language of fact are not related conjunctively. The law presents us with a similar kind of complexity. Take the case of a statute forbidding the entry of a vehicle into a public park. One might be tempted to say that whether anything is a vehicle is a question of fact, settled by purely empirical means and having nothing to do with the values of those who are trying to find out whether it is a vehicle. One dictionary at hand says, "VEHICLE: That in or on which a person or thing is or may be carried." But suppose that the statute had been enacted before the existence of roller skates. And suppose that a case were to come up in which it was necessary to decide whether a pair of roller skates was a vehicle. Surely the judge might hesitate before saying with a straight face that because a pair of roller skates is something "on which a person or thing is or may be carried" it should be excluded from a park by the statute.

When the judge reaches one of these puzzling examples, he might be moved to ask two questions. He might ask what the enactors of the statute would have said if roller skates had existed when they enacted the statute. This is a straightforward factual question of a kind that can rarely be answered with confidence. But even if it could be, its answer would not be decisive in all cases like this. The judge might more sensibly ask what social good or evil would be brought about by regarding a pair of roller skates as a vehicle and hence keeping it out of a public park. And this is a straightforward value question, the answer to which can play a vital part in the judge's effort to answer the question, "Are roller skates vehicles?" It shows that in the process of answering what is on the linguistic surface a question of fact, the judge can advert to his own values, to his own ideas of what is good for the community.

What shall we call this hyphenated process of looking-at-the-roller-skates-and-deciding-whether-it-is-good-to-call-them-vehicles? We may not have a simple name for it, but it is surely a mode of linguistic activity. It is not logically analyzable into two activities which may be judged independently, like walking and talking. It is not analogous to the combination of separable processes that lead us to the conjunctive conclusion, "Jones lied, and it was wrong of him to do so." If the judge in the roller-skate case were asked what he was doing, he might fairly reply, "Trying to decide whether roller skates are vehicles." And if asked to introspect further and to break down the activity into two separate processes, one of which was merely looking and another merely evaluating, he might be unable to do so.

What general significance should be attached to the existence of these hybrid processes in historical and legal thinking? First of all they show that when we turn to language in a complex cultural setting—the telling of stories and the settling of legal disputes are basic to most civilizations—we find uses of language that cannot be adequately understood if we remain prisoners of an exclusive and exhaustive dichotomy of language into the factual and the evaluative. Some linguistic activities are in a sense both. Reflecting on such modes of thinking and language makes the philosopher aware of a certain narrowness in the traditional philosophical classification of language. The case of the narrative shows that there are modes of discourse which go beyond the simple, isolated statements treated by logicians who work with science and mathematics as their models. The philosopher of language who looks at law and history discovers modes of speech which require new philosophical categories.

This is not all. The philosopher who moves in this direction comes to see that the philosophy of language is not a dreary grammatical exercise. For once he begins to think about modes of discourse in a cultural setting, he will come to see that there are many others which transcend the word and the statement. The religious believer finds it impossible to characterize his religion merely by reference to a few propositions that he accepts. For religion is an organic unity of theological belief, moral attitude, emotional reaction to liturgy, view of human nature, and much more. Those who accept the same religion agree on many issues of value and fact which cannot always be separated.

The philosopher who tries to understand the use of religious language will meet in even more complicated form the sort of thing encountered in our discussion of history and law. He will find himself more and more concerned with the description and the evaluation of blends of thinking, feeling and doing. In short, with ways of life. And by dealing with ways of life he will come closer to the concerns of the ordinary man. The philosopher who begins by recognizing that a narrative is more than a mere conjunction of factual and evaluative statements, or who sees that some linguistic activities of lawyers fall under hybrid categories not usually acknowledged by philosophers, will soon see a whole new world of language opening up before his eyes. Philosophy of science is not philosophy enough. The philosopher must broaden his vision to civilization itself.

Such a philosophical student of human institutions need not be a mere reporter of linguistic behavior. He can also stimulate new ways of thinking and speaking. But the philosophic institutionalist should emulate the good and effective legislator who studies the customs of his land before he draws up new statutes. If the philosopher conceives of his function in this broad and generous way, he will help restore philosophy to its deserved central place in the intellectual world. Not through empty speculation about "being as such," but through a deeper understanding of man gained from a study of his ways of communicating with his fellow men. THE END

For readers who wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

White, Morton
The Age of Analysis
Mentor Books, New American Library
$.50

White, Morton
Religion, Politics and the Higher Learning
Harvard University Press
$3.50

Meyerhoff, Hans
The Philosophy of History in Our Time
Doubleday Anchor Books
$1.25

Scheffler, Israel
Philosophy and Education
Allyn and Bacon
$5.75

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Hawaii's Music Man (Continued from Page 35)

Then Edwards teaches the newcomers how to say "*aloha.*" Most visitors start off with a diffident "*alo'a,*" but they wind up with a long, firm "*aloh-oh-oh-hah!*" as Edwards wants it shouted. There is a method in this foolishness; as an opener for the broadcast Edwards needs a roaring *aloha!* followed by excited chatter to accompany the sound of waves crashing on the beach.

This sequence of sound is the *Hawaii Calls* trademark. Edwards has the Pacific Ocean nicely trained for the act, but a new audience each week is something else again. Most people can't think of anything to say when he signals "excited chatter." So Edwards now asks each visitor to shout the name of his home town after the *aloha.* This device produces a cacophony of off-stage sound, suggesting that everybody out there in *Aloha*-land is living it up.

"We send you the *aloha* of these islands with the sound of these waves lapping the beach at Waikiki," Edwards tells his microphone. "We are wishing you were with us on this fine day in Hawaii."

At this point, having heard the big *aloha* and the cheers of the lucky people at Waikiki, the folks back home start saving for a trip to Hawaii, judging by the fan letters Edwards receives.

Projecting the right atmosphere for the *Hawaii Calls* program has taken ingenious showmanship. When Edwards first hit on the idea of admitting the Pacific Ocean to his cast, he tried sprinting from the veranda of the Moana Hotel, where his troupe was assembled, down to the beach, where he held a microphone over the breaking waves. He had prudently removed his shoes and socks and pulled up his trousers, but a playful wave reached up from behind and spanked him in the *okole,* as the Hawaiians call their sitters. Edwards had to carry on for the next half hour in wet pants.

After this experience, which seemed hilariously funny to the audience, he arranged with a beach boy named Ox to hold the microphone over the waves; and he provided an oversize thermometer, which Ox stuck into the surf to take the temperature of the water, while Edwards with another thermometer took a reading on the air.

"The water temperature is exactly seventy-two degrees and the air temperature is seventy-three degrees at this moment on the beach at Waikiki, and we wish you were here."

Later Edwards discovered there was still more showmanship in having a tourist from Keokuk, Iowa, or from Edmonton, Canada, take the ocean temperature reading.

Once when it occurred to Edwards that he might be taunting listeners huddled around their radios in snowbound Canada or Minnesota, he cut out this part of the show. A storm of protest letters followed. Ever since, Edwards has reported temperatures as faithfully as the weather bureau, even when they fell to a chilly sixty-nine degrees in winter or climbed to eighty degrees in midsummer.

Edwards believes in telling the truth, no matter how much it hurts. His integrity was tested one Saturday by a visiting mainland mayor, who had written a prose poem describing the balmy sunshine, the gay costumes of the beautiful girls, the blue sky and the bluer water. The mayor agreed to read his gem on the *Hawaii Calls* program. Just as his moment came, a gusty squall whipped in, deluging the crowd, which scrambled for cover. Edwards, who held an umbrella over His Honor while the glowing ode was being read, felt duty-bound to ad-lib an explanation that there had been a slight slip-up in the weather. After describing the deluge, he explained that flowers had to be watered occasionally, even in Hawaii. Then he gathered his bedraggled musicians together on the covered veranda and carried on.

Aside from its longevity, *Hawaii Calls* is unusual in other ways. It is broadcast around the globe by a cluster of networks, among them the Mutual Broadcasting System, the Canadian Broadcasting System, the 135 stations of the United States Armed Forces Television and Radio Service, and several NBC stations in western cities. It is a hot program on the Australian network and is frequently beamed behind the Communist fence by the various "freedom stations" in Europe.

From 600 to 700 stations carry the program each week, the stations choosing their own (*Continued on Page 77*)

The beautiful 1931 Auburn is one of a collection of classic cars owned by Patrick Ferchill, of Longview, Texas, and his son, Pat, Jr. Father and son are both car experts, and the oil that they demand is Quaker State.

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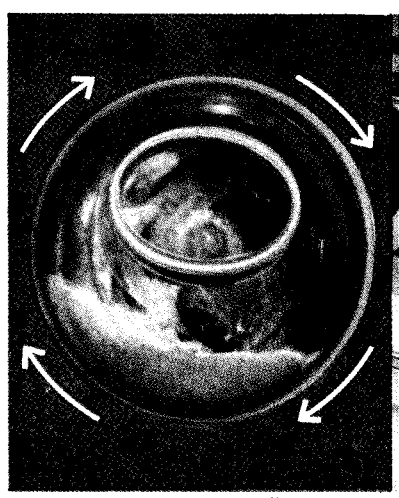
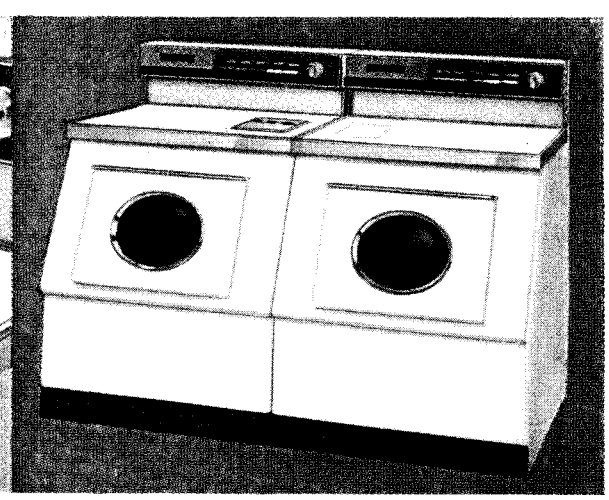
Use the Laundromat for 15 days. You're sure to be delighted. But if, within that time, you don't agree that your clothes are cleaner than ever before, your participating dealer will take the washer back and refund the complete purchase price. See your Westinghouse Dealer soon!

IMPORTANT: This Money-Back Guarantee applies to all new 1961 Laundromat models LAB, LBB, LCB and LGB. Offer expires December 30, 1960. You Can Be SURE . . . If It's Westinghouse.



UNIQUE WASHING ACTION lifts clothes in and out of hot, sudsy water throughout the entire wash cycle. Then two deep rinses in fresh, clear water. Yet it uses up to 10 gallons less water than other automatics.

NEW BLEACH DISPENSER automatically adds the bleach to the wash at just the right moment, safely diluted, in the right amount. No worry about "how much", no fear of spilling. Holds a full 6 weeks' supply.



1961 LAUNDROMAT AND MATCHING DRYER also feature: big capacity . . . self-cleaning Lint Ejector for lint-free washes . . . Dryer dries faster, at safe, low temperatures. And there's a model for every budget! See your Westinghouse Dealer soon! Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Mansfield, Ohio.

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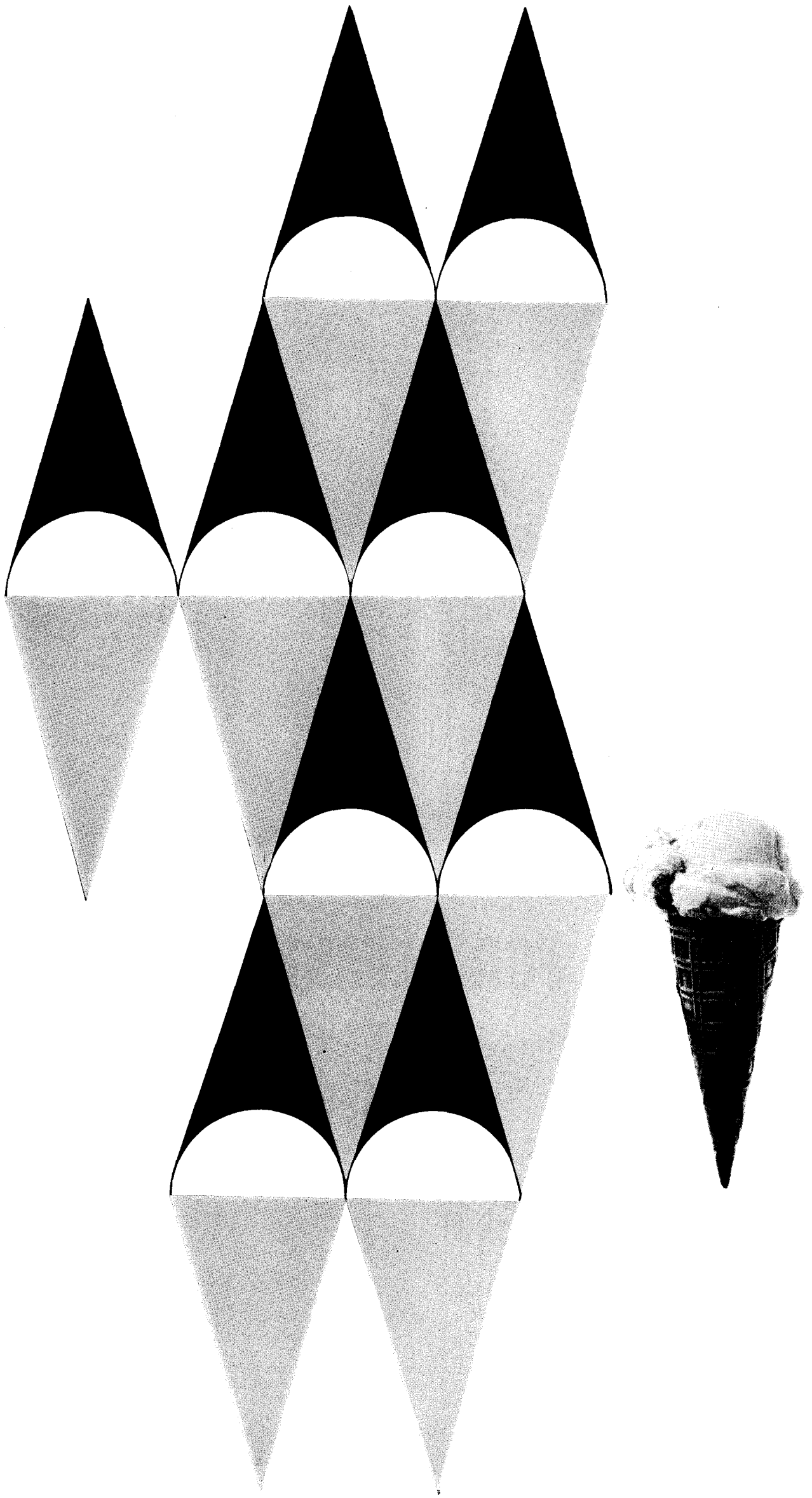

Imagine...

If there were no differences in the world—we all might take vanilla!

There really would be very little left to talk about
. . . or read about
. . . or think about.

Let alone do!

And there certainly wouldn't be much need for advertising!

Fortunately, in our America, differences grow on trees.

So we have a great deal to talk about
. . . and read about
. . . and think about.

And a million and one things to do!

Because there are as many differences as people, most businesses have good reason to advertise.

To reach people who can tell—and buy—the difference, America's most successful businesses use The Saturday Evening Post.

Do you?

The Saturday Evening POST

A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Influentials' Magazine

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(*Continued from Page 74*) time of broadcast. Edwards never knows exactly how many stations he has on a given week; he delivers the program to the radio stations without charge, but sometimes it is pushed off the air locally by a sponsored program. A few stations dub in commercials, which break into the illusion Edwards works so hard to create. Others sell time for commercials before and after the programs, thus allowing listeners a full half hour with their happy reveries.

Edwards, who owns copyright to *Hawaii Calls*, has been urged by sponsors to adapt his brain child to nationwide commercials. He has turned down all offers and insists on bringing Hawaiian music to listeners "on behalf of all the people of Hawaii." In fact, there is some financial sleight of hand; the Hawaii legislature adds the cost of producing the program to the budget of the Hawaii Visitors Bureau, which doles out the money to Edwards.

The idea for the program originated in 1934 when Edwards, then manager of a Honolulu radio station, was visiting in San Francisco and was asked by Bill Pabst and Mel Ventor of the Don Lee network to give his expert opinion of a new musical program they planned to introduce. After listening to a sample recording, Edwards asked, "What is it?"

"Hawaiian music," he was told.

"Hawaiians would never recognize it," Edwards said. "Why don't you hold off until I can get home and beam some real Hawaiian music to you by short wave?"

Pabst and Ventor agreed. Back in Honolulu, Edwards induced Louise Akeo and her Royal Hawaiian chorus to donate talent for the first program. Another group of island singers contributed the music for the second show. Edwards had to pay the bill for short-wave radio transmission out of his own pocket. The Don Lee managers urged him to keep authentic Polynesian music coming across the Pacific every week, but they offered no money to pay the singers or the expenses.

Edwards had given birth to a promising radio feature, but one on which he could go broke fast. He took his problem to George Armitage, manager of the old Hawaiian Tourist Bureau. Armitage suggested that they talk with some Hawaiian businessmen. A few calls brought enough contributions to defray expenses temporarily. By the end of the year *Hawaii Calls* had made such a hit that the legislature was persuaded to underwrite expenses, if Edwards would donate his time and talent, which he did for several years.

Edwards studied Hawaiian music and soon made himself an authority. He and his music director, Al Kealoha Perry, an engineer at Pearl Harbor Navy Yard, have assembled 3000 Polynesian songs, 2000 of which they have arranged for use on *Hawaii Calls*. Perry, a stout, stolid ukulele strummer, half-Hawaiian, half-English, was a rare find, a man with a natural ear for melody, who could detect an off note in a chorus of singers. He directs the *Hawaii Calls* singers and instrumentalists entirely by facial expression, never moving a hand.

Because many old Hawaiian songs have never been written down, Edwards and Perry have had to take snatches of melody picked up at performances of native church choirs, or at *luaus* (Hawaiian feasts), piecing the words and music together and putting the songs on tape recorders. If some of the words or parts of the melody couldn't be recalled, they improvised, creating a modern version of an old song.

A natural musician himself, Edwards is almost always "with song," as the saying goes in Hawaii. Seeing a low moon hanging over Diamond Head as he was driving home one evening sparked his composition, *Low Moon at Waikiki*. A woman in a loose yellow dress inspired him to write *Girl in the Yellow Holoku*. *Hawaiian Vamp* owes its birth, not to a seductive vampire, as many people assume, but to the improvising (vamping) his musicians do on their stringed instruments while feeling out the harmony for a song. *Hawaiian Shores* and *Fire Goddess* were just melodies he needed to introduce record albums.

Edwards keeps a ukulele alongside his typewriter desk, in case a song idea bites him. Sometimes he uses the ukulele to pick out the harmony of a forgotten song he has discovered. "I can think on it," he explains. If the ukulele doesn't help, he drags out a small Autoharp, which has more strings, or turns to an old battered piano in the outer office, which is headquarters of Hawaii Teleradio, Limited. This is a corporation into which Edwards has merged himself, his songs, his records, *Hawaii Calls* and other interests, including his wife, Louise, who is vice president in charge of answering fan letters. The outer office, a converted garage in a low-rent area of Honolulu, houses his assembly of electronic recorders and doubles as rehearsal studio for his troupe of singers.

A bouncy, athletic type with sharp blue eyes and a thatch of gray hair, Edwards gestures excitedly with his pipe as he talks and acts out his thoughts. He is as glib in the Hawaiian tongue as in English, and is probably the only *haole*, or white man, who can pronounce without stammering the full names of his players, such as that of his lead singer, buxom Haunani Kahaunaniomaunakeakauiokalewa Kahalewai.

The monicker means that Mauna Kea was blanketed with a beautiful snow mantle when Haunani was born.

Edwards is as proud of his talent finds as he is of his treasury of old Polynesian songs and war chants. He found Haunani by ear. Haunted by a voice he heard in a chorus singing background music in the movie *Hell's Half Acre*, he told Al Perry, "We've got to find that voice." The two searched the islands, finally locating their prize a few blocks away in Honolulu, patiently awaiting discovery. She had been singing in choirs in her native town of Hilo since age three; one day her father had tuned in *Hawaii Calls* and told her, "Listen. Someday you'll sing on that program."

Haunani was that great rarity, a Hawaiian with "the two voices," ranging from bass to soprano. Edwards has another "two voice" Hawaiian in his group, Ben Kalama, who can hit falsetto notes as high as a soprano's.

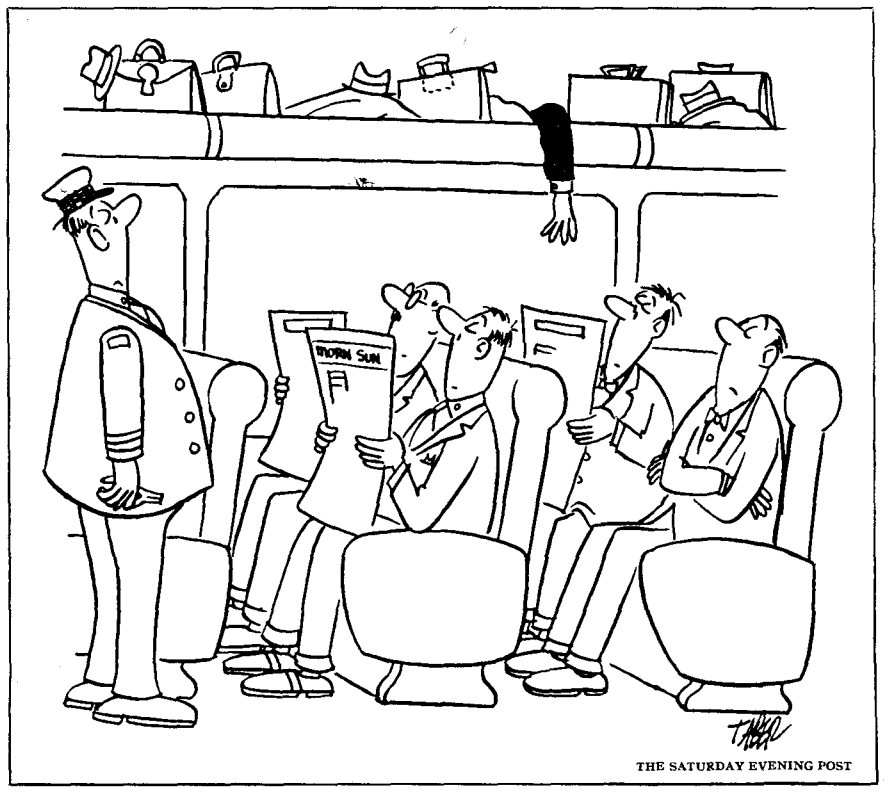
"It's a dying art," says Edwards. "And some people are glad it's dying."

Haunani's voice had such power that at first she knocked all the microphones out of kilter. Edwards and Perry had to coach her to hold back and sing low, "like a deep-throated thrush." She got the idea, and Edwards got some new mikes.

In Hawaii one is likely to find a musician under any hibiscus bush. When his steel-guitar player broke an arm one day, Edwards was virtually out of business because the echoing strains of the steel guitar carry the melody load. In most cities this would hardly be a police problem, but Edwards felt no hesitation about calling Honolulu's chief to ask if the law could put the finger on a steel-guitar player in a hurry. The chief sent over Policeman Jules Keliikuihonua Ah See. Jules stayed on permanently with the *Hawaii Calls* troupe. Now Edwards has two steel guitarists; the other is Alvin Kalanikau Isaacs. They spell each other and take turns singing, as does everyone else in the group.

Ben Kalama, in addition to tossing his "two voices" into the singing, pulls rhythm out of anything from a ukulele to a pair of coconut drums strapped to his knees. James Kaopuiki plunks a bull fiddle and sings at the same time. Dan Kaleikini, brought in as a *pahu* (drum) player, turned out to be a fine baritone and just the answer to Edwards' prayer for Polynesian shouting songs. Two of the singers and hula dancers, Lani and Nina Kealiiwahamana, are offspring of a pair of Edwards' early performers. The *Hawaii Calls* cast is always undergoing changes, as members win recognition and leave for more rewards on the mainland.

One of Edwards' enthusiasms is tracking down odd Hawaiian instruments and finding ways to use them on the *Hawaii Calls* show. This is a lifetime hobby, because the natives in times past made music with practically anything, including a couple of rocks which they knocked together like castanets, calling them *ili ili*. Their *pahus* ranged from a sharkskin stretched over a hollow coco-palm trunk to little knee drums made of coconut shells. They made rhythm with *puili*, which were split-bamboo sticks, or with *ipu*, gourds which they slapped, or *uli uli*, smaller gourds in which they rattled the seeds in syncopation. The *ka-eke-eke*, or Hawaiian organ, was a row of tuned bamboo lengths, tapped on hard ground. A small stick of bamboo with three holes in it became a nose flute; the flutist breathed into one hole and the sound came out of the other two. This instrument was cherished by the natives, who believed that music from the nose came from the soul.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For an improvised bull fiddle, the Hawaiians stretched a cord from the bottom of an upside-down wash tub to an upright stick; when the stick was pulled the cord could be twanged for an umpah-umpah that sounded as though it came from the inner depths of a whale. The taropatch fiddle was a special ukulele with ten strings, so called because any Hawaiian in his right mind preferred strumming one of these in the shade to working in the taro patch in the sun. The steel guitar, discovered by accident when a native musician happened to slide his knife along the strings of an ordinary guitar, was the greatest find of all; it yielded the haunting, lingering refrain that characterizes modern Hawaiian music.

"The fascination of Hawaiian music is the illusion, the dream of a paradise island it produces," explains Edwards. "It is the romance of strange places, the escape from the mundane. People are lost in it. They identify with it. If it's a guy listening, he sees himself surrounded by beautiful Polynesian women. If it's a gal listening, she pictures herself with a handsome guy."

Edwards gets lost himself when he steps up to the microphone each Saturday afternoon in his flower-patterned *aloha* shirt, with his brightly garbed troupe behind him. He looks beyond the noisy construction of the Waikiki crescent and the expectant fans, seeing the shades of blue in the ocean, the surfboards, the catamarans.

"You'd think this routine would get boring after twenty-five years," says Edwards, "but I never get up there before the mike without feeling the thrill of the whistle at the kickoff of a football game."

A happy coincidence indirectly made Edwards the voice of Hawaii. It occurred in Corvallis, Oregon, where his father was a professor of chemistry at Oregon State College. Young Edwards met a Tahitian who made ukuleles as a hobby. He made one for Edwards and taught him to strum Polynesian tunes. When Edwards was sent to Fort Lewis, Washington, for his ROTC training, he landed in a barracks full of homesick Hawaiians. He pulled his uke out of his duffel bag.

"That was the turning point in my life," he explains. "They were always talking and singing about Hawaii. I thought, if they like it that much, it must be The Place."

He had a chance to find out shortly after he was graduated from Oregon State, where he played quarterback, ran the local radio station, gave nightly newscasts and covered sports events for Portland stations and newspapers. An island football enthusiast, recruiting players for a Honolulu home-town team to compete with the University of Hawaii, offered Edwards a job as auto salesman if he would come out and play football on Saturdays.

He had just married a University of Oregon coed, Louise Mason, who had promised to finish college if her family consented to the wedding. Edwards and

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his bride decided that he should go to Hawaii for the football season, and send for her when she was graduated. By graduation day he was manager of a Honolulu radio station. A Los Angeles station lured him back to the mainland, but he soon returned to the islands as manager of KGMB, the CBS station in Honolulu. Staging *Hawaii Calls* was a sideline until the Pearl Harbor attack blacked out Honolulu and put the show off the air.

When Japanese aviators began to bomb Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7, 1941, Edwards was on his way to KGMB. After the first attack wave, he was on the air steadily for four hours, telling listeners over and over, "This is no maneuver. This is the real McCoy," and warning them to stay off highways, keep under cover and not use the telephone. Edwards' broadcasts did much to bring order out of chaos. They also inspired the Columbia Broadcasting System to make him their No. 1 Pacific war correspondent.

Edwards stuck close to Adm. Chester Nimitz, except for swings across the Pacific for eyewitness broadcasts of the landings at Saipan, Guam, Peleliu, Iwo Jima and Okinawa. When the Japanese capitulated, the admiral chose Edwards to broadcast surrender ceremonies aboard the battleship *Missouri* in Tokyo Bay for the combined radio networks. Thus Edwards had the distinction of broadcasting the start of the war and its end.

After the Pearl Harbor attack, radio silence had blacked out Honolulu stations for seven weeks. Then the military decided that *Hawaii Calls* was needed as a morale builder, to let mainlanders know the Hawaiian Islands were still there. Edwards was permitted to resume the show, with a censor standing next to him. Again he had no money, the old tourist bureau having been closed down for the duration. Again Honolulu businessmen put up the cash. His singers, working in defense jobs, managed to get off Saturday afternoons to sing. The live audience consisted of soldiers and sailors. Whenever Edwards happened to be out in the far Pacific, a friend, Ken Carney, kept the show going.

When Edwards returned from the war, he joined three partners in the launching of a new radio station, but "lost my shirt," as he recalls. The legislature again appropriated money to support *Hawaii Calls*, enough this time to pay the musicians union wages and give Edwards a modest fee.

Vociferous in his political views, Edwards became an outspoken critic of the local Republican organization. He joined his precinct club, pushed doorbells and rounded up votes so effectively that he was soon made a member of the Territorial Republican Central Committee. In 1952 he ran for the legislature. In Hawaii the candidate with the best hula troupe is favored to win. Edwards confounded his friends by refusing to make a side show of his campaign—and won anyway. In 1954 he was overwhelmed by the Democratic landslide. He made a comeback in 1956 and has been one of Hawaii's legislators ever since. Now he is Republican floor leader in the first House of Representatives of the new state.

In recent years Edwards has rejected several offers from television producers who would like to film *Hawaii Calls*.

"We've kept off TV," he says, "because in listeners' minds the ocean is blue, the flowers are gaily colored, the women beautiful. TV would turn all this gray."

Back in 1950 Edwards decided that favorite songs on *Hawaii Calls* should be recorded. Since then he and his singers have turned out fourteen albums, which have become best sellers among Hawaiian records. The unexpected bonanza enabled Edwards to drop other chores—except politicking—and devote his energies to merchandising the music of Hawaii.

Since the favorites change from time to time, Edwards and his troupe now do three records each year to keep up with the fans' demands. Currently the reigning favorites are the *Hawaiian Wedding Song*, *Beyond the Reef*, *Lovely Hula Hands*, *Aloha Oe*, *Blue Hawaii*, *Song of the Islands*, *Sweet Leilani*, *Little Grass Shack*, *The Hukilau Song*, *The Hawaiian War Chant*. To satisfy listeners who don't choose to change with the times, Edwards tabulated 50,000 fan letters recently and put out an album of *Hawaii Calls*' all-time hits.

So far, Edwards hasn't been able to determine just what makes a Hawaiian song hit, but he likes to think that *Hawaii Calls* has something to do with it. For example, band leader Harry Owens, who wrote *Sweet Leilani*, was going to drop it out of his repertoire because "nobody but a Hawaiian can sing it." Edwards persuaded him to keep plugging the haunting ballad, while he played it on the *Hawaii Calls* program several times. Before long Hollywood chose *Sweet Leilani* for a picture called *Waikiki Wedding*, and it won an Academy award. It is still among the top ten *Hawaii Calls* favorites.

"Some of our fans would have us sing *Little Brown Girl* and *The Hukilau Song* on every program," says Edwards. Instead he goes by a chart he has evolved to indicate which songs should be sung every six weeks, which are good every three months, others that come up at six-month intervals, still others good once a year, and some never again. Each program, he feels, is a balanced selection of Hawaiian music. He always includes a spectacular such as *The Hawaiian Wedding Song*, a lively shouting song like *The Hawaiian War Chant*, a slow hula such as *Lovely Hula Hands*, a hot hula like *Little Brown Girl*, a *hapa haole* (mixed Hawaiian and English) song, such as *Malihini Mele*, an instrumental and a southern Polynesian, concluding with Edwards' arrangement of *Aloha Oe*, the farewell song. This sampling, he believes, keeps his listeners hungry for more. Hawaiian music, he explains, is a composite of many influences.

"Upon the rhythm of pounding *pahus*, the beat of primitive gourds and the early Polynesian five-tone scale have been superimposed the hymns of the New England missionaries, the rollicking chanteys of old-time whalers, the sedate waltz imported from Europe by Hawaiian royalty, and the sweet-melody love ballad developed by King Kalakaua and the modern composers.

"Hawaiian music may be wild and compelling or it may be soft as tropic moonlight. It may be sweet or sad or nostalgic, or it may be so fast you wonder how the Hawaiians can pronounce all of the syllables to keep up. We like this tantalizing music so much and we like to sing it so often and it is so much a part of our scene that we want to share it with everybody.

"That may sound corny," he added, "but that's the way we feel about it."

Is There a "Women's Vote"? (Continued from Page 31)

So when Katie rose to introduce the dozen or so senators—male—who were to inspire and invigorate the women's gathering, she said, in effect, "Gentlemen, the time has come when you must recognize that, while sex may have brains, brains have no sex. Today you are going to address us not as fluttery or feather-brained females, but as coequal voters. We are limiting each of you to sixty seconds of oratory, and five subjects will be strictly forbidden. You are not to talk about (a) motherhood, (b) how pretty we all are, (c) the Red, White, and Blue, (d) what lovely hats we are wearing or (e) how nice your chairman is."

"The first senator, a courtly type, stood up, developed a case of lockjaw and looked as if he were going to sit right back down," Katie relates. "I banged my gavel and said, 'Come on, senator, speak to us, please!' He came through beautifully—not a word about millinery or feminine pulchritude. That broke the ice, and all the speakers who followed were simply wonderful. Mr. Truman told me it was the best women's meeting he'd ever attended."

Since that time Katie Louchheim has campaigned vigorously for the emancipation of women in politics from the "male viewpoint." "It is time," she says, "to stop talking about women as if we were a foreign power. We are not a special group with a wagonload of special axes to grind. The candidate today who talks to women differently than he would talk to men is apt to be classified as hopelessly out of date."

On this theme of brains not being limited to either sex, Katie has the support of both her successor, Mrs. Margaret Price of Michigan, whom Senator Kennedy picked as the new Democratic women's boss, and of Mrs. Clare Brown Williams, assistant chairman and women's division director of the Republican National Committee. Mrs. Price, a statuesque, blue-eyed brunette, declares, "I've always sought recognition on the basis of ability, not sex." Mrs. Williams, a slim, imposing-looking, meticulously groomed blonde who has been described in print as the owner of "the prettiest legs in the Republican Party," asserts, "Women are people—human beings—not a separate species of animal."

Though she ordinarily would no more be caught agreeing with a Democrat than she would appear on a campaign platform with her coiffure in disarray, Mrs. Williams, on this particular topic, goes on to say, "I agree with Mrs. Louchheim that there is no such thing as the bloc woman voter. Men may like to think that women vote 'differently' and that they are influenced by the matinee-idol type of candidate or by appeals to so-called women's interests. I disagree—and I know that a rude shock is in store for any male politicians who still tailor their appeals to women on outmoded ideas of a crinoline mentality."

In their joint repudiation of the notion of a women's-bloc vote, Mesdames Williams, Price and Louchheim are supported by almost all leading lady politicians, including Rep. Jessica Weis, Republican, of New York. In *Politics U.S.A.*, recently published by Doubleday and Company, Representative Weis, who won her Congressional seat in 1958 by trouncing a male opponent, writes, "Every woman is a unique, unpredictable creature, and organizing women for political activity is, as a result, much more of an art than a science." The New York congresswoman also comments, "The male politician still does not have the welcome mat out, inviting us to join him in the smoke-filled rooms."

With the political conventions behind us and the rival Presidential candidates now taking to the hustings in pursuit of male and female votes, one thing is certain—women are going to be in the campaign right up to their "pretty ears," as the type of male politician being lambasted by the women leaders of both parties would put it.

All over the country Democratic and Republican women will be venturing forth in caravans, on land and air borne. They will broadcast political appeals through the mechanical larynges of sound trucks, hand out campaign literature, address, stamp and lick envelopes. They will officiate at political block parties, tea parties and coffee hours. The coffee hour has become recognized—by men—as a fearsome political weapon. In 1952, after John F. Kennedy, an underdog, defeated him for the United States Senate in a race in which all the Kennedy women poured gallons of coffee for all comers, Henry Cabot Lodge—now the Republican candidate for vice president—was reputed to have said, "It was those damned *Kaffeeklatsches* that beat me!" At the recent Democratic convention "*Kaffeeklatsches* with Katie" were staged for the women, while the Republicans countered with a couple of breakfasts, presided over by Clare Williams, called "Politics—Sunny Side Up."

Furthermore, there is no doubt that if women did vote as a solid bloc, they could and would swing the election. It is a matter of simple arithmetic: There are almost 3,500,000 more women than men of voting age—although all of them do not vote—and, according to Census Bureau forecasts, the numerical edge will rise to nearly 5,000,000 by 1970. If sex appeal, or appeals to housewifely prejudices, or issues that would sway career women or college girls or club ladies were the determining factors, the women could carry any contest. However, as the spokeswomen for both parties aggressively state, there is no common denominator that "gets" all women. Their advice to candidates, male and female, is to quit regarding women as a flock of political ewes and to woo not their emotions but their intelligence.

The Republican women's chief rarely fails to remind an audience—or an interviewer—that, because they are more numerous, women hold the potential "key to victory" in this November's election. She asserts that 1960 will mark the first year when women are expected actually to outnumber men at the polls.

She also contends that surveys and statistics prove that women's votes elected and re-elected the Eisenhower-Nixon tickets and that women favor the G.O.P. Katie Louchheim—seconded by the new Democratic women's chairman—retorts, "There may be more Republican women than Republican men, but I definitely dispute that most women are Republicans. If the women of the nation are so hot for Republicans, where were these same women when we Democrats clobbered the Republicans in the Congressional election of 1958?"

Democratic politicians—gleefully recalling how the polls "elected" Mr. Dewey over Mr. Truman in 1948—frequently express skepticism concerning

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certain types of public-opinion polls. Nevertheless, one of the most respected of the nationwide research groups supports the debunking of the bloc-woman-voter concept. In a study based on analyses of how men and women voted in recent elections, Warren B. Miller of the University of Michigan Survey Research Center points out, "The partisan preference of female voters does not differ markedly from that of the males. . . . Those differences which can be observed probably are not attributable to the political uniqueness of women."

"The one basic fact of married life that politicians seem to overlook," the Michigan study goes on to say, "is that . . . most husbands and wives are in complete agreement." It then drops something of a blockbuster on feminist arguments by asserting that statistics reveal there still are many women who find themselves too hobbled by homemaking duties to exercise their full responsibilities as citizens. "The suffragette's desired role for emancipated womanhood," the study concludes, "is still not realized, and wanted, by many women. . . ."

Still, the record shows that women have traveled a long way since they won the right to vote with the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment in August, 1920. They have served in every level of elective and appointive office, with three exceptions—the Presidency, the Vice Presidency and the Supreme Court. Mrs. Louchheim thinks it will be another fifty years before the United States elects a woman President; Mrs. Williams plays it safe by stating, "Man will walk on the moon before there is a woman chief executive." Clare adds seriously that, among other things, men—and many women—are not ready to accept the idea of a skirt-wearing commander in chief of the nation's armed forces.

There have been women cabinet officers, ambassadors, governors and other key officials of Federal, state and local governments. In Congress there presently are sixteen women representatives and one woman senator—a figure which some women hail as encouraging, but which Representative Weis, for one, realistically assesses as a mighty small percentage of 537 solons. Clare Williams points out that more than 400 women have been given "top recognition" in various posts under the two Eisenhower administrations, while Mesdames Price and Louchheim retort that the Republicans have had no monopoly in recognizing women.

In the organization of the national political conventions the power of the all-male "smoke-filled room" and the old-time tendency to downgrade women politicians have steadily diminished. At both party conventions this year women held important posts, had virtually equal representation on the convention committees and cast a substantial number of the total votes.

While women so far have been content to let men run for the majority of public offices, it is no secret that male office seekers constantly and wisely make political capital of their attractive spouses. Sen. Estes Kefauver, twice a Presidential aspirant, used to introduce his glamorous red-haired wife, Nancy, as "my secret weapon." The activities of Senator Kennedy's numerous female relatives—including, before her pregnancy, his photogenic mate, Jackie—were a preconvention phenomenon, and Pat Nixon is constantly on the campaign trail with the Republican nominee.

In fact, Katie Louchheim says, discreetly naming no names, some candidates' wives "are getting a little sick of standing, like Prince Philip, two steps behind the center of attraction, with their hands clasped dutifully behind their backs." However, she adds, many husbands are "simply wonderful" about encouraging, at great personal sacrifice, their wives' political activities—"though some of them occasionally have been heard to complain, 'What one of us needs is a good wife!' "

Hickman Price Jr., husband of the new Democratic women's boss, is one of those who can be ranked as "simply wonderful." He allowed his attractive wife, Margaret, to succeed him as Democratic delegate-at-large from Michigan in 1952, permits her to spend half her time in the United States while he runs an automobile business in São Paulo, Brazil, and says for the record, "I have but one wife to give to my party—and I'm damned proud of her!" As Michigan national committeewoman, Mrs. Price "commuted" regularly between her homes in Ann Arbor and São Paulo, some 6000 miles away, with frequent visits to Newport, Rhode Island, where the Prices' two sons, Hickman III, seventeen, and Marston, fifteen, are in prep school. As the new Democratic vice chairman, she will continue the same schedule, with Washington as her base. Despite the distances which separate them, the Prices say they are a close-knit family, with Mr. Price and the boys all enthusiastically endorsing "Mom's" political career.

The nation's two top women politicos, Clare Williams and Margaret Price, have one quality in common—both are deadly serious about politics. Quips and humor are not their stock in trade. Katie Louchheim, while equally dedicated in her approach toward the end product, has a lighter touch and is more given to turning the catchy phrase. While it may be coincidence, the contrast between Katie, who rose to prominence when Adlai Stevenson was the titular head of her party, and Margaret Price, who was hand-picked by Senator Kennedy, with some nudging from Michigan's Gov. Mennen (Soapy) Williams, her political mentor, reflects the personality difference between the witty Stevenson and the earnest Kennedy.

Katie Louchheim—born December 28, 1903, in New York City—entered politics in the early 1930's. She rose through the ranks, becoming women's division director in 1953 and vice chairman of the national committee in 1956. She is a talented writer, with several unfinished plays and a novel—"about political and social life in Washington"—in a bottom drawer of her desk. "Maybe I'll get to finish them after this campaign," she speculates. Her husband, Walter Louchheim Jr., a Washington investment consultant with a philosophical turn of mind, used to quip that "home is just an extension of the Democratic National Committee." He looks forward now, with pleasant anticipation, to his remark becoming at least partially obsolete.

Her successor, Margaret Price, who, at forty-seven, is younger than either Katie or Clare, also was born in New York City. Her father, George H. Bayne—the Bayne family once owned a plantation adjoining George Washington's family estate in Virginia—died when she was a child, and she spent many of her growing-up years in Ithaca and Miami. She married Hickman Price Jr. in 1941 and received much of her political indoctrination from his mother, who was Mary Washington Frazer, an early toiler for women's suffrage. "Even today," Mrs. Price says, "my mother-in-law often asks me, 'Margaret, what did I do all that work for if women are not going to use their votes intelligently?' "

Mrs. Price spent the war years in Washington with her husband, who was in Government service, then went with him to Michigan in 1945 when he entered the automobile business. They settled in Ann Arbor, and she became secretary of the Washtenaw County Democratic Club in 1948. Like Mrs. Louchheim, she rose through the ranks from precinct delegate to national committeewoman.

Mrs. Price, who resembles Gail Patrick, the former movie actress, gives the impression of being more than six feet tall, though actually, when she sheds her high heels, she is only five feet ten. She attracted the attention—politically—of Governor Williams and, to bolster his position with Michigan women voters, she ran twice for the post of state auditor general. She didn't make it either time, but in 1948 missed election by a narrow margin; that year, Mrs. Price became the first woman in Michigan politics to poll more than 1,000,000 votes.

She has filled executive posts on many committees, including the chairmanship of the Michigan Youth Commission from 1949 to 1956. She is credited with having played an important part in convincing Governor Williams that Senator Kennedy would win the nomination, thus influencing "Soapy" to abandon his own Presidential ambitions and take an early seat on the Kennedy band wagon. It was a surprise to everyone when Kennedy chose her to replace the popular Katie Louchheim. According to political talk heard in the aftermath of the shift, her appointment—while hailed for its merit—was a means of appeasing the "liberal" Governor Williams, who was furious at Kennedy's selection of the "conservative" Lyndon Johnson as his running mate.

Margaret Price got the news, via a personal call from Senator Kennedy, that she was to be the new Democratic women's leader only two hours before the committee was to meet to ratify her appointment. "He asked me if I would take the job, and, when I was able to speak, I told him I sure would and that I would try to justify his confidence in me," she says.

Katie Louchheim got the news the night before that she was being shifted from the post of vice chairman. She took it like a "pro." Though she confided to a friend that "I cried all night when I found out there would be a new appointment," Katie was ready next morning with a statement that she was "proud and pleased" that a woman of Margaret Price's abilities had been selected as her successor. She further said she was "delighted" that Kennedy was giving her an important post in the campaign and that it "would have broken my heart" not to have been able to work for him.

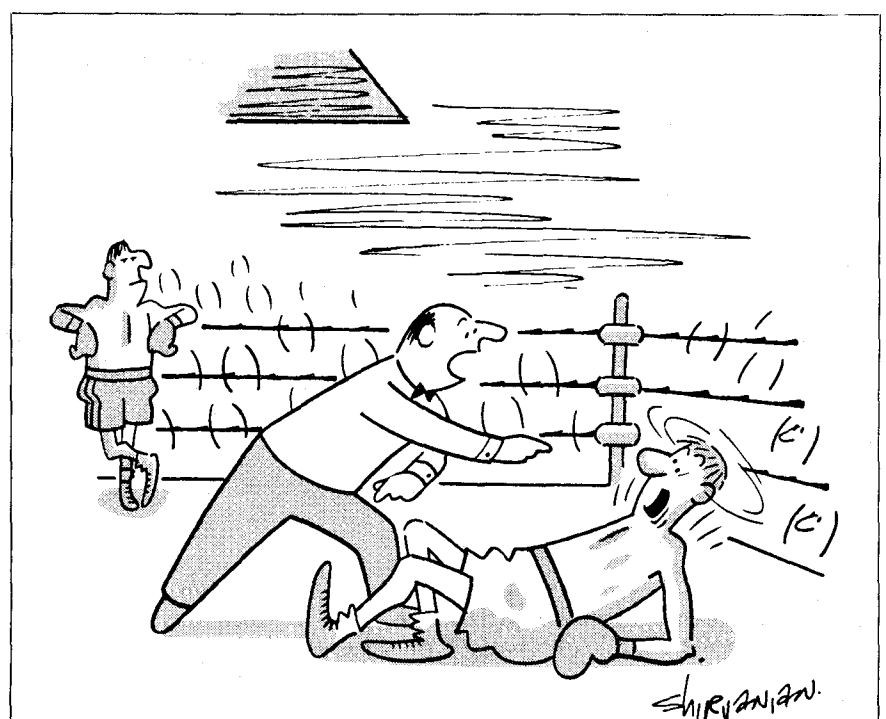
Clare Williams was born September 19, 1909, in Syracuse, New York, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Curtiss C. Brown, still live. Her father is president of the Netherland Dairy Company. "He was interested in good government, and I heard a lot of talk about politics at the dinner table, but father, a busy man, was content to leave active politicking to mother," Mrs. Williams relates.

"Mother was a hard-working precinct committeewoman—Republican, of course. As a girl, I remember getting up early to make breakfast for the family so mother could go to work at the polls. As soon as I was old enough, I helped her canvass voters, and the first year I got my driver's license I chauffeured voters to the polls."

This early political indoctrination did not take immediately with the future Republican assistant chairman. After being graduated from the University of Syracuse as a speech major, she worked as a teacher and later as a merchandising executive until her marriage to the late Frank E. Williams, a St. Louis attorney. Mr. Williams retired in 1948 because of poor health, and they settled in St. Petersburg. In 1954 she was elected Florida state committeewoman for Pinellas County. In 1956 she won a state-wide race for the post of Republican national committeewoman and became one of seven women to serve on the G.O.P.'s national executive committee. After her husband's death early in 1957 she continued her political activities and, in July, 1958, moved into her present post when her predecessor, Bertha Adkins, became the Under Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

Mrs. Williams relaxes by reading and listening to music—mostly operas and symphonies—on her record player, and she enjoys dancing. "I adore cooking, though I haven't really cooked a meal since I came to Washington," she says. She owns forty pairs of shoes—"I have to pamper myself on something," Mrs. Williams says. However, after a hard day, she has been known to kick off whatever pair she is wearing and sit in stocking-footed comfort at political banquets or meetings.

Like wrestlers who tour the same circuit, the Democratic and Republican top lady gladiators frequently find themselves in the same ring. On the surface they



"What happened to 1-2-3-4?"

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always are scrupulously polite to each other, but underneath they are tough adversaries. When making a joint appearance, Katie and Clare would jockey ferociously for the closing spot on the program, each believing in the strategic advantage of having the last word. Both have been known to get real rough in talking about the opposing party's candidates. Margaret Price indicates she will get just as tough as Katie in debating with her Republican opposite number. "I never pulled any punches in Michigan," she says.

What does it take to be a successful woman politician? Clare Williams answers this by quoting a favorite aphorism of female politicos—"To be successful in politics, a woman must look like a girl, act like a lady, think like a man and work like a dog." She also asserts, "A successful lady politician is a friendly, tireless, cheerful, unselfish, persuasive booster for her party. She combines the optimism of Pollyanna, the efficiency of an electronic computer and the competitive spirit of a football tackle."

She goes on to point out that women in both parties form the "hard core" of political organization. "They work at the neighborhood level as block captains, poll watchers, checkers, election-day baby sitters and chauffeurs. They staff party and campaign headquarters. They get out the vote and raise funds. . . . In short, womanpower has the same untapped, creative potential as atomic energy!"

"It's no longer the 'little woman' who asks hubby, 'For whom shall I vote today, dear?'" Mrs. Williams says. "It is more likely that hubby, who is a busy man, will come home and ask his wife, 'Now look, you've gone to these political rallies and listened to the candidates—who are we going to vote for?'"

Other women have thought it and said it for years, but it was Katie Louchheim who more or less crystallized the manifesto that "there ain't no such thing as a woman voter!" In June, 1959, she published in the *Democratic Digest* a list of "do's and don't's" for both sexes. Women were advised: "When in politics, do as the politicians do. Don't expect men to operate by one set of rules while you operate by another. . . . Don't wait to be asked. Getting into politics is like catching a husband—it's all in the illusion of who is pursuing whom." Men were counseled: "Don't lump women. We're people. . . . Quit talking about our hats and concentrate on what's immediately under them. . . ."

Katie enjoys having a little fun in delineating the types of male politicos who talk down to the "dear little women." Being an astute politician and not wishing to scandalize her male colleagues, she diplomatically points out that "the types, fortunately, are vanishing—in our party, at least." Still, she lists the following species who crop up every now and then on the various levels of the campaign trail.

ONE—The All-American Boy, or Dreamboat type. He has wavy hair, a suggestion of dimples and an easy smile. He talks not of taxes, tariffs and foreign policies, but of "homey" issues calculated to stir the mother instinct supposedly lodged in every female breast.

TWO—The Cary Grant-Charles Boyer hybrid variety. He is a cousin to the All-American boy, but more sophisticated. He has been to Paris (France), and his appeal—or so he thinks—is not so much to the mother instinct, but to the "woman" in every female. He acts as if he thinks that every woman in the audience wants to come with him to the kasbah.

THREE—The Courtly Old-School type. A real hearts-and-flowers number, he automatically exudes gallantry when he stands up before "you lovely ladies." Women won't learn much from him about reasons for and against discontinuing atom-bomb tests, but he will reminisce touchingly and at length on what wonderful apple pie his dear old mother—it was at her knee, of course, that he learned all the best things in life—used to make.

Today Katie has become an indefatigable crusader against what she calls "political segregation by sex." "I get awfully tired," she asserts, "of being treated as if I were the English-speaking delegate from another planet.

"If there is any secret to reveal about dealing with women," she continues, "it is that women are not a special-interest group which can be won over by virile masculine smiles, honeyed compliments and precious prose. Sure, we like a manly, strong-looking candidate, but you can't win our vote on good looks alone. In 1944 Wendell Willkie was a fine figure of a man, but look what the Republicans did—they threw him over for the little man on the wedding cake!

"There are too many popular clichés about women. Why must we be typed as fluttery females or bespectacled battle-axes? The public image of women has reached an all-time low—not in fact, but in print. More of us are working, more of us are holding better and more responsible positions than ever before—but you'd never know it if you had to depend for information on what you read about women. We are constantly pictured as a limp, indecisive lump, quivering with uncontrolled emotions. I am sick of being reduced at the drop of a hat to a statistic—a statistic on how I vote, what I buy and, most humiliating, on what I presumably think. For heaven's sake, let's not be mowed down by computing machines. Let's insist on speaking and acting as individuals who have a rightful place in the human race."

The new Democratic women's leader seconds her predecessor's sentiments in favor of political equality for women. Mrs. Price says, however, that she has experienced "little, if any" condescension from the male sex. "In the beginning," she says, "they began gallantly offering me favored spots on the speaking programs, but when I insisted that I be treated as a politician, not as a woman, they took me at my word. Maybe it's because our male politicians in Michigan basically are not the hand-kissing, sweet-talking type."

When campaigning in Michigan, Mrs. Price, far from being pampered, drives her own car and, on occasions, even carries her own suitcases. "There was this time in Jackson, Michigan, that Governor Williams loves to tell about," she recalls. "I was the only woman in a caravan of male candidates and I was left behind when I stopped to powder my nose. I inquired at the hotel desk where the Democratic rally was and, Jackson then being a hotbed of unreconstructed Republicanism, I might as well have asked for the address of a gambling house. 'Madam,' the clerk informed me in tones of ill-concealed disdain, 'we have no information on the subject.'

"I found the rally on my own and, since it was only a couple of blocks away, made it on foot. The program was well under way when I arrived, and Governor Williams commented, 'Why, here's Margaret!' I hadn't been missed at all."

Clare Williams approaches the subject of how women react in politics by saying, "Men like to feel that women vote by intuition, while they—the males—vote by judgment. This simply is not so. Women and men have pretty much the same motivation in reaching their decisions as to how they are going to vote.

"Perhaps there is a women's 'bloc.' But it is not a matter of voting according to sex—it consists of banding together, working for and contributing to good government."

Mrs. Williams has the reputation of being able to remain calm under tension and provocation. However serene she appears on the surface, she sometimes seethes inwardly, particularly when some antediluvian male political boss pontificates in condescending terms to and about women. Her angriest moment occurred when a certain county chairman—who had just grudgingly sanctioned the selection of the first Republican woman candidate for Congress in the history of his district—stood up and told a group of women, "Ladies, I have never approved of women on the ticket, and this is the first time I have permitted a woman to become a candidate. I want to tell you that if you don't turn out as big a vote for her as you would for a man, there'll never be another woman on the ticket!"

"I was amazed, disgusted and shocked by this horse-and-buggy approach," Mrs. Williams says. "In fact, I felt like tripping him as he left the platform. Needless to say, the candidate won her race and now is a valuable member of Congress."

She also tells of a congressman who, when the women of his district told him they were ready to work their fingers to the bone for his re-election, smiled and smugly said, "Well, girls, don't get too upset about it. My organization is running smoothly, everything is under control, so don't worry your pretty little heads."

"So the girls didn't worry their pretty little heads," Clare relates, "and the congressman went down in defeat to a candidate who did not speak so patronizingly to his women supporters."

For the record, Mrs. Williams takes her stand against male candidates who address women's audiences in saccharine generalities. However, she is candid enough to say, "We don't really mind being flattered a little about our pretty hats or our big blue eyes—so long as they eventually get around to the real issues."

When asked if female voters are influenced by male sex appeal, Mrs. Williams invariably retorts, "If Marilyn Monroe were running against Eleanor Roosevelt, for whom would some men vote?" She adds, "I don't feel that Bob Taft was a handsome man, yet women rallied behind him fervently."

The final word on just how dedicated the feminine sex can get about politics comes from Mrs. Williams's Republican coworker, Representative Weis. She tells of the three young Rochester housewives who had babies on the morning of Election Day, 1952, then voted that afternoon for Eisenhower.

"That," says the congresswoman, "is something no man could do."

What's Got Into the Pirates? (Continued from Page 36)

Rickey's answer was, "I'd be a sick man, baseballically and physically." A year prior to 1956 he withdrew from active management of the club, thereby preserving his "baseballic" and physical health.

In 1957 Ford Frick, the commissioner of baseball, singled out Pittsburgh as a harrowing example in telling a Congressional committee about the financial risks that club owners run. He said that the Pirates, who had been spending lavishly for players, had lost $1,537,303 in five years. He might have added that they still had nothing to show for it. From 1950 through 1957 Pittsburgh finished last five times, tied for last once and placed seventh twice.

Now all this has changed. Front runners in the National League for most of the season, the Pirates have become the team to beat. Although not endowed with exceptional speed, they run bases with a boldness that rattles their enemies. Lacking power, they swat ground balls that hop crazily over the heads of waiting infielders. They may literally rap more hits to the opposite field—that is, right-handed hitters to right field and left-handed hitters to left field—than they do to their natural fields.

On defense they execute such stunts as this rare infield maneuver with runners on first and second in a bunt situation: Third baseman Don Hoak charges the bunt and whirls and fires the ball to shortstop Dick Groat covering third, who fires to second baseman Bill Mazeroski covering first.

Pirate outfielders have been seen to scale the ivy-covered Forbes Field wall, thrust a hand wrist-deep into the vines and come down holding the baseball aloft victoriously.

From their dugout the eager Pirates fill the air with a cacophony of yapping that does not cease until the last man is out. The ardent home crowds, which held up commendably even during the losing years, have multiplied in size and zeal. Parents bringing small children to Forbes Field have become so entranced by the action that the public-address announcer has spent almost as much time describing lost youngsters as announcing relief pitchers.

For all their excitement, the fans recognized the possibility of a late-season collapse. However, they were confident that Pittsburgh, a city that has not had a pennant winner in thirty-two years, was solidly back in the picture for some years to come.

For one thing, a hard core of players whom the Pirates first began collecting and rearing twelve years ago has matured. Says Bill Turner of the Pirate farm staff, "It's as simple as planting a garden. One day the flowers are going to pop."

Actually the flowers began popping two years ago, when the Pirates shot up from the cellar to second place. In 1959, when the club tailed off to fourth place, it seemed that the upsurge had been comparable to the brief twelve-hour blooming of the cactus. This season, however, fortified by trades, the Pirates burgeoned for fair.

Today's team is the handiwork of three general managers—Roy Hamey, Branch Rickey and Joe Brown—who, one after the other, were hired by the club's wealthy absentee owners and told to see what the devil could be done to improve the situation. In earlier times the situation had been mostly good. From 1900 until his death in 1932, hustling, German-born Barney Dreyfuss operated the Pirates

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successfully, winning half a dozen National League championships and finishing out of the first division only six times.

The Pirates were Dreyfuss's livelihood. He ran the club on its own capital and would have sold it had he been able to make a big enough profit.

Dreyfuss willed the Pirates to his widow, Florence, and for the next fourteen years the club was run by his son-in-law, Bill Benswanger, a mild, bespectacled musicologist who knew his baseball as well as his Bach.

One summer day in 1946 Frank McKinney—who later became chairman of the Democratic National Committee—walked into Benswanger's office without an appointment and said, "Are you willing to sell the Pirates?" McKinney and his three partners—Ohio realtor John Galbreath, entertainer Bing Crosby and Pittsburgh attorney Thomas P. Johnson—were prepared to pay roughly $2,000,000 for 70 per cent of the Pirate stock. The widow Dreyfuss had wanted to sell, and promptly did.

On August eighth, the day McKinney's combine took over, the Pirates lay in last place, twenty-two and a half games behind the first-place Brooklyn Dodgers. Bill Benswanger says the chief trouble was that the players had been wrangling among themselves. Boston lawyer Robert Murphy had chosen Pittsburgh as the city in which to drive an opening wedge in his abortive attempt to organize a ballplayers' trade union and had split the Pirates into two political camps.

Anyway, Frank McKinney and his new general manager, hefty Roy Hamey, sought to lift the Pirates by purchasing fading celebrities—such as Hank Greenberg, Dixie Walker and Hugh Casey—at outrageous prices. They kept on buying players with the desperation of a gambler who doubles his bets to recoup his losses. By July 19, 1950—the date on which McKinney sold his Pirate stock to partners John Galbreath and Tom Johnson—his regime had put $850,000 into bonuses to youngsters and invested roughly $1,000,000 in player purchases. Despite all this, the Pirates climbed no higher under McKinney than fourth place—in 1948—and were down in the cellar when he pulled out.

Four months later Roy Hamey also left. He had made two contributions to Pittsburgh's pennant contenders of the distant future. His scouts had signed Vernon Law and Bob Friend, the aces of today's pitching staff. Ironically, in view of all the Pirates' heavy spending on boys who never amounted to anything, Law had been paid a bonus of only $2000. Friend got $15,000.

Branch Rickey, the celebrated builder of baseball dynasties at St. Louis and Brooklyn, was lured to Pittsburgh by Galbreath with a $100,000 salary even before Hamey had time to write his resignation. Rickey at once began stocking Pirate farms as though he were casting a battle scene for Cecil B. deMille. In his first year Rickey signed approximately 300 prospects, shelling out almost $400,000 in bonuses. Although the number of signings declined considerably thereafter, the Pirates continued to lose money and ball games, remaining firmly anchored in last place.

Yet Rickey sowed a few promising seeds. Under his management Pirate scouts tracked down first baseman Dick Stuart, second baseman Bill Mazeroski, left fielder Bob Skinner and shortstop Dick Groat. Further, Rickey also poached legally—and effectively—on Brooklyn Dodger farms, drafting right fielder Roberto Clemente and relief pitcher Elroy Face from minor-league clubs where the Dodgers had been seasoning them. The Pirates of 1960 were taking shape.

When Rickey retired after the 1955 season to an advisory role, with the largely honorary title of chairman of the board, a brisk young protégé of his took over. This was Joe L. Brown, who immediately courted unpopularity with the Pittsburgh baseball public by declaring, "I am a Rickey man!"

Joe Brown, the son of comedian Joe E. Brown, is a tall, tanned, erect man who favors close-cropped haircuts, gaucho shirts and sport jackets. At forty-two he still often is mistaken for a ballplayer by the urchins lurking for autographs outside Forbes Field. In his five years at Pittsburgh he has made two dozen player deals, of which the great majority drew critical disapproval or yawns of indifference. As matters turned out, however, only one was an outright flop. In 1957 Brown traded pitcher Bob Purkey to Cincinnati for pitcher Don Gross. Gross subsequently developed shoulder trouble and has been farmed out, while Purkey remains a starter for the Reds.

A few days after Brown took charge of the Pirate front office, an underling, older than he, spoke to him frowning. "Joe, we're way behind in our work here," the man said.

Brown smiled brightly at him. "Well, catch up!" he said and walked off.

Brown himself has energetically sought to catch up with the rest of the National League. Speaking and moving with a crisp, staccato manner, he is a self-admitted busybody who one minute may be directing the groundskeeper to mop up a couple of puddles he has detected under the third-base grandstand, the next minute sitting in the dugout spewing tobacco juice on the steps while gossiping with players.

He is not inhibited by the unwritten rule that general managers must not fraternize with the help. "If I don't go down to the dugout," he says, "how the devil am I supposed to know what's going on? Besides, this is how I learn how you make the double play, how you hold the ball. I like to nose around."

On a July night in 1958 Brown was nosing around the Los Angeles Coliseum before a game between the Pirates and Dodgers. He parked himself *kerplunk* in the Pirate bull pen. There he watched, fascinated, while pitching coach Bill Burwell, a red-faced, bespectacled old-timer, patiently taught Vern Law a new fast-ball delivery and a deceptive body rhythm.

"Law had lost his fast ball a few years before because of a sore arm," Brown recalls. "He'd become a breaking-ball pitcher. In the meantime his arm had recovered, but he'd forgotten how to throw his fast ball. He was coming down as he would with his curve—with his arm tight to his body, his elbow in."

At season's end a front-office executive, dissatisfied with Law's fourteen-twelve record, said, "Let's trade him. He'll never be much better than a .500 pitcher." Brown responded by showing how Law's record had improved since Bill Burwell began to revise his form. Law had cut his earned-run average from 5.02 to 3.97 and had won five of his last six starts. So Brown kept him. The next season Law won eighteen games and lost only nine. This year he had eighteen victories by August eighteenth.

As a trader, Brown at first confined himself to relatively insignificant deals, but early in 1959 he sat down with Cincinnati general manager Gabe Paul in a New York hotel room and hammered out a seven-player exchange. Brown swapped slugger Frank Thomas—a home-grown Pittsburgh favorite—utility infielder Jim Pendleton, pinch hitter Johnny Powers and a one-eyed pitcher named Whammy Douglas for third baseman Don Hoak, catcher Smoky Burgess and pitcher Harvey Haddix.

News of the trade flashed over radio and television at midnight. At Brown's home in Pittsburgh the telephone began ringing and did not stop until three A.M. "Has your husband gone crazy?" Pirate fans kept demanding of Joe's wife, Din.

Upon his return, his wife told him, "Next time you swing a big deal, Trader Brown, kindly be at home to answer the telephone."

Nobody heckles Brown about that deal any more. Thomas hit a sickly .225 for the Reds in 1959 and was traded to the Chicago Cubs at season's end. Pendleton, Powers and Douglas disappeared into the minors. Meanwhile Hoak and Burgess have firmly established themselves in the Pittsburgh line-up, while Haddix has contributed some well-pitched games.

A month prior to the Cincinnati trade, Brown stood up at the winter draft meeting, sucked in his breath and called out, "Rocky Nelson!" A titter ran through the room. Nelson, a bald, craggy-faced, garrulous veteran, had been in professional baseball since 1942 and had had nine major-league trials. He played first base competently and in the minors he hit with ease, averaging as high as .418. In the big leagues, though, he had mostly ridden benches—and then trains carrying him back to the bushes.

Joe Brown had put in a long apprenticeship in the bushes too. At the age of twenty, when he was an end on the U.C.L.A. football team, he had quit college to become assistant business manager of a Class D baseball club in Lubbock, Texas. During his seventeen-year climb to his present job, he had dragged infields, taken tickets, driven team buses. He had also learned something about evaluating players, as the case of Rocky Nelson was to prove. Platooning at first base with Dick Stuart, Nelson has become a definite asset to the Pirates, averaging around .300 as a hitter.

"Nothing at Pittsburgh has given me as much personal satisfaction as drafting Rocky Nelson," says Joe Brown today. "I was the only man in our organization who thought of him. Our scouts spent better than a month going over reports on possible draftees, but Rocky's name was not on their list. I simply could not believe that a guy would have his minor-league record and not have ability."

Brown gives much of the credit for the blooming of players at Pittsburgh to manager Danny Murtaugh. Says Brown, "Danny has the patience to go along with a player not until he fails, but until he succeeds."

Brown's luck has held up on the deals he made for the current season. During the interleague trading period last winter he gave the Athletics catcher Hank Foiles and two farm hands—shortstop Ken Hamlin and pitcher Dick Hall—in exchange for cash and Hal Smith. Smith was a catcher the A's had been trying to convert into a third baseman. With the Pirates he has proved to be a capable receiver, platooning with Smoky Burgess, and he has hit close to .300 for most of the season.

Twelve days after Brown acquired Hal Smith, he struck a bargain with St. Louis general manager Bing Devine that befuddled sports writers and baseball men. On paper, at least, the Pirates desperately required additional pitching and long-ball hitting. So what did Brown do? He airily traded a starting pitcher, Ron

NEXT WEEK

STEWART ALSOP'S OWN POLL:

NIXON OR KENNEDY?

What the Voters Are Saying

MY WORST MISTAKE

By Art Linkletter

GUANTÁNAMO NAVAL BASE: OURS OR CASTRO'S?

By Hanson W. Baldwin

CAN MACHINES REPLACE TEACHERS?

By Gay Gaer Luce

I AM A DUGOUT DOCTOR

By Ed Froelich, Chicago White Sox Trainer

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Kline, for a minor-league pitcher, Tom Cheney, and a center fielder—Gino Cimoli—who had averaged less than seven home runs per season in four years of major-league ball.

Well, in St. Louis Kline's curve ball began hanging high, and in midseason manager Sol Hemus relegated him to the bull pen. In the meantime, Murtaugh, the Pirate manager, has alternated the right-handed Cimoli in center field with left-handed Bill Virdon, another bargain Brown finagled from the Cardinals four years earlier. Both men cover Forbes Field's vast outfield with darting speed and hit satisfactorily, if not with power.

"Power does not win pennants," declares Joe Brown as he surveys his deals that have enabled Murtaugh—his manager since August, 1957—to platoon center fielders, first basemen and catchers. "Balance does."

On May twenty-seventh he relieved the Cardinals of Wilmer (Vinegar Bend) Mizell, a southpaw who, according to gossip among players, had gone as sour as his nickname. Vinegar Bend promptly won eight games and lost only two in a little more than ten weeks as a Pirate. While he was doing so, a footnote to Brown's Kline-Cimoli coup developed. Tom Cheney, the "throw-in" on the deal, became a major-league pitcher after ten weeks of seasoning on Pittsburgh's Columbus farm.

Brown has sought to fit the Pirate personnel to sprawling Forbes Field, the toughest park in the majors for right-handed sluggers. The left-field wall starts at 365 feet, with a twenty-five-and-one-half-foot scoreboard to clear, and falls away to 457 feet in center field. Brown, recognizing the futility of gunning for the wall, has assembled a team of lightweight line-drive hitters. The Pirates have been well down the National League list in home runs this year, but have been leading the circuit in base hits.

Many of the hits, especially at home, have come on ground balls that skitter through the infield. The Pittsburgh ground crew, obviously by no mere whim, sees to it that the infield grass grows no higher than one inch. The infield clay is treated with only the barest trace of sand and thus remains firmly packed. Periodically the infield is rolled with a one-ton roller.

Last season Ted Kluszewski, then with the Pirates, said to groundskeeper Eddie Dunn, "Say, Eddie, I have a friend who would like to borrow your infield formula. He's building highways over in Ohio."

Pittsburgh's deft infielders, playing seven times as many games at Forbes Field as their opponents, have an obvious edge in coping with the hard surface. Joe Brown is all innocence when asked if he planned things that way. He concedes that the ground may be a trifle hard—there is no rule specifying infield composition—but vaguely explains that this is because a canvas cover must be kept on the field to hedge against the threat of rain. He talks as though Pittsburgh summers—the city had only 3.8 inches of rain in June and 2.9 in July—are comparable to the rainy season in Pago Pago.

Whatever the case, the infield fits in perfectly with the gadfly tactics the Pirates employ in wearing down their opponents. Dizzy Dean has likened this team for sheer spirit to the St. Louis Gashouse Gang of 1934. "Them Pirates are hungry," says Diz. "They travel in packs, like wolves."

Wolves? Actually the Pirates address one another by such nicknames as Tiger, Crane, Duck, Hawk, Doggie, Quail, Kitten, Bug and Chicken. They are the only team in the league so schoolboyish as to have a captain. Dick Groat, who holds that rank, came to the Pirates in 1952 from Duke University, where he had been All-American basketball player. He addressed everyone, even cub sportswriters, as sir, covered little ground at shortstop and hit rather mildly. Within five years he lost his hair, stopped saying sir, became a shortstop of remarkable instincts and hit .315.

Groat captains such unusual athletes as Vernon Law, a Mormon elder who does not drink even tea or coffee because he regards them as harmful stimulants, and teetotaling Smoky Burgess, who looks less like an athlete than like a traveling man for a farm-implement company. Burgess, a rotund little North Carolinian with a slick of sparse black hair and small, pudgy hands, sits by the hour in hotel lobbies chatting companionably with old ladies. At bat he reaches over his head or down to his shins for pitches and clouts them into the right-field seats.

Similarly, Roberto Clemente, the Pirates' Puerto Rican right fielder, profanes the rules of form unconscionably. A born showman who fairly quivers with excitement when Pirate fans affectionately shout, "*Arriba! Arriba!*" he stands off to the side of line drives and spears them with a whirling, one-handed motion more commonly seen in *jai alai frontóns*. When he runs the bases, his arms and legs flailing in every direction, he pays no more attention to Frank Oceak, Pittsburgh's third-base coach, than he would to a cigar-store Indian.

Occasionally Oceak has taken Clemente to task for ignoring his stop signs. "I sorry, Fronk," says Clemente in wide-eyed apology. "Next time I look." Next time he does not look, but somehow scores.

Captain Groat's forces range from Don (The Tiger) Hoak, a former middleweight boxer who stalks in livid rage to the mound and censures his own pitchers in language that would raise the hair on a seal, to left fielder Bob Skinner, a gangling, easygoing philosopher who is unruffled by the vocal *aficionados* who inhabit Forbes Field's one-dollar left-field bleachers. A pendulum-smooth batter but a slightly awkward fielder, Skinner was booed ferociously by the bleacherites one night for a bumbling performance. "Shucks," he said later, "if I had to sit up there and watch me, I'd boo me too."

With fitting incongruity, a third-string rookie catcher, Bob Oldis, has become one of the Pirates most in demand for radio and television interviews. "We don't expect no Cubs to knock off no Milwaukee or no L.A. for us," he piped recently in a scratchy voice. "We gotta knock off them Milwaukees and L.A.'s by ourselfs. We gotta shake some kinda' bush and get some kinda' hits—and, by golly, one o' these days we're gonna be some kinda' happy with 'at World Series money."

Compensating for their lack of power with savvy, the Pirates are always dangerous. Twenty-two of their first sixty victories this season were achieved by rallies that took place in the seventh inning or later. "We adjust to the opposition's pitcher," explains Don Hoak. "We study him, we pin down what he's throwing and by the seventh inning, we know him."

Frankie Gustine, a former Pirate infielder who owns a popular tavern a block from Forbes Field, complains, "The fans used to start coming into my place in the eighth inning. Now they wait till the last man is out."

From a broader standpoint, the patience of Pirate fans has been monumental. Pittsburgh has been waiting since 1927—longer than any other major-league city—for a pennant. The Pirates seemed to have it made in 1938, when they held a five-game lead on September eighth. Bill Benswanger, then the club's president, had workmen erect a $35,000 press box to accommodate newspaper reporters for the World Series. Series-ticket orders were accepted. But the Pirates' margin dwindled to a half game. On the afternoon of September twenty-ninth at Wrigley Field in Chicago, Gabby Hartnett drove a home run into the dusk to drop them irrevocably into second place.

Pittsburgh fans went on waiting. In recent years they had to endure tortures to which few baseball cities have been put. In 1951, for example, they winced at the Pirates' Singer Midget infield, a combination averaging just over five and a half feet in height, and in 1952 they writhed at the carryings-on of Branch Rickey's youth movement, the Rickeydinks.

In 1953 the Rickeydinks' catcher, Vic Janowicz, a former All-American halfback at Ohio State, missed three foul balls in one game. When he began circling under a fourth—which he eventually grabbed—a leather-lunged fan behind home plate cried, "Signal for a fair catch, you bum!"

In July, 1955, Fred Haney, then the Pirates' manager, wrote in *The Saturday Evening Post* [July 30, 1955] that "the Pirates haven't driven me nutty—yet!" He concluded, "I can detect progress. . . . The seven other teams are growing older. The Pirates are just growing up."

While they grew, Pittsburghers continued to support them with the racking devotion that junkies have for dope. In fact, since the day in 1946 when the Dreyfuss family sold the club into absentee ownership, Pirate attendance has surpassed the million mark seven times. Only twice—in 1954 and 1955—did the turnstile count, like the team itself, trail the league. In the latter year, it fell to 469,397, but the next season, when the Pirates escaped from eighth place to seventh, attendance soared to 949,878.

Now that the Pirates have matured, Forbes Field's one-season attendance record of 1,517,021, set in 1948, appears certain to be far outdistanced this season. Neither serious unemployment among Pittsburgh's steelworkers nor abominable parking facilities at the ball park have deterred the fans.

Forbes Field, a fifty-one-year-old double-decked structure, stands hemmed in between the University of Pittsburgh campus and a fraying residential district. Householders in the web of narrow streets behind the ball park rent parking space in their back yards and front lawns—and in some cases have torn out front porches to accommodate more cars. Parking rates sometimes go as high as five dollars per car. One operator places folding chairs along the curb of the street, preventing motorists from parking and thereby forcing them into his lot. Nevertheless, on come the crowds.

The upward curve of Pirate fortunes this season was matched by a similarly sharp increase in beer-guzzling in the stands. Pennsylvania law forbids the sale of beer in ball parks, but spectators have been free to bring their own, and Pirate fans came fortified as never before. In teams of two, three and four, they carried immense coolers, wash tubs and garbage cans stocked with beer. Rowdyism occurred nightly, almost inning by inning.

Finally, on the night of August ninth, prohibition came to Forbes Field. Waves of police were flung into every entrance to challenge fans down to their last six-packs. Louis Rosenberg, Pittsburgh's director of public safety, had hurled a Volstead curve "in the knowledge," as he put it, "that excitement will run high and restraint may be lacking" down the home stretch of the pennant race. With mercy toward none, Rosenberg even forbade sports writers to drink beer in the press box.

Beer aside, Forbes Field has been a contentious place this year. By the end of June more Pirates had been thrown out of games by umpires than were ejected all last season. Up in the stands Pirate broadcaster Bob Prince has had his own private war. Prince may on occasion be seen leaning out of his radio booth, which hangs from the second tier, and jawing cantankerously with a fan who, equipped with a transistor radio, sits above him and raucously second-guesses his broadcasts.

But much of the commotion at Forbes Field has, of course, been sheer exuberance, as exemplified by the man with a flowing beard who sometimes honks the Pirates to victory with a duck call. For a stretch of seven games, a six-piece band sponsored by a brewery blew up a happy storm behind home plate, its members decked out in white dinner jackets, scarlet trousers and straw skimmers with green bands. The Pirates lost five of the seven games, however, and players decided that the brewery combo was a jinx. At the team's request the music-making was discontinued.

Through the roaring madness that blankets Forbes Field there has run a theme of steady, methodical baseball. The 1960 Pirates have been men of purpose. On the night of July first, for instance, they were locked in a 3–3 tie with the Dodgers in the tenth inning. Roberto Clemente was on first base with two out. Dick Stuart, the batter, blooped a soft single to short right field.

Clemente set sail as though Stuart had driven the ball deep into the right-center pocket. Frank Howard, the Dodgers' clumsy right fielder, was so astonished to see Clemente digging for home that he threw wildly, and Roberto scored the winning run standing up.

In the clubhouse later, Clemente explained himself. "I have sore foot," he said. "I no want no play any more tonight, so I try to end game." THE END

Zoo Lion

By Edna O'Brien

The lion had a stony mouth,
Leastwise his teeth looked
hard and gray,
And one who fell upon those
teeth,
Would end up in a bitter
way.

The lion had a coat like
grass
Burnt dully yellow by the
sun,
And shaggy, as if curried by
wind,
Drawn over his long
skeleton.

The lion had two pools for
eyes,
Mud-colored, as if after
rain,
And here is where
confinement showed,
In little darting fish of pain.

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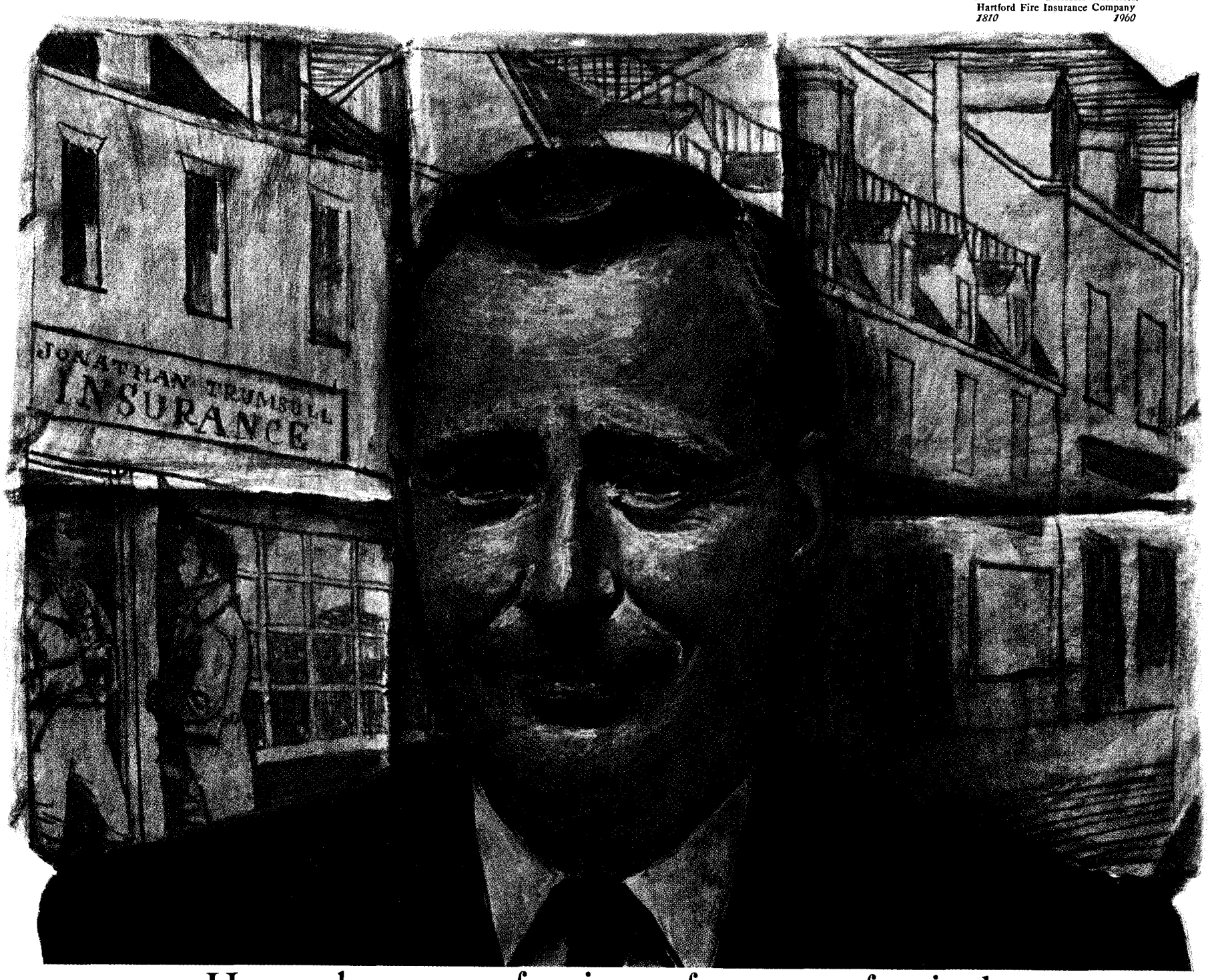

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Indians in the House (Continued from Page 43)

The program is now so well accepted by the Indians that last year more than 500 applications were received for the forty additional homes in which the children could be placed.

The three criteria for selection are: (1) that the children be members of the Mormon faith, (2) that they have a good scholastic record in reservation schools, and (3) that they possess an adequate understanding of English.

A basic church doctrine is that the Mormons and the Indians are a kindred people. As a result of this belief the Mormons have converted approximately 8000 Indians—mostly in Arizona and New Mexico. This makes it easier for Mormon Indian parents to give up their children.

In spite of tribal wealth—oil, uranium and timber lands—most Southwest Indian homes are isolated and primitive. Water is sometimes hauled for miles in wooden kegs, and food is cooked over open, juniper-wood fires in smoky hogans. At an early age boys herd sheep and round up stray horses; girls learn to weave rugs. The Bureau of Indian Affairs provides reservation schools, but English and the three R's grow rusty when there is little opportunity to use them at home.

Last spring I spent ten days in Utah, talked to Mormon Church officials and visited a score of families involved in the Indian Student Placement Program. Everywhere I went—in Salt Lake City and on remote farms, in well-to-do homes and modest, in large families and small—the same warm, human drama was unfolding.

In Springville I visited the new, modern home of Dr. and Mrs. Richard K. Miner. They have "adopted" Eva Moore, an eighteen-year-old Hopi girl with a dazzling smile.

"She's a real daughter to us," Mrs. Miner said. Doctor Miner, a dentist, has taught Eva to assist him at the chair. Last June she was graduated from Springville High School and in the fall will study sociology at Brigham Young University.

In Provo I talked to husky, seventeen-year-old Larry Dennison on a Saturday morning during his lunch hour. The Navajo lad was wearing a white apron and working as a "bag boy" in a supermarket. He has been in the Indian Student Placement Program for five years. It allowed him to attend Provo High School, where he played halfback on the football team and earned a B average.

"I hope to further my education at B.Y.U.—Brigham Young University," he said in flawless English. "I want to major in biology, then return to my people to serve as a hospital technician or as a public-health assistant."

Sometimes two or more children from an Indian family are placed in the same home. This is what happened after the Houses had come to know and love David. They learned of his younger sister, so last year they added her to their household.

Now David's sister Evelyn shares mother-and-daughter dresses with Phyllis. Phyllis has taught Evelyn how to operate all the modern appliances Milo brings home from the store. But not long ago the automatic dishwasher broke down and Evelyn discovered the fun of soaping, rinsing and drying dishes. She even bribed David and Ken with her allowance money to be permitted to do the dishes alone. They thought she was nuts.

During her first two weeks in school Evelyn couldn't read a word. Suspecting eye trouble, the Houses took her to an optometrist.

"This child has seen nothing but double and triple images all her life," he said. "Indian kids seem to have more eye trouble than Caucasians. A pair of glasses will fix her up fine."

The optometrist's bill of thirty-five dollars was paid by the Mormon Church. Today Evelyn gets A's in school and plays baseball with the neighborhood gang.

"Now I can *see* the ball," she says.

The seeds for the Indian Student Placement Program were sowed in the summer of 1948 when Indian migratory workers came to southern Utah to thin sugar beets, dig potatoes and pick fruit. It was apparent that Mormon children, in contrast to their own ragamuffin brood, were well-fed, well-clothed, well-educated.

A few of the Indian parents asked, "Would you let our child stay with you and attend school when we go back to the reservation?"

Several Mormon families took in children that first year. The kids thrived in their new environment. Word spread, and soon a number of Indian and Mormon families began to participate on an informal basis.

By 1954 the program had grown to such proportions that it needed expert guidance. It was placed under the personal supervision of two of the Mormon Church's ruling Twelve Apostles—Spencer W. Kimball, a former Arizona banker and an authority on Indians, and Mark E. Petersen, president of the *Deseret News*.

The first formal program got under way that winter when seventy-five Indian children were accepted by Mormon foster families. The program was made a part of

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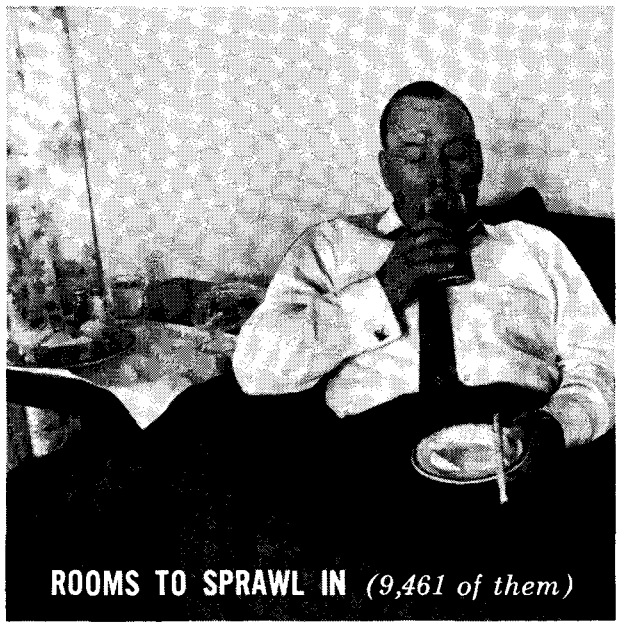
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the Social Service and Child Welfare Department of the Mormon Church's Relief Society. This is a women's organization and licensed by the State of Utah to assist with the placing of children. Here's how the program has expanded since then:

1955–56.....250 children
1956–57.....280 children
1957–58.....298 children
1958–59.....340 children
1959–60.....360 children
1960–61.....400 children

"We have grown slowly and deliberately," pointed out Mrs. Margaret Keller, who is in charge. She is a professional social worker with a master's degree from the University of Utah. "We wanted to make our mistakes while the organization was small."

Mrs. Keller is assisted by a staff of seven: balding Miles Jensen, a chemist who has worked with the Indian kids from the earliest days of the program; Tom Hadley, an ex-merchant seaman whose grin is pure Irish; Clare Bishop, a tall, soft-spoken young man completing his master's degree in education; Glen Van Waggonen, a photographer and former Mormon missionary to the Southwest Indians; Mel Farnsworth, another ex-Indian missionary; Rollin Davis, a one-time Air Force radio operator; Bob Gwilliam, a husky ex-Navy chaplain who counsels older Indian students at B.Y.U.

The last word in women's hats is "why?" HAROLD COFFIN

The scope of the Indian Student Placement Program has been limited by the availability of social workers who like and understand the Indians. Each social worker is responsible for about sixty youngsters. He visits them in their white foster homes once a month and sees their Indian parents twice annually—averaging 35,000 miles a year in his car.

Matching Indian child and white parents is the responsibility of Mrs. Keller's entire staff. If a child shows some musical ability, he is placed in a home that can afford music lessons. If he has a scientific bent, he is put with parents who can help him develop such talent. If he needs medical care, he is located near hospitals and research centers in Salt Lake City.

In the beginning there was some opposition to the Indian Student Placement Program—by representatives of other faiths and minor officials of the Bureau of Indian Affairs. It was rumored that the Indian children were being torn from their families, that they were treated as slaves, that the program was nothing but a Mormon scheme to gain new converts.

Church officials in Salt Lake City went to some length to make the truth known. The program, they pointed out, was entirely voluntary. The Indian kids were treated exactly like other youngsters in the family. Only children of Mormon Indian families were accepted for placement in white Mormon homes.

The Mormons have wisely encouraged their foster Indian children to retain a pride in native language and customs. When the first shyness wears off, the youngsters demonstrate tribal dances at Boy Scout meetings and in Sunday school, give talks about their customs.

During my stay in Utah I made a point of asking as many people as I could about possible discrimination in the classroom and on the playground. I found none. As a matter of fact, most Indian students are popular with their schoolmates. They become student-body presidents, football and basketball captains, editors of school newspapers.

I talked to Ramalda Williams, Navajo mother of Thornton Williams, a seventeen-year-old senior at Cache Valley High School. One of the most popular boys in that school, Thornton was recently elected president of the local Future Farmers of America chapter.

"It was hard letting my boy go," his mother said gravely. "But if it is the best thing for him, that is what I want."

The cultural span from an earth-covered hogan to an all-electric home in Salt Lake City is an enormous one. Many Indian children have to be shown how to switch on a light, flush a toilet, regulate a thermostat, open a refrigerator door or make a bed. White bread and fresh fruit are a novelty.

One big stumbling block is English. The Indian youngsters learn the rudiments in reservation schools, but may never hear it at home. About half the Indian children are in the same grades as white children their own age, but language difficulties retard the others by one, two or three years.

There are additional problems, as might be expected among several hundred lively, growing youngsters. Some remain so homesick that they do not respond at all. These few are sent back to the reservations.

One sixteen-year-old boy was placed in three Utah homes before he found himself. Up to that time he was sullen and unco-operative. But a wise foster father gave him a lamb and fifty chickens of his own. He began to talk about his pets, and by the end of the year he had banked fifty dollars from the sale of eggs.

Susie Neversleeps, who spent last year in the home of Rouel and Florence Child in North Ogden, was also a problem. When she arrived last fall, she took perverse delight in embarrassing her foster Mormon mother by demanding cigarettes and whisky at the local grocery store.

Her deportment has improved some since then. But when I visited the Child home with Tom Hadley last April, he asked how she liked living in Utah.

"I hate it!" she said with a defiant glint in her eye. "I'm not coming back next year!"—proving to me that Indian kids can be as bratty as white children.

Hadley had the look of a man who had just been tomahawked, but recovered by saying, "That's what she said last year—she'll be back."

Serious ailments and physical defects of the Indian kids are treated at Salt Lake City's Primary Children's Hospital—an institution partially supported by pennies of Mormon children all over the world. Nona Kent came to Utah with a crooked arm as the result of a fall; doctors reset the bone and now she is able to play the piano. Stanford Littleman was growing deaf at the age of twelve until an operation arrested the trouble; today he wears a hearing aid and his schoolwork has improved. George Lee, whose chest had been badly burned, was able to stand upright for the first time in two years when a surgeon removed the scar tissue.

"We can now call the Indian Student Placement Program a success," said Margaret Keller. "It is successful because it is largely voluntary. The Indian parents volunteer their children. The doctors, nurses and Relief Society helpers at the Provo reception center donate their time. And the white Mormon parents give freely of their love and care. The average family spends from $300 to $400 a year to feed, clothe and educate an Indian child—and the cost is not even allowed as an income-tax deduction."

"Every cat we've owned has thrived on Puss 'n Boots... and we feed it to them every single day."

"All my cats have been brought up on Puss 'n Boots," writes Mrs. A. M., of Stonington, Conn., "and they've been wonderful examples of good health and sunny dispositions."

Literally thousands of cat owners have discovered that Puss 'n Boots, fed daily, supplies every nutrient a cat is known to need: whole fish with its proteins, vitamins and minerals...selected whole-grain cereals, with nutritional benefits similar to leafy vegetables in human food...and bonus offerings of Vitamins B_1 and E.

And the proven result, in every case, is a cat as healthy and happy as she looks—with bright eyes and abundant vigor and a playful disposition. Start your regular feeding of Puss 'n Boots today!

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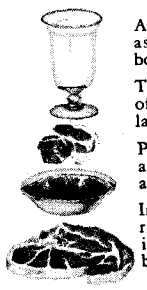

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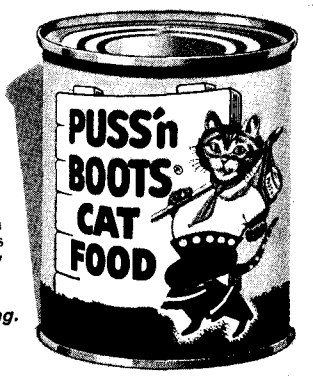

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Given a good start by the placement program, some of the teen-agers continue on to college. Their goal, in most instances, is to train for professional careers which offer ready employment. These are to be found in such fields as nursing, teaching, sociology, social welfare, agriculture and engineering. But there are exceptions. One student is studying for a career as a professional violinist, another as a radio and TV announcer.

"Most Indian college students want to return to the reservation, and this is a real advance over previous Indian educational programs," Mrs. Keller explained.

Alfred Nabahe, a tall, thin nineteen-year-old who lived with Mr. and Mrs. Roy Olpin of Fillmore, is studying engineering at the University of Utah. "The Navajos need engineers," he told me seriously, "to build roads and bridges, to improve housing, to develop natural resources. I hope to be able to help."

Rose Marie Dixon, a beautiful Hopi-Navajo girl who lived with Mr. and Mrs. Melbourne P. Douglas in North Ogden, is a sophomore at Brigham Young University. She is majoring in education so that she may become a teacher in the reservation schools.

Bahe Billie, a twenty-two-year-old Navajo, was graduated from Utah State University last June, where he had been studying under a $1200 Navajo Tribal Council scholarship. He will continue to study for his Ph.D. in agriculture so that he may improve desert-farming practices.

The largest concentration of university-level Indian students in the United States is at Brigham Young University, where approximately forty are enrolled. They are banded together as the Tribe of Many Feathers—a social group which issues a monthly news letter and raises money for scholarships.

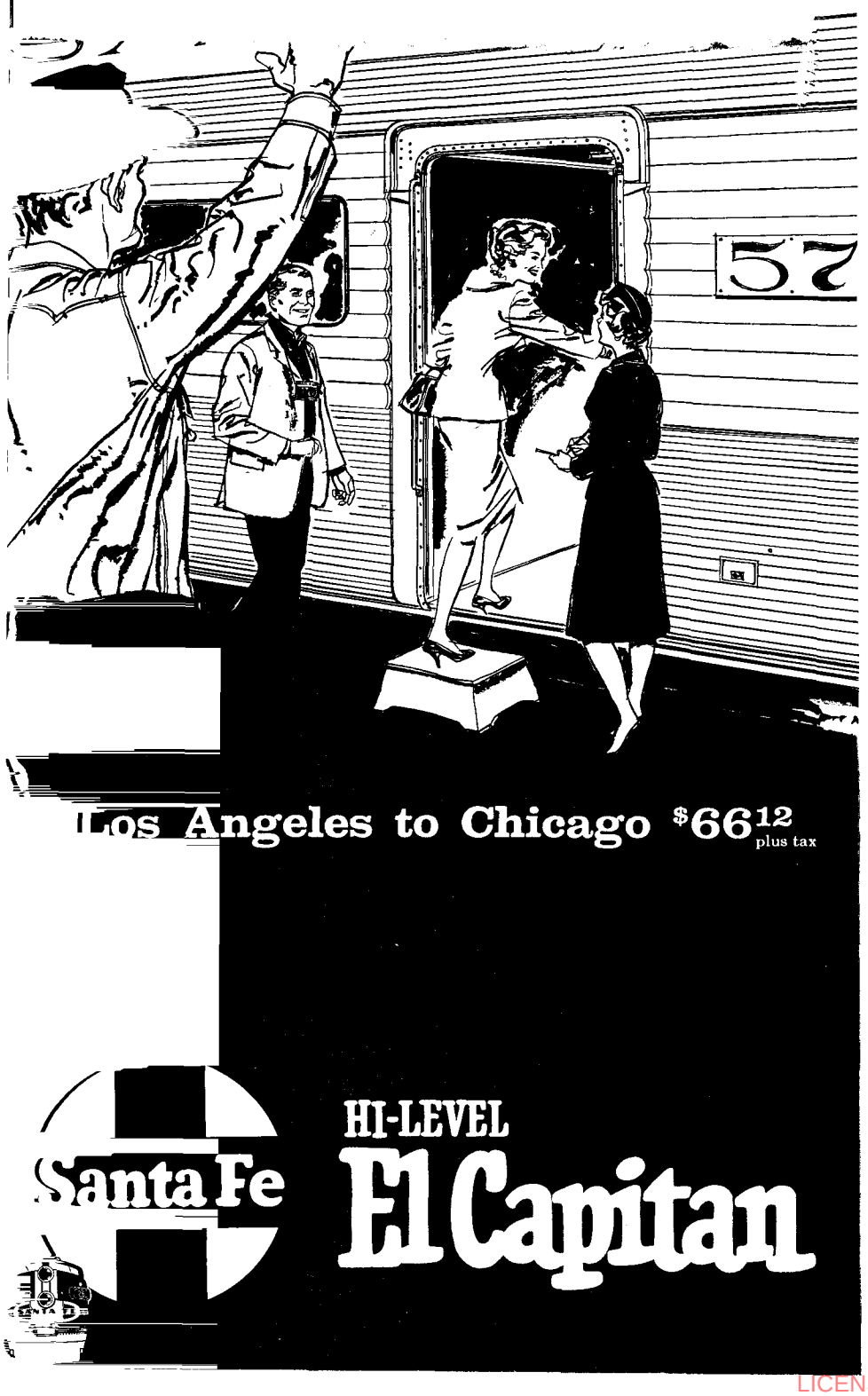
Nine months pass quickly for most Indian students and their foster parents. When June comes, the families gather at the Provo reception center again. There are a few more furtive tears—but not of fright or loneliness. The return to Arizona and New Mexico is something of a triumph for the kids. They proudly demonstrate their improved ability to read, write and solve mathematical problems. They amaze younger brothers and sisters with tales about the white man's world.

They are also responsible for many improvements that quietly begin to take place around the hogan or pueblo. The family no longer eats off the floor, but from a low table. Each member of the family now has his own towel. Some students take air mattresses home with them to put under their sheepskin beds.

If the Indian children take something away from their nine months' experience in a white family, they also leave something of value.

"We had nine-year-old Reginia Martin with us this last year," said Phil Jenson, an insurance broker in American Fork. "From her our own children learned the lessons of quietness, dignity and politeness. Those are qualities that are impossible to measure in any tangible way."

The Mormon Church's unique educational and sociological experiment has demonstrated again—if proof is needed—that peoples of different racial and cultural backgrounds can live together harmoniously. Now that the program has proved successful in Utah, plans are under way to extend it to other Western states. "Brigham Young gave us the key more than a century ago," pointed out David O. McKay, snowy-haired president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. "He said, 'It is better to feed the Indians than fight them.'" THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Please, Cornelia, just the gossip. I'll analyze it myself."

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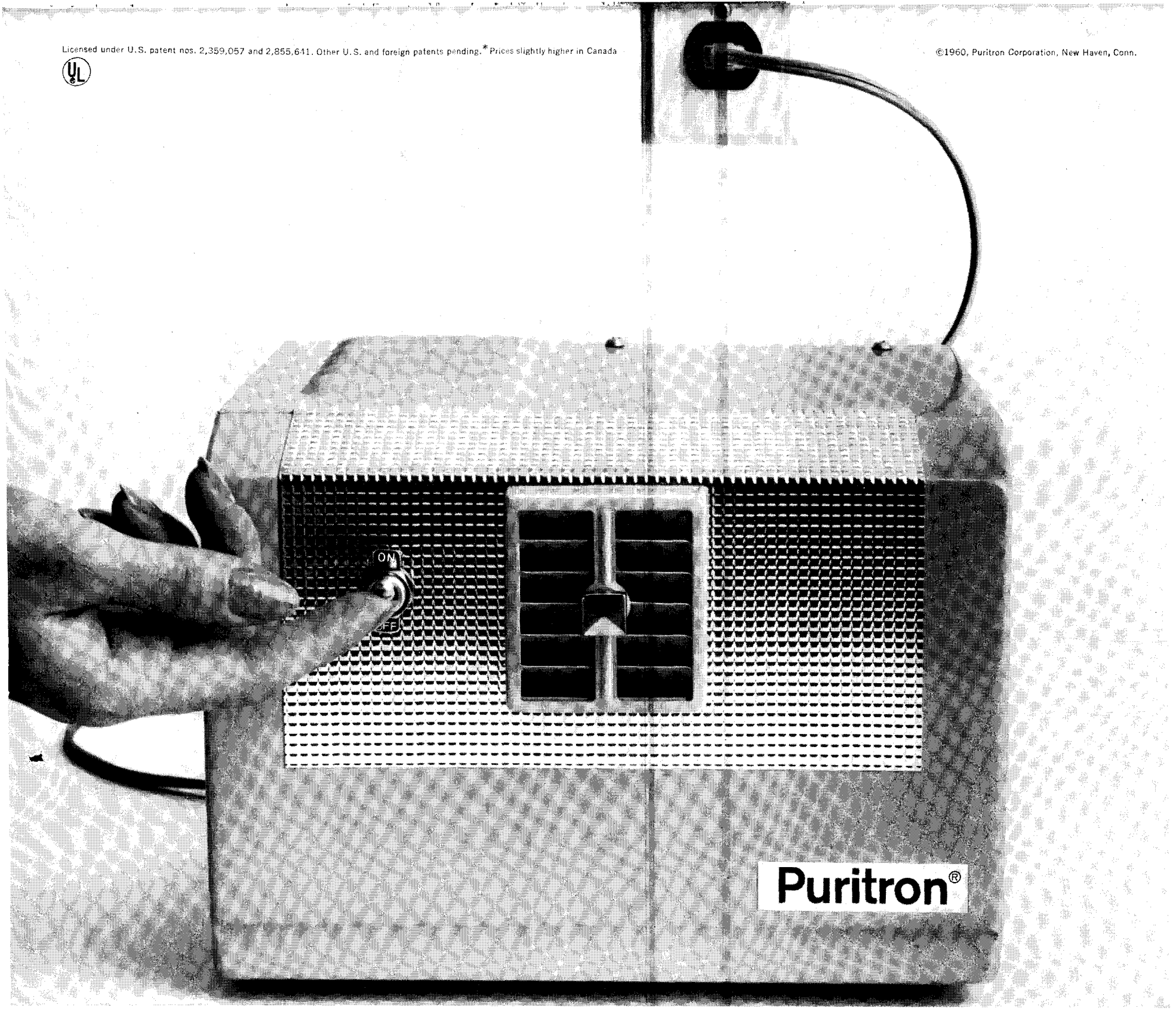

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Just switch on the Puritron and feel fresher, work better, sleep in cleaner, purer air!

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You can't blame them. It does seem incredible that a machine no bigger than a table radio can purify the air in a big 15 by 15 foot room.

But if you could only read the letters we get up here in New Haven, it would convince you better than all our words.

For instance, a man in New Jersey writes that he found air filled with dust-pollen so annoying, especially at night, that he was almost ready to pack up and leave the city.

Then one day on his car radio, he heard Arthur Godfrey talking about how the Puritron clears polluted air, how it sweeps it clean of the stuffiness that is annoying to so many people.

Well, he thought, it was certainly worth trying to find an answer.

At a neighborhood appliance store, he bought a Puritron. That night, he put it next to his bed, facing him, just as the directions said. And before he knew it, he fell sound asleep.

He's been sleeping with the Puritron turned on ever since. "I can only say," he writes, "that the air in the bedroom seems as fresh as the mountains. I wake up feeling I could lick the world."

"My husband used to be so restless at night," writes a woman from right here in New Haven, "until he started using the Puritron."

Older people who find polluted air annoying often write us, too.

"Wouldn't be without it," writes a grandfather who signs himself "Eternally Grateful." "Even when my wife and I go on trips, we take it along." (The Puritron is completely portable. You can plug it in any room.)

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it gets lots of mail, too. People can't get over what it does for cooking smoke and odors. "We have a tiny inside kitchen, and there isn't any smoke or smell, not even when I fry bacon!" says one postcard. Or another: "Haven't had to repaint the kitchen since we got it." (The Puritron Range Hood actually inhales grease particles before they can stain walls.)

Most people are surprised the range hood needs no vents. Three tiny screw holes, and then it just plugs in.

"We're so grateful we didn't have to break through our walls for vents," says a card we got today. "We didn't believe it could work with the windows shut. But it does!" says another.

And so the letters go. Maybe you'll write us some day about what the Puritron does for you. We hope so. You'll find the portable model from $39.95* and range hood from $79.95* in department, appliance, hardware, and drug stores.

Alibi for Murder (Continued from Page 39)

Pangulch. Some of them remembered talking to him. He came home most of the way with a police escort. But there was one other tourist report I didn't check because I didn't connect it with Bartholomew at all. Some tourist who was fishing alone in the woods along the lake reported that yesterday around one o'clock a man stopped his car just past Long's Knoll. He looked around to be sure he was alone and then threw something heavy out into the lake. And then the man washed and washed his face and hands."

"You think Bartholomew threw away his briefcase? Why? And why should he wash his face and hands?"

"It would be a bit peculiar for a grieving son on the way to his father's deathbed. If it was Bartholomew, of course. Maybe no connection. Maybe I can trace the tourist, maybe not. He could be as far as Yosemite by now."

Heather said impulsively, "Lieutenant Milstein, I think it's wonderful of you to do this. I mean, to give Rick every chance."

Saul scowled ferociously. "Rick has nothing to do with it. Worthless fresh kid. Never could stand fresh kids."

Heather stood on tiptoe to plant a kiss on his stubbly cheek. "You aren't half so tough as you sound!"

"After that," said Saul sourly, heading for the door, "even I won't believe your testimony isn't prejudiced in favor of Rick!"

Heather leaned against the door after he closed it. Rick Donelli came out from behind the velvet curtain.

"Why didn't you tell him I was here?"

Heather said primly, "He didn't ask me."

Rick whooped with laughter. Then he sobered instantly. "Do you really think he believes I didn't do it?"

"I think he's trying to. But ——"

"But," Rick was grim, "like he says, no jury would believe me. Or you either. I haven't 'got a Chinaman's chance,' he said. How about this Bartholomew? Do you think he might have done it?"

"I can't see Bartholomew hurting a fly."

"Too bad. He sure has the best motive. Thanks, Heather. Thanks for everything."

"Where will you go? What will you do? Don't you want something to eat?"

"No, thanks." Rick held her young shoulders for an instant. Then he kissed her forehead very gently and was gone.

Antek smiled his gentle smile. "Saul! Come in."

Saul Milstein came into Antek's small cottage. He looked embarrassed. He said, "The chief has a fool idea from somewhere that Rick is here. Wants me to use this search warrant. Or shall we forget to be legal and keep it friendly?"

Antek gestured with his broken hands. "With you and me it could never be anything but friendly. My home is yours."

Saul muttered, "It's my job, but sometimes ——"

Small, frail Antek touched the big man's arm. "It is your job and you are good at it and proud of being good at it. Go ahead and search, Saul. Rick is not here."

Saul made a rapid search of the two small bedrooms and the kitchen. He came back into the living room. "Whose violin is this?"

"Not Rick's."

"We have his at headquarters. Sorry, Antek. For the record, I don't suppose you would care to give me your word Rick hasn't been here?"

"I told you I would not help you, Saul. You are my friend, my great and good friend. For you I would do anything I could. You could have my worthless life anytime. But Rick is also my friend, and I have also a responsibility to that friendship. And to my conscience. If I told you Rick had not been here, it would perhaps narrow your search to the mountains alone. I cannot help you."

"The chief may order your house watched," Saul warned.

"I think if Rick were coming here, he would know if the house was watched. Rick is not entirely without experience in the ways of the police. And in the Army he was something that involved quite violent training in all means of survival—at Fort Benning. He was called a Ranger."

"I suppose I might as well go home."

"No chess tonight?"

"No chess." Saul hesitated, then put his big hand on Antek's frail shoulder awkwardly. "I'm sorry about this, Antek. If I were in your place, I probably would be doing exactly what you are."

"And if I were in yours, Saul, I should certainly be doing exactly what you are."

"No hard feelings?"

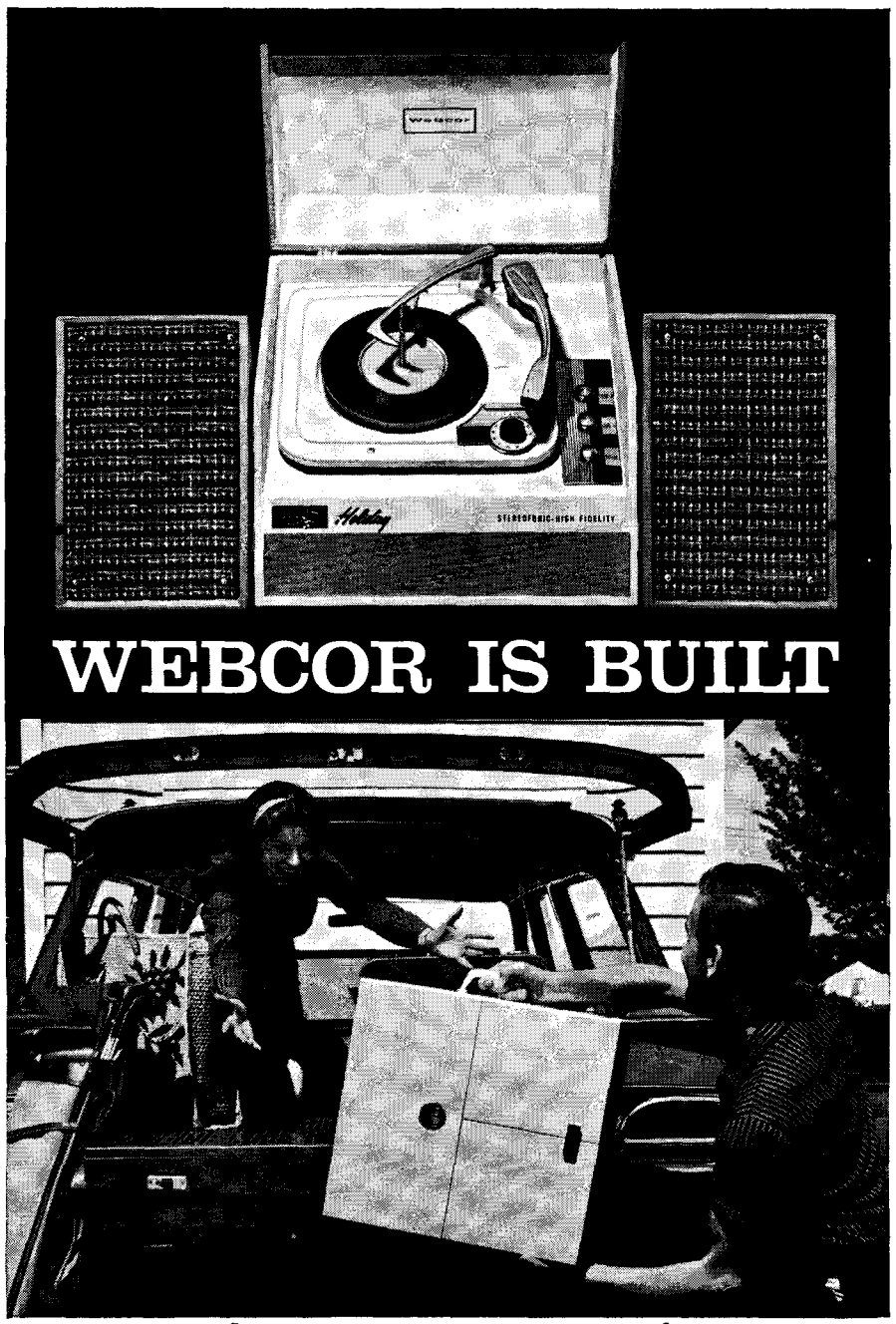
"Of course not. And with you?"

Saul shook his head. He hesitated, not knowing why. "There's something," he said. "I don't know—Jemima would call it intuition, I guess. You're sure you know what you're doing, Antek? Sure you're not putting yourself in danger?"

"I'm sure."

As Saul went out he heard Antek whistling gently to his canary.

Bartholomew looked around Felice's apartment with satisfaction. Time had not dulled his appreciation for the beautiful, he thought. Time and Old Garth's penny-pinching and living in threadbare surroundings. Bartholomew had not lost the finer tastes he had acquired in New York. There he had haunted the art museums, the showings, to acquire a working knowledge of art, which he had at one time put to practical use in selling some copied paintings. He had also gone to the theater whenever he could get passes from any of the actors he knew while living in a cold-water walk-up in Greenwich Village. And all his life he had read books whenever he could snatch any free time. Books had been his escape from the drab realities of cheap military schools and, since his return to Gadsden, his escape from (*Continued on Page 90*)



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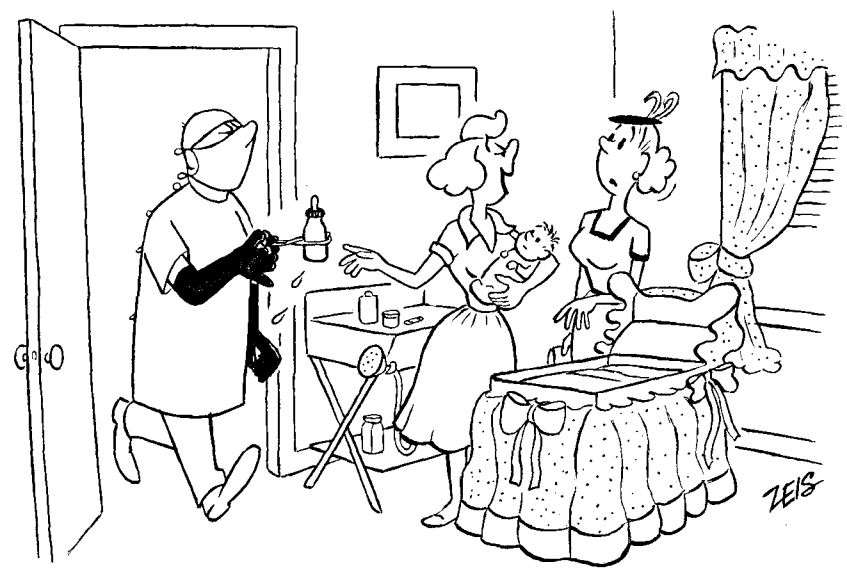

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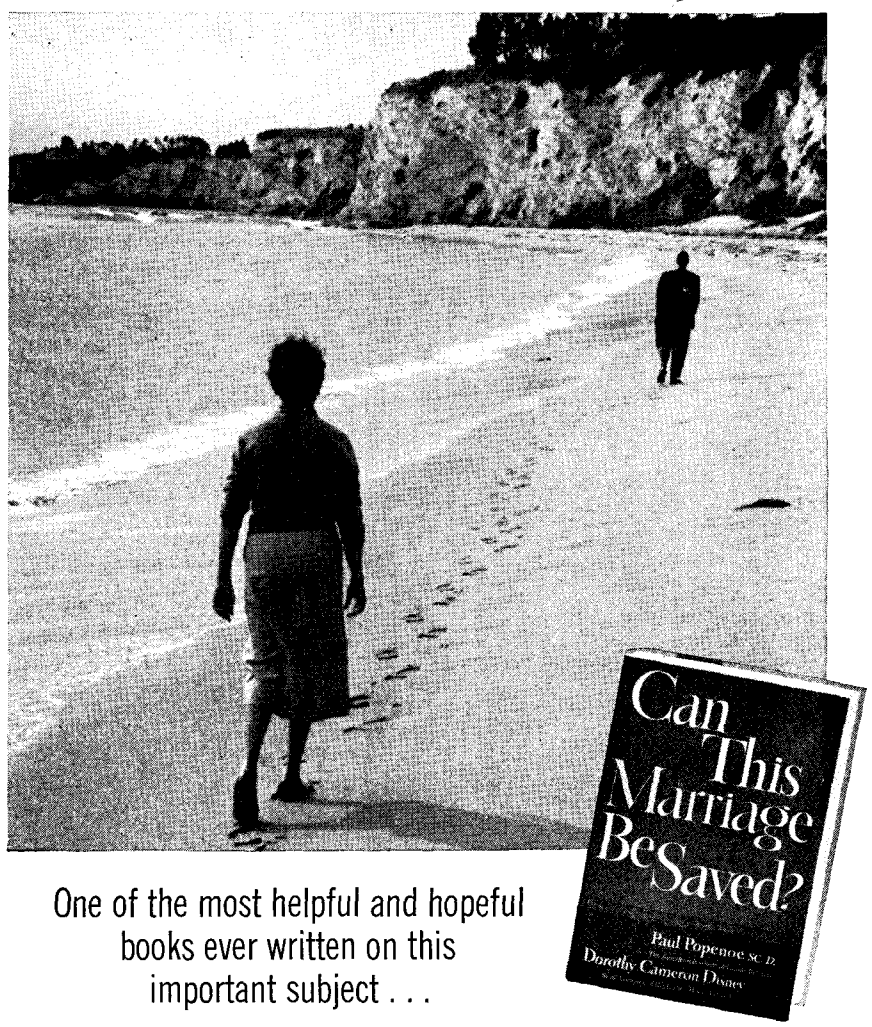

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(*Continued from Page 88*) living with Old Garth, leaping to answer his roars.

Bartholomew thought Felice's choice of apartment had been good in the first place. It was over the garage of a private home, far at the back of the lot, with its own entrance on the side street. He was sure no one had seen him come in. Not that it mattered particularly. He was in no danger; had been in none since Rick had been conveniently caught in the police net. It was almost disappointing, in a way. It had been so easy. Not even to be suspected! He had enjoyed the momentary excitement.

Felice's clinging green chiffon did a good deal for her, and she did a good deal for it. She came forward and gave him her hand charmingly, with a gesture that was a promise of more.

"I'm so glad you could come." Her whispered tone was very low.

"A pretty little place you have here."

Felice smiled, showing her perfect teeth. She touched her newly set red hair. "I'm so glad you like it. I had a decorator do it. I do think it pays to do things right, don't you?"

"Oh, yes. Definitely." Bartholomew had read about decorators, but he had certainly never had any experience with any. He said casually, "You might give me his name. I'm thinking of having my old place done too."

Felice brought him a perfectly mixed Martini and a plate of hot hors d'oeuvres. She sat opposite him, crossing her very good knees conspicuously.

"Oh? You're planning to stay here in Gadsden then?"

Bartholomew looked startled. "Did you think I wouldn't?"

"I thought perhaps you might be planning to travel."

Bartholomew was not entirely sure he liked the way this conversation was going. He said coolly, "After all, my father only died yesterday. I haven't had the time to plan anything."

Felice lowered her eyelids. "No. Of course not. Except the decorating."

Bartholomew said, "That was just a thought that came to me, when I saw your place."

"Oh." Felice smiled at him again and sipped her drink. "I heard today that you didn't sign the papers to sell the bank, as Old Garth was going to."

"Who told you that? No one was supposed to know!"

"I wrote his letters. Yesterday morning. Remember?"

"Oh. Yes."

"And on the strength of that," said Felice, "I went out and sold a good deal of the bank stock short, knowing, of course, that it would go down when the sale was announced."

Bartholomew took an hors d'oeuvre. "That was hardly ethical, was it?"

Felice said, "Who's ethical?"

Bartholomew nearly dropped the piece of toast. "Hot," he murmured. "And very good. What did you say?"

"I said, who's ethical?"

He heard the same words again, but they made little sense. He began to wish he had not come tonight. He had expected this to be a relaxing interlude, a pleasant time with a gay and charming young woman. Instead he was uneasy.

He said, "Of course, my father didn't pay you enough for doing his letters to pay for an apartment like this."

Felice smiled. "I have friends."

"So you can hardly be blamed for taking advantage of any little titbits of information you happened to pick up from his letters."

Felice put her glass on the cocktail table. She said clearly, "I lost twenty-five thousand dollars. It will be at least that when I cover that short sale."

Bartholomew frowned. "That much? Your credit must be very good indeed."

"It was," said Felice.

"I wouldn't want you to lose because of my father's untimely death, Felice. Let it ride, pay the interest on the loan. When the estate is settled, I could lend you some of my bank stock to cover the short sale."

Felice leaned back. She sighed. "You're very sweet. Are you ready for your steak now? I can put them on while we start our salads."

Bartholomew almost licked his lips. He wondered if he had not really come more to eat the steak than to see Felice.

He said, "Can't I help you?" and followed Felice into the small kitchen. He watched her move about it with admiration for her model's grace of line and movement, and for her womanly efficiency.

"How well you do it!" he said.

"You learn fast when you're brought up on the other side of the tracks, like I was," said Felice. "I married a railroad laborer at fifteen because I thought it would be luxury to have a rented room all our own and running water down the hall."

"You have a little girl, don't you?"

"She's not so little now," said Felice. "She's over ten. She needs a real home, advantages like other kids. Things I never had. Piano lessons, dancing lessons, maybe even college."

He was not interested in Felice's daughter. His eyes were on the steak, the thick lovely steak she was putting in the broiler. He ran his tongue over his lips. He said, "M'm-m!"

"That's Peggy over there."

"Peggy?"

"My kid!"

Bartholomew glanced at the small bespectacled blond girl in the picture. He was reminded unaccountably of the red-haired boy with glasses on the excursion boat. He shuddered. "Ten isn't their most attractive age, is it?"

Felice said, "Peggy should have contact lenses—and braces on her teeth."

He was tired of what Peggy should have. He was tired of Peggy. He put his hand on Felice's shoulder. "We've waited a long time to have dinner together, haven't we? Too long."

Felice said quite clearly, "Only until Old Garth was dead."

He was uneasy again, even a little shocked. Naturally Felice, knowing Old Garth, could hardly regard Bartholomew or anyone else as grief-stricken over his loss, but still there were the formalities.

He murmured, "Poor old man."

Felice snorted openly.

Bartholomew said, "Saul Milstein was here to see you today?"

Felice glanced over her shoulder at him. She opened her mouth, closed it again and began to toss the salad with what seemed to him rather unnecessary vigor. She put two helpings on the table, glanced at the broiler and said, "Let's eat." She attacked her salad as if she had not eaten all week.

Bartholomew toyed with his. Salads were something Old Garth had always ordered a lot of; lettuce was cheap and filling. He said, "What did Saul Milstein want to know about me?"

Felice went on eating. "Everything."

"I don't mind his asking questions. I have nothing to hide. But what on earth did he ask?"

"About your phone call."

Bartholomew's pulse pounded. "What phone call?"

Felice smiled unexpectedly in the middle of a mouthful of salad. "The one you made to your father. Did you think I meant some other phone call?"

He said smoothly, "I didn't know what you meant. I suppose Saul asked about

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my general character too—how I got along with Old Garth?"

Felice got up and took the salad plates. "You through with yours?" She departed kitchenward with little ceremony. Bartholomew looked after her in bewilderment. Felice knew how to set a table graciously, and plan and cook a good dinner, but she certainly wasted no time on the other amenities of gracious living.

She brought in the steaks. "Saul seemed to be mainly checking your alibi."

"My alibi?" Bartholomew looked at the steak, but did not cut it. "I thought 'alibi' was only a word used when one was under suspicion. I was in Pangulch when my father was killed. Seventy-five miles away!"

Felice attacked her steak with the same vigor she had her salad. "That was what Saul was checking."

Bartholomew said with dignity, "It wouldn't be hard to check. My car was in the garage. I never left the hotel."

Felice looked up. Her gray eyes met his. Her laughter was high and gay as always. She said clearly, "Didn't you?"

He wet his lips. He smelled the steak's aroma, but he still did not touch the meat. He challenged her directly, "Did Saul claim anyone saw me leave it?"

Felice smiled. She shook her head. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Someone would have seen me if I had left. I would have had to go through the lobby and down the street. I'm well known in Pangulch." Bartholomew took up his knife and cut a piece of steak.

Felice's husky voice was very distinct. "If you never left your hotel room, where were you at eleven-twenty, when I called you there? No one answered."

Bartholomew heard again the ringing on the tape. *Eleven-twenty.* "The phone did ring once when I was in the bathroom. I thought it had to be a wrong number because no one knew where I was. How did you know?"

"It was very simple," said Felice. "I picked up Old Garth's phone when it rang. I heard the Mountain House operator ask Heather if it was the number and say the hotel was calling."

He smiled at her with all his charm. "If I had known it was you! You can understand. I thought it was my father."

"I rang," said Felice, "for a full five minutes. And that is the strangest part. You had every reason to think it was Old Garth. And in all the time I've known you, I've never known you to dare not to jump when Old Garth said jump. You never dared not answer a call of Old Garth's. What made you suddenly so brave?"

"I was working."

Felice said coolly, "You were faking some figures for Johnny Farrer. Maybe Saul Milstein will believe your story, of course ——"

"Did you tell him about your calling?"

"Not yet."

The words hung between them, and the unspoken ones they carried with them. *I won't tell him—for a price.*

Bartholomew still looked at the steak, but with no thought of eating it. He looked at Felice, eating like a stevedore, and wondered how he could ever have considered her glamorous or desirable.

Felice said, "I've always thought that you would be quite a catch if Old Garth were gone. Only I never expected him to die, somehow. Certainly not so conveniently and so soon. Wasn't it nice for you that it was just the day before the papers would have been signed for the sale of the bank, so that you were able to stop the deal you didn't want made?"

Bartholomew thought, *She doesn't know anything, not really. It would be her word against mine about the telephone call.*

Felice looked up, "There would be a record of my call from your house to the hotel, of course. If Saul Milstein thinks to check Old Garth's outgoing calls."

If I think to tell him, was what she was saying.

Bartholomew held the edge of the table very tightly. He felt ill, frightened. He thought in desperation, *Let her tell Saul about the call. It doesn't prove anything.*

Not in itself, no. But it would be a big hole in his alibi. And one hole would be all Saul Milstein would need. Bartholomew had the motive certainly. Once Saul

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could prove he was out of his room, sooner or later he would be bound to think of the excursion boat. The only reason he hadn't thought of it so far was that he couldn't find any proof at all that Bartholomew had left his room, and there was too much evidence against Rick Donelli for Saul to go too far with Bartholomew. But once he could prove Bartholomew's absence at the time Old Garth was killed ——

Felice sounded deceptively kind. "Eat your steak."

"Look, Felice, you can't think that I—my own father ——"

She said in her husky voice, "I don't think, Bartholomew."

No, he thought furiously. *You just insinuate. Your daughter needs such and such. You lost twenty-five thousand dollars selling the bank stock short. You always did think I would make quite a catch, once Old Garth was dead.*

He stared at Felice, horrified. She was watching him closely, and he was pleased that there was fear in her eyes. After all, he had killed a man and she knew it. But she smiled nonetheless, taking the risk, with the length of the table between them.

There would be no end to this, he thought, never. Whatever she got, she would always want more. Not just the money, but position and name. She would want Bartholomew too. She would own him as completely as Old Garth ever had. More completely, because there was no statute of limitations on murder. After all this planning, going through the murder, everything, Bartholomew was no better off than he had been. He had just changed masters, that was all. And this one was younger and more predatory.

He pushed himself away from the table. He went to walk up and down the living room. Felice watched him closely, uneasily. But she said brazenly, "If you aren't going to eat your steak, there's no point in wasting good meat."

He saw her start on his steak. She seemed completely absorbed in the joy of eating, but he knew she was following his every movement.

He said, "This is blackmail, you know. People can go to jail for this."

She laughed confidently and said, "And for murder?"

"If you think that I —— It's preposterous, but if you *do* think I'm a murderer—we're alone. Nobody knows I'm here."

Felice looked toward the back door, as if to make clear she could run out before Bartholomew could reach her. "I know you're here. You can't be sure no one else does. Someone will know if anything should happen to me. But nothing will happen to me. I don't intend to let it. Don't make the mistake of thinking I'm a fool, Bartholomew. I took precautions. Anyhow, Old Garth was right. You haven't got the guts. It took years and the sale of the bank and a beautifully safe alibi for you to work up to murder once. You just aren't up to it twice in two days. And this time you have no alibi. You can't count on a Rick Donelli to be blamed."

She looked a bit startled for a moment. He wondered why. *It was true*, he thought glumly. *Not twice in two days.*

Afterward he thought that it was probably the steak that gave him the courage, the resolution. Not the blackmail, not even Felice herself. The steak. His steak. It symbolized all the things he had wanted for so long and was about to get. Freedom to do what he liked, eat what he liked. The sight of her sitting there, calmly eating his steak, did what her insults, his fright, nothing else had been able to do. It gave him the bravery for murder the second time.

He shrugged and smiled and came back to his chair at the table. He sat down. He leaned forward, smiling. He said, "You win, Felice. And you know, I can't help admiring you for it. I like a girl who knows what she wants and goes directly after it. We should be very happy together. With my money and your brains and nerve ——"

Felice looked triumphant and relieved, but she still watched him warily as he talked on, about what they could do for her daughter, how they could travel.

She said a little breathlessly, "Everything I ever wanted. Everything!" Her eyes shone with greediness. But she still watched him.

He leaned back casually. "You know, all this exciting talk has made me hungry at that. I wonder if I could have some more of that wonderful salad?" And before she could answer, he was on his feet. "Don't bother. I'll get it."

He went past her without a glance, though he could feel her tenseness, her readiness to scream or run if he came close. He made a great deal of clatter in the kitchen. He waited until Felice glanced down at her plate for a second. He took three quick silent steps from the kitchen to behind Felice's chair ——

It was not hard, really. It was remarkably easy. No blood, no outcry. He knotted the chiffon stole of her dress tightly in his fingers and pulled with all his

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strength. She made no sound, had no chance to struggle.

After he was sure there was no pulse, Bartholomew did not look at her again. He was careful not to. He took a dish towel and carefully wiped anything in the apartment he might have touched. Glasses, dishes, table, chairs. He stood quite coolly and reconstructed his movements. He had touched the doorknob when he came in. He had walked over and sat down in this chair. The silver on the dinner table, the kitchen door. He went over it all twice, wiping away any possible fingerprints. He found a pair of rubber working gloves and put them on to search the apartment carefully for any record Felice might have left. It took him quite a while, but eventually he found it: concealed childishly in the secretary, in a secret compartment that a child could have found.

My dear Daughter, if anything should happen to me, I know that you will look here in our own hiding place. This letter will provide you with a future rich beyond our wildest hopes. But you must be very careful. Bartholomew Garth. . . .

A lesson in blackmail, he thought as he burned the letter.

He let himself out the back door, found his way down the discreetly dark entrance walk. He looked up and down the street. He was sure no one saw him. He let himself into his own house with his key. He set the hall clock back half an hour. He went very quietly up the stairs to Old Garth's room. He rumpled his hair and shirt collar; he mussed the pillows on the worn chaise longue. He came out in the hall and called Heather, trying to sound sleepy.

Heather came out of the library with one of her inevitable textbooks in her hand. "Bartholomew? I didn't hear you come in."

"I never went out. I—thought I would sit in Old Garth's room awhile and I must have fallen asleep. What time is it?"

Heather looked at the clock. "Ten-thirty. I thought it was later than that. Saul Milstein was here looking for you and I told him you had gone out. I'm sorry. I never thought of looking in Old Garth's dark room for you."

"It was stupid of me to fall asleep. I wonder—I haven't had any dinner. Could you fix me a little something?"

For one uneasy instant he thought that Heather was looking at him oddly. But then he knew this was just imagination. Heather was a nice girl, certainly an unsuspecting one. With a girl like her, perhaps, a man could be happy, comfortable, left alone. He wondered why he had never noticed the girl before; she was quite pretty. A little too intelligent, perhaps; too educated, but she knew how to make a man comfortable—not to chatter at him. Life with a girl like her would be something quite different from life with Felice. He shuddered at the narrowness of his escape.

Heather said, "You aren't getting a chill?"

Heather was too observant for a man in Bartholomew's peculiar position. Bartholomew sighed. "Stupid of me, falling asleep in there all evening," he said. "No wonder you couldn't find me."

Later that night he set the clock ahead again. *Not much of an alibi, but it's the best I can do. My alibi held for Old Garth's murder. It should hold for this. Heather will swear I was with her when Felice died. No one saw me go in or out. There's no reason for anyone to connect me with Felice. Certainly no reason to think I would murder her.*

Chief Ahern of the Gadsden police department was short and stocky, in his late forties, and tough. His tone left no doubt of that as he snapped, "Well?"

Saul Milstein stood in front of his desk. He shook his big head. "It makes no sense at all. Felice Harris wasn't the kind of a girl to waste her time on a penniless kid like Rick. He's nearly eight years younger than she was."

"From what I've heard of Felice," said Chief Ahern dryly, "she preferred more—experienced men."

Saul nodded. "And better heeled. Felice Harris never looked at a poor guy. She preferred other women's husbands. Or at least someone she could get something on. Not the kind of blackmail we ever got complaints on, naturally."

"She might have had something on Rick. So far as we know, she was the last person to see Old Garth alive, before Rick. Old Garth might have told her something."

Saul said quietly, "Felice left before Old Garth ever met Rick. What could she possibly have on Rick that the police do not already have? What could she hope to get from him, if she did have something?"

"It's your case," growled the chief. "Felice might have known something that would have cleared Rick, and he might have killed her trying to make her tell it."

"But that wouldn't account for her being dressed up, getting a steak dinner, candles on the table. Somebody else had to be there."

"If there was, it's your job to find him. Just try to use a little discretion on how you do it. At least don't hit the mayor's kid, like you did in the juvenile bureau."

"He needed hitting. I'm afraid discretion isn't my long point."

"If it was, you'd have had my job years ago."

They grinned at each other companionably. Saul said, "Jemima has my patrolman's uniform already out and pressed. I'll have to take off ten pounds to get into it, though. Maybe I'd better go into training."

Chief Ahern laughed. "The only fingerprints found at Felice's were Rick Donelli's?"

"Yes. But a lot of the apartment had been wiped clean of fingerprints. Rick didn't wipe his away because he had nothing to hide. Someone else did—someone who had to keep his identity secret."

"And when we get Rick Donelli and he gets up and says he just happened to be the last one to see Old Garth and that he just happened to threaten him, and we say only his fingerprints were found at Felice's, do you think any jury will believe that he's not guilty?"

"Antek says they will, because he will be telling the truth. Antek says the truth is good, and basically people are good."

Chief Ahern said soberly, "Tell Antek to keep his faith. We're going to need it."

Saul moved uneasily in one of the small chairs in Johnny Farrer's living room. What had originally been a dainty honeymoon cottage was now bursting at the seams. There was a large pile of freshly washed diapers on a kitchen chair. Two velocipedes were still there, pulled in from last night and put behind the door, bumping it as it opened. Some red blocks were strewn in one corner. A doll waiting surgery on a broken head was on the table. It was not a lack of neatness, but simply a lack of space to put things away.

In the small dinette Saul could see harried young Mrs. Farrer, her dark hair mussed, her face white and tired, trying to cope with getting breakfast into five children under five, while carrying her sixth. Saul said, "I'm sorry that I had to get you right at mealtime, but you are so tied up at the bank all day."

Blond young Johnny Farrer also looked white and weary. He watched his wife uneasily. "It's going to be a pretty hot day. The new baby is due next month, and I usually help at mealtimes."

"Let's both help," said Saul, "if you don't mind answering a few questions in there."

"Not at all. Glad to. It's an imposition, I know, but ——"

"Sure. I don't have any kids of my own—Jemima would have loved it, but it never happened. But I've got five sisters, and all of them have a flock of kids, so I'm an old hand at this."

They went into the dinette, where Saul balanced the baby boy on his knee, expertly feeding him orange juice, while Johnny took his youngest daughter to poke cereal into.

"Now," said Saul. "Tell me again about finding Bartholomew Garth in his hotel room the day of Old Garth's murder."

Johnny missed his daughter's mouth with a spoonful of cereal. It went down her white bib. "But why? You can't think Bartholomew—he's the kindest man in the world. Even on the night of his father's death, he called me at midnight to tell me he would share the hotel financing with me, because he knew it meant so much to me." Johnny smiled wryly, looking at his family. "You can see why."

Saul shifted the baby suddenly, but it was too late. He laughed good-naturedly as Mrs. Farrer took the baby to be changed. Saul spooned cereal into the other bowls, which seemed to be constantly empty. He buttered bread and poured milk into glasses.

He said mildly, "You're the first one I've heard say Bartholomew was personally

Short Essay Concerning Tumbleweeds

By Pegasus Buchanan

This is the way of
tumbleweeds:
They strain at shallow
roots
Until some boisterous
zephyr heeds
Their need of gay
pursuits.

(*My love was like a*
tumbleweed . . .
He dreamed of great winds
blowing,
And anywhere the fates might
lead,
I knew he would be going.)

The tumbleweed rolls
happily,
Each time the wind assails
it,
And rides out free of bush
and tree
Until a fence impales it.

(*I loved my love so well, I*
trailed
The wind it all began with,
And found him captive and
impaled
By that same wind he ran
with.)

A tumbleweed inclines to
clutch
Its own restraining bands,
And all who try to lift or
touch
Get prickles in their
hands.

The worldly new look of

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

is expressed in slimming lines. The jacket is somewhat shorter; the waist is moderately suppressed; the trousers are gently tapered. There is a subtle hint of the Continental. Pounds seem to melt away, and the total effect is tall, trim, youthful. This worldly new look of Hart Schaffner & Marx extends to fabrics and colors, too...a distinguished assortment of choices like the muted plaid shown here, with its intermingling autumn tones. What is *not* new about Hart Schaffner & Marx is the pride our master tailors take in every suit they create. You'll find great assurance in the HS&M label. It is sewn inside

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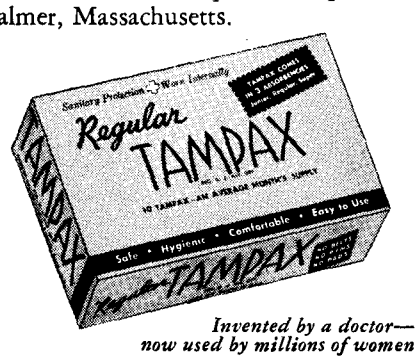

Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

kind. What else did he say when he called you?"

"Why, nothing. I mean, he was sorry to wake me. He woke the baby, and it howled all night."

"He didn't say anything else?"

"No." Johnny Farrer burped his small daughter, absently and expertly. "That is—it couldn't be anything. I wouldn't want him to think ——"

"This is a murder case," Saul was stern. "You're raising a family. As bank president, you're a civic figure. Are you co-operating with the police or not?"

"Of course. But that hotel deal means so much to us."

"Don't worry." Saul relented. "Unless Bartholomew is guilty, he'll never know I talked to you. Now what else did he say?"

"He asked me if I had called him that day in his hotel room. Said the phone rang when he was in the bathroom and he forgot to ask me if I had called."

"Funny." Saul moved around the table, wiping mouths on bibs. "Funny he would even remember the call at midnight on the day his father was murdered, let alone be curious about it."

"It couldn't be important."

"Right offhand it doesn't seem so." Saul was cautious. "How did he look when you came in to tell him his father was killed?"

"I don't understand. What do you mean, how did he look?"

Saul slid the four-year-old twins from their chairs. He stacked their plates expertly. "Was there anything different about him? Anything at all. Different suit?"

"No. I'm sure he was wearing the same clothes."

"How did he take the news?"

"Very well. He did ask me to get him a glass of water, but he wasn't white at all. Of course, I remember thinking that his color was considerably higher than that morning in the bank."

Saul filed this, again under Odd and Unexplained Facts. "You took the papers he had been working on?"

"Yes. He asked me to. He had done a remarkable amount of work on the figures I had given him that morning."

Saul lifted the blond three-year-old from the telephone book on which she was perched, giving her small cheek a kiss as he did so. She looked up at him under her lashes, and he thought, *In a few years she'll be breaking the boys' hearts.*

He took the dishes to the kitchen and rolled up his sleeves to begin washing them. "Bartholomew positively only got those figures that morning?"

"Yes. I only got them myself the day before."

Saul threw soap powder into the dishpan. "How did it happen you didn't take his briefcase?"

"He put it under his arm. Force of habit, I guess."

"You're sure he took it with him?"

"Positive. I saw him get in the car with it."

"Then why do you suppose he didn't bring it home?"

"He must have. Did you ask him about it?"

"He said he must have left it in the hotel room."

"He didn't leave anything in the hotel room. I checked. He probably forgot he had the briefcase. Still, why didn't he bring it home?"

Saul said, "A tourist saw a man in an old car stop at the far end of the lake by Long's Knoll and throw a heavy object into the water. Know any reason why Bartholomew should throw his briefcase away?"

"Well ——" Johnny hesitated. "There was a bottle of some sort on the desk. I didn't see what it was, but he put it in the briefcase while I was getting the glass of water. If he had been drinking, he might very well not have wanted to take the bottle home under the circumstances."

So Bartholomew is a secret drinker, Saul thought glumly. *Which is none of my business certainly.* He poured the rinse water over the dishes.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Man With the Painted Smile (Continued from Page 37)

that afternoon, he sensed a draft of panic. Why did his mind wake seeing the big brindle bull stomping the twisted rider into the dust? The two front feet mashed into Jim's kidney, making his body appear no thicker than a door mat. Why did the same thoughts uncontrollably flood his mind as he tried to sleep, twisting in bed until drifting into vivid dreams which were often just a continuation of the same scene? Could he ever stop asking himself if his standing too far away—reaching Jim late—had been the fault, or was the brindle one bull Jiggs couldn't handle?

He glanced at the poster taped on the wall. A large bucking horse adorned the center of a shield, and below was written, THE FIRST NATIONAL FINALS RODEO.

For years the cowboys had planned, argued and fought for a sort of World Series, where the top fifteen men in each event would compete against each other. A straight sporting contest with the best stock available. The top bull riders were going to elect the clown, the man they wanted working with them in the arena. Jiggs had wanted to be that man. He had wanted to win that election more than he had wanted anything else. It would be an accolade.

Now almost anything he did would be misconstrued as electioneering. The man he'd seen crippled and the girl who had become a part of Jiggs were now people he must avoid, rather than the two most important people in his life. No, the chance was gone; Jiggs avoided working rodeos where the brindle would be used. He didn't want to know for sure he couldn't handle the brindle. Bull riders didn't want a clown who'd duck any bull. Besides, the brindle could easily be at the finals.

As he stood in the doorway of his trailer, the Arizona sun blinded him momentarily. He glanced at his dwarfed mule—Elise—and saw that the tarp she stood beneath had come untied; the sun beat relentlessly on her. Her water bucket was empty. Fleetingly he was annoyed when she prrrped her lips in her usual greeting. His eyes, red-rimmed from lack of sleep, traveled from the little mule to the watering trough in the center of the infield, seventy yards away. Behind his trailer he could feel the tiers of eyes; they'd watch him, and then they'd sweep to the wheel chair. The stories would start.

He heard the announcer name the first steer wrestler. Fifteen minutes. He fixed the sweat streaks in his make-up. He put on the orange wig, the one that would stand straight up on top when he pulled a piece of monofilament which he ran through one sleeve. He stepped out again. Elise nickered, and he noticed the damp spots on her neck and flanks; flies settled there, and the little mule stamped her absurdly small feet in discomfort.

He took two steps toward the bull pen then stopped, turned and fixed the tarp. Forcing himself not to run, he crossed the dusty area to the watering trough and filled the bucket. Keeping his head down, he came back; the distance seemed endless. He fixed the bucket in front of Elise. He rubbed her ears when she rooted at him with her muzzle; he found a piece of sugar in the prop pocket of his baggy clown's pants. Then he turned on his heel and left.

Denny Fargo, the man who produced the rodeo and owned the bucking stock, sat his horse near the gate of the bull pen. "Where you been?" Denny asked.

"Had another one of those damn skull cramps," he answered, looking down at the scuffed baseball spikes he wore. "Thought an aspirin and a little sack time might fix me."

"Look, Jiggs, if you're feelin' lousy I can call Buck at Mesquite, and he'd be glad to. . . ." Denny's voice stumbled to quiet as he saw the clown's upturning face. Even the absurd make-up couldn't hide the haunted, pleading eyes.

"I'm all right. Denny, you know ——"

"Sure, Jiggs," Denny said, "but get in the arena more. We have a sellout, and over half of 'em kids."

"Of course, Denny, I'll be out more during tonight's performance—promise." Jiggs tried to smile, but the heavy grease paint felt like set plaster.

Denny turned his big palomino.

"Denny," Jiggs called, and the big man reined in his horse and turned, "if you want to call Buck, I guess ——"

"I know you'd understand, Jiggs," Denny finished for him, "but, hell, you're as big a draw as there is in rodeo. If you'd just do your job and forget ——" The two faced each other, embarrassed; and then the stock producer turned his horse and moved off.

Jiggs climbed the fence. He started to look down at the bulls, and then he realized from this vantage he could see across the arena into the boxes. His head turned, almost as if some power he couldn't control slowly forced the muscles to respond.

Yes, there was Jim's famous black hat. Lynne wasn't there. "Forget." Denny had started to say "forget it." Jiggs stared at the hat so incredibly low in the shiny aluminum wheel chair, his right hand held against his chest, fingers down as though resting on an invisible cane. How could any six-foot cowboy become that scrunched up? Forget that? He thought of the many pictures of Jim endorsing blue jeans. Jim shown on the back cover of magazines, smilingly claiming to smoke nothing else but the brand of cigarette he was holding. Jiggs scanned the nearby seats for Lynne. He couldn't find her.

He dropped into the pen with the bulls. He pulled a program from his prop pocket and forced himself to concentrate, to check each bull, the cowboy who'd drawn him, and think of them as individuals. He stared at one big red bull, remembering that this bull was a head fighter, capable of swinging his horns high across his back, hooking a rider if the cowboy leaned the slightest bit forward.

A girl's voice behind him asked, "Jiggs Mannix?" (*Continued on Page 96*)

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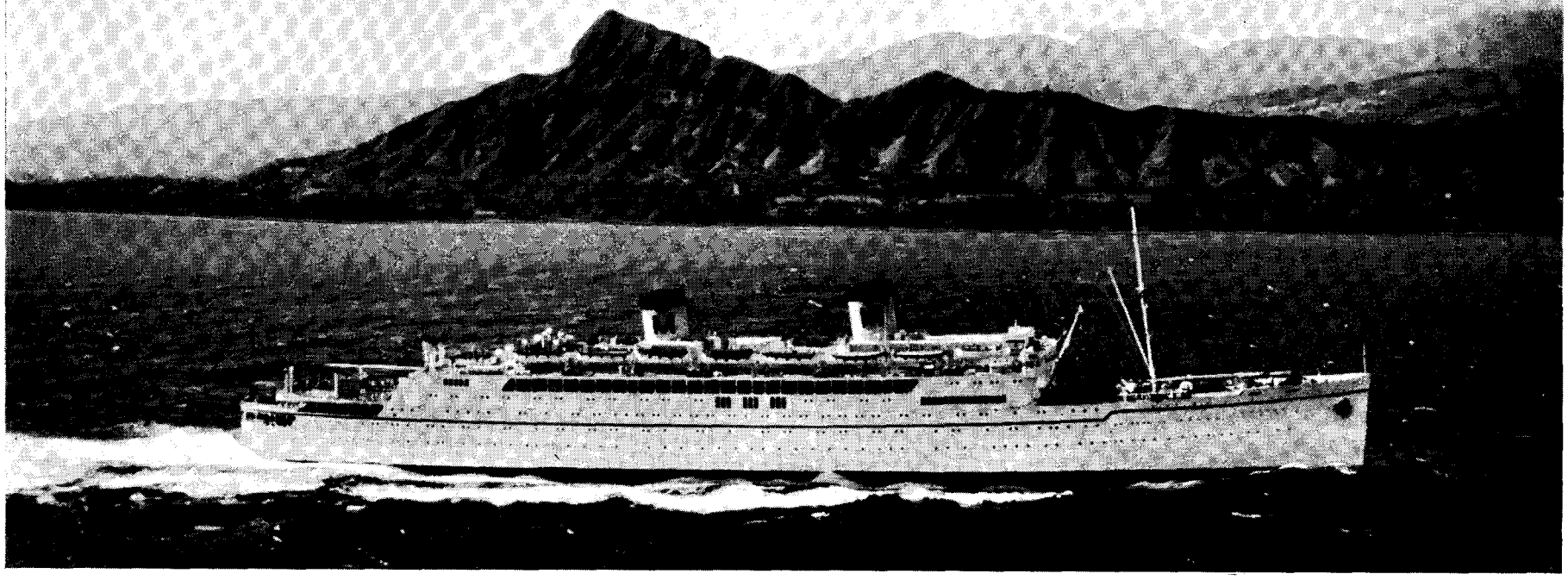

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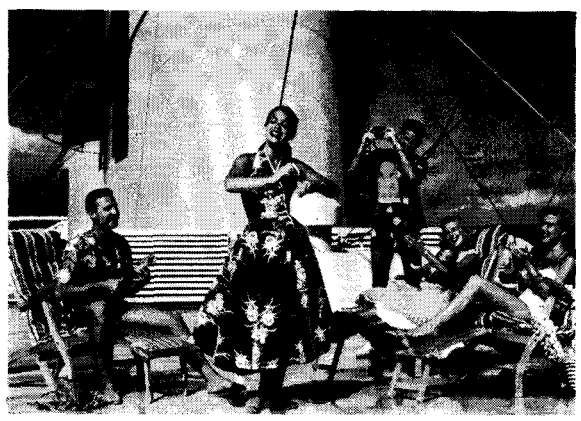

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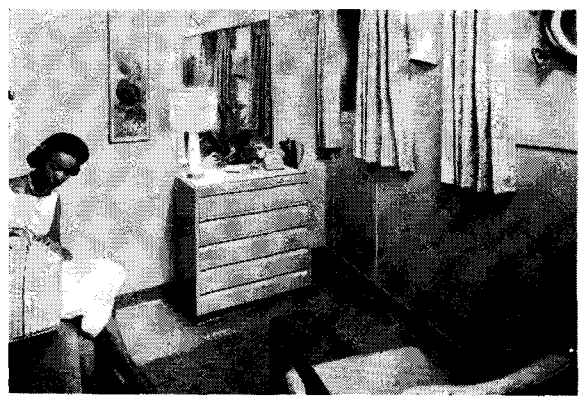

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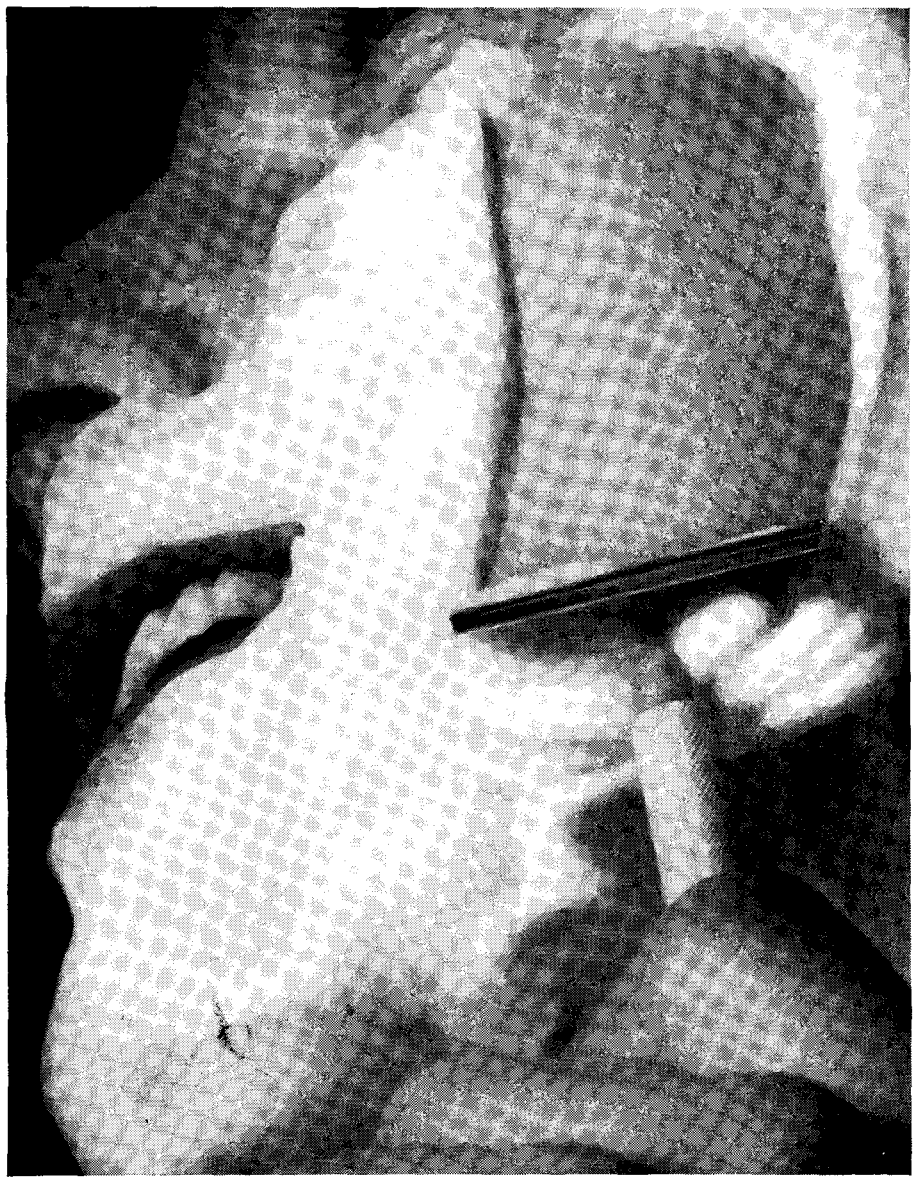

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(*Continued from Page 94*)

He turned, mumbling, "Yes, ma'am" and saw a pleasant-looking girl in an Indian dress.

"My name's Ann Bancroft. I work for *Random* magazine; we're doing a series on out-of-the-way—well, odd professions. I wonder if you'd mind answering a few questions?"

"I got a minute or two," Jiggs answered, sorry for the flatness of his voice.

"I'm new at this," the girl said nervously, taking a notebook from her purse. "How did you start?"

"I guess you'd say I started in college, on the rodeo team."

He noticed she was waiting. He added, "I rode bulls and bareback horses. We didn't have anyone to take bulls off us when we practiced, so I started and—well, when I graduated I worked a few small rodeos as a clown, and that was it."

While the girl wrote, Jiggs wondered if he should tell her that the twisted wreck in the wheel chair was the man who had made him. Tell her how Jim Sudduth, the greatest contesting cowboy ever and the biggest box-office draw, picked up a clumsy kid and traveled with him, taught him how to read bulls and then shamelessly hinted to rodeo committees that if they'd hire Jiggs Mannix as a clown, he, Jim Sudduth, would contest at their rodeo and would be glad to speak at their Junior Chamber of Commerce luncheon, crown the rodeo queen and appear on local TV.

"Pardon?" Jiggs said, not hearing her next question.

"Uh, financially, isn't it a precarious way to make a living?" she asked.

"Not if you're going good and don't get hurt; you get between a hundred and a hundred and a half a performance. You can average five performances a week."

He'd averaged better than that when Jim was bringing him along. In two years he couldn't work all the rodeos that wanted him.

"I suppose you haven't been able to think of the future? How about marriage?"

"Not too much," he answered, digging at a half-buried piece of wood with the spikes of his shoe. He could see Lynne that first summer he had traveled with Jim. He'd stopped at the Sudduth ranch and he was still so awed by Jim's reputation he kept calling Jim's sister "ma'am." She had joined them when they drove to Cheyenne. She'd tease him about his shyness. Then there had been the night Jim went on to another rodeo by plane.

Lynne and Jiggs had driven until midnight. The highway, a silver ribbon winding through towering ponderosa pines, swept down to the shore of a lake.

"Let's let Elise graze a moment," Lynne had said.

He had pulled his trailer into a campground. They'd unloaded the little mule and turned her loose. They'd sat and talked, listening to the occasional "chonk" of jumping lake trout. His unease had evaporated. He'd been carried away by his desire that she should know everything about him, experiences of the past, ambitions and hopes for the future. Abruptly he had stopped, saying, "Gosh, I'm sure wound up!"

Very aware of her physical attraction, he'd stood up. "We'd better go."

She'd reached a hand, wanting to be helped to her feet. When he pulled her up, she didn't let go of his hand. The moon, through the trees, mottled their faces with purple lace as they stood staring at each other. He had noticed the lovely contour of her neck where it curved to her shoulder; he'd stared at her with no feeling of discomfort. Then, quite suddenly, she was in his arms, and there was a wonderful naturalness about that kiss.

Now Jiggs heard two chute helpers speaking to the bulls as they drove them into the alley which led to the bucking chutes.

He forced his mind toward the present. "No, I guess rodeo and marriage don't mix," he said, remembering that every cent he'd made since that night had gone into a small ranch where he could picture her in every room and riding over every foot of fertile land.

"In your opinion, who's the greatest bull rider?"

Damn, Jiggs thought, *has this girl been talking in the grandstand?* Anger tightened the muscles of his jaw. He waited for the feeling to pass and then spoke evenly, "Ma'am, Jim Sudduth has won the bull-riding championship nine years. With what he's won riding bareback horses, he's averaged thirty-seven thousand dollars each year for the last ten. Six months, three weeks"—Jiggs hesitated; he could give her the days and hours if she wanted—"ago, Sudduth was all broken up by a bull. But he's the greatest." Jiggs was conscious the words sounded memorized, unnatural and harsh.

"Wife's on jury duty."

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"Sorry," the girl said. "I remember—I had heard something."

Jiggs noticed the color rise in her face. "I gotta go," he said gruffly. Then he added, in an attempt to make things easier, "I'm afraid I didn't give you much to go on."

"No, that was fine. I—thank you." She turned.

Jiggs moved to the arena gate. The announcer was describing the bull-riding event: "And with nothing but a loose rope around the middle of these wicked Brahmas, the cowboys will try and ride them for eight seconds. Let me introduce the most important man in a bull-rider's life, Jiggs Mannix, America's premier rodeo clown."

Jiggs jogged into the arena, and the applause swelled toward him like a physical pressure. A fleeting feeling of pride swept over him. *At least I still have this*, he thought.

As he took three low bows he saw the cowboys following him into the arena. Funny, when Jim was riding, Jiggs was always amazed at the number of cowboys who would watch the bull riding. Usually there were few men in the arena except the cowboys contesting in any particular event. Now—as it used to be when Jim had drawn a real rank bull—it seemed as though every cowboy present was filing into the arena.

Alone, waiting for the first bull, Jiggs's eyes traveled down the row of men, hunkered on their heels near the fence. Six months ago he'd have been speaking to them, calling to some to congratulate them or to rib them about having been bucked off or for missing a loop. Six months ago teasing some of his friends was part of his act, perhaps limping behind some shaken cowboy who was unaware of his presence until the laughter of the crowd reached the lame man.

Now Jiggs felt Jim's eyes behind him. He wished the first rider would come out; he watched the boy and noticed he had his bull rope pulled up, but he was having trouble because the bull was leaning against his leg, pushing him against the chute. Then the cowboy nodded and the gate swung open.

Jiggs watched the bull come out straight for two vicious jumps. From force of habit he kept his eyes riveted on the rider's spurs, watching them clawing for a purchase. The bull spun, and as Jiggs saw the rider lose his hold with his feet, Jiggs—an ungainly figure with big, baggy pants—suddenly became something graceful and fluid. As the rider hit the ground, a bare four feet in front of the bull's face, Jiggs ran between the bull's eyes and the fallen cowboy. His long strides were effortless, and his speed increased amazingly. He shot by the bull's face while running in a tightly banked curve. His left hand brushed the bull's head, as a small boy would use a lamppost to turn, and he cupped his hand beneath the base of the left horn long enough to jerk the bull's face away from the figure in the dust.

The bull wheeled and took two steps toward the clown. Jiggs ran straight at him. The bewildered bull stopped and snorted, throwing his head high. Checking the bull's eyes, Jiggs leaped over the bull's head; he jumped like a hurdler, with one foot reaching and the other tucked up. He came down on the bull's back; the inside haunch of his tucked leg slid the full length of the bull. He dropped to the ground and took three unconcerned steps, linking his arm with that of the rider who'd just regained his feet. With mincing steps he mimicked the attentive, foppish *boulevardier*.

The crowd roared. The cowboy, cooperating with the farce, asked Jiggs, "Where'd I lose him?"

"Your feet got back of your rope. Try reaching at the top of the jump so's your foot's in there solid when he goes into that spin."

The next bull was the big red head fighter. Jiggs moved in close and stood motionless while the bull passed. Then he followed closely to the bull's flank, where the big animal couldn't see him, but where he could be close if the bull caught the rider with his horns. The rider made the eight-second horn, and Jiggs ran by the bull's eyes just as the rider let all holds go and flopped off.

He was wringing wet, and his breath heaved in his lungs. He should pace himself better, he knew it, but something about straining to the utmost seemed to shake the dull weight from his mind.

Now the last bull. Denny always saved a good one—one that would charge a clown—for the last. While the announcer talked, Jiggs faced the stands and pulled the string, which ran down his left sleeve, with his right hand. The hair on top of his wig flapped ludicrously, and Jiggs pantomimed fear by making his knees tremble violently. As he did this he looked straight at Jim. The face under the black hat was deathly pale and expressionless, a gaunt stranger. *Why can't we talk about it?* Jiggs wondered. Except for two visits to the hospital, which had been painfully strained, the three of them had started to avoid one another. How did they feel? The question gnawed at Jiggs. And yet he could never ask, "Do you blame me?"

Now he noticed Lynne coming to Jim's box; her long, beautiful legs moved in a stride which was so much a part of her, a graceful, easy motion which was in no way practiced.

Suddenly Jiggs heard the cowbell behind him; the last bull had been turned out, and the cowbell hanging off the bottom of the bull rope clanged loudly. He turned. He couldn't remember ever having been so absent-minded. As he spun around he hoped the cowboy wasn't in trouble.

Angry with himself, he took foolish chances with the last bull; after he had taken it off the fallen cowboy, who only lasted five jumps, he took a red handkerchief out of his pocket and burlesqued a Spanish bullfighter. He allowed his pants to drop—he wore red pantaloons underneath—and he pretended they bound his feet to one spot.The high-headed bull came dangerously close, and Jiggs heard Denny shout, "You're pushing your luck!" but the urge to drive himself was incredibly strong. Finally the bull had had enough; he stopped short of Jiggs, threw his head up and waited. Jiggs recognized this point of Brahma indecision. He pulled up his pants and walked unconcernedly past the bull's nose; the bull never moved, and Jiggs sauntered out the gate. The noise of the crowd was deafening.

Denny sat his horse in the alley behind the chutes. Jiggs guessed Denny was waiting for him.

"Jiggs, you got no right to get that crazy. You won't work with another clown, and what happens if you get flattened?"

"Listen to 'em," Jiggs answered, instantly sorry for the conceited remark. The noise of the cheering was still sustained, continuous and sincere. Denny shook his head and quickly nudged his horse into motion, an angry, irritated gesture.

Sitting in the doorway of his trailer, Jiggs listened to the familiar sounds of a rodeo after a performance. Impatient horns from the parking lot mingled with the shuffling sounds of the leaving crowd. Vendors, hawking their wares, shouted to be heard. The crowd became noisy,

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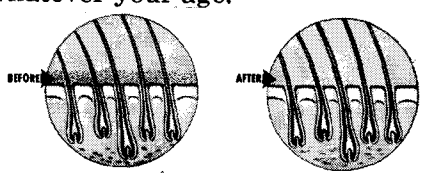

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for the tension of watching danger had been relieved. In the infield cowboys called to one another, and riders jogged across the dusty area to stable their horses before the night's performance. Several rode by the trailer, and in each greeting or glance Jiggs imagined tension. Sitting there, feeling his breathing slowly coming back to normal, his tired mind dwelled on quitting.

Jiggs climbed to his feet, thinking that in other years he would have borrowed a friend's shower at a motel, joined a group for dinner and then relaxed in his bunk for an hour before the evening performance. Now he looked at his unmade bunk. Animal smells wafted in by evening coolness added to the feeling of dirtiness. Why shouldn't he quit? He took off his wig, picked up a towel and his soapbox, and shuffled across the dusty area to the watering trough.

As he washed he heard a commotion from the bulls' feed pen. He straightened and noticed that no one was around. He walked over, and as he drew nearer he could see that one bull was in a pen by himself. Two others were making rumbling noises, pawing the dust and butting the heavy, separating planks.

Jiggs had only to see the horns and the coloring of the single bull's ears to recognize him. Beneath his ribs he felt an unnatural intake, which he couldn't expel, and the hairs on either side of his neck felt as though they were being brushed upward.

He stopped, first confused and then angered. This was the bull that had trampled Jim. It dawned on Jiggs that someone was trying to make a fool of him, trying to force him out of rodeo. Everyone in rodeo knew that Jiggs had stopped working rodeos where this bull would be used. And then he heard a car.

Turning, he recognized Lynne at the wheel of Jim's powerful coupé. She searched his face before she opened the door. Jiggs suddenly was aware of his soiled T shirt and uncombed hair. He knew his face was red from scrubbing and probably not completely free of grease paint.

"You're a stranger," she said quietly.

Jiggs wanted to ask questions. He wanted to take her in his arms. He wanted to feel the tranquil spell which was so wonderfully parallel to her exciting attraction. He stood there, conscious of how he must appear to her—soiled and beat up in every way.

He felt her eyes travel over him, stopping briefly at a blue bruise on his upper arm. She started to lift her right hand, then turned quickly. Watching the eddies of dust puff out from under the rear bumper, Jiggs realized he'd never said a word.

Jiggs sat Elise at the end of a straggling line of cowboys who waited to enter the arena for the grand entry. He looked up and saw insects wheeling around the arc lights and noticed that the dust couldn't obliterate the star-studded desert sky.

Horses stirred from force of habit. Elise followed, and he was in the arena bringing up the rear of a serpentine line of contestants which snaked back and forth around stationary riders holding flags.

Subconsciously he waved to children, and when he tickled Elise's ribs with his thumb, she'd kick and Jiggs would pretend to be almost thrown.

He performed absent-mindedly, trying to guess what was behind the big brindle bull's appearance. Hopefully he thought, *Perhaps, when they bring the stock over, they won't use the bull. Perhaps Denny bought him or swapped a horse for him, for some reason which had nothing to do with me.* Yet Jiggs couldn't think of asking Denny.

He looked around for Jim, but couldn't find him. He noticed more photographers than usual, and he saw Ann Bancroft talking to one. She waved to him, and he nodded.

No sooner had the grand entry left the arena than the bareback riding was announced. Jiggs hurried to the trailer, tied his little mule in her makeshift stall and went back carrying a briefcase. He pretended to be an ambulance chaser, giving fallen riders his card. In pantomime he'd tell the riders he'd seen it happen and they had a case.

Back in the trailer he realized he hadn't eaten anything since noon; his shoulders felt as if invisible hands pushed down on them. Part of his mind sensed the rodeo's progress, and each cowboy's run or ride seemed interminable.

With the feeling of no longer being able to put it off, Jiggs walked to the bull pen. The big brindle was shut between two gates in an alley. A stranger to Denny's string, he was also a fighter and had to be isolated.

Unreasonable anger flooded over him. He borrowed a program from one of the chute helpers and there was the bull's name, DOUBLE ZERO. Billy Frank had drawn him. He realized they drew the stock for this performance early in the morning, giving them ample time to print the inserts. Everyone on the grounds must have known but him.

His mind searched fruitlessly, as if struggling to remember a forgotten name, but he couldn't understand it. Denny had a good string of bulls—he didn't need any more—and the brindle, with his reputation, would have cost at least six or seven hundred dollars.

From force of habit Jiggs climbed onto the bull-pen fence and checked each animal against the cowboy who had drawn him. Then he clambered down and went back to his trailer. He sat in the doorway. This performance wound up Phoenix. He should be packing, ready to pull out, but his fatigue had become a deadening weight.

At last there were only two more steer wrestlers, and it would be time for the bull riding. Jiggs climbed to his feet, checked his make-up and went to the door. The little mule greeted him, and he stared at her, then gave her a lump of sugar. Squaring his shoulders with a shudder, he started for the arena.

Cowboys were already pushing through the gate, and Jiggs again was impressed by the number; everyone seemed to be finding places near the fence.

There came a delay in the routine, and Jiggs glanced above the chutes toward the announcer's stand. A familiar figure stood behind the front row of faces, and for a second he thought it was Lynne, but an arc light shining in his eyes prevented him from seeing clearly. He wished they'd get started, get it over with.

After what seemed ages he heard the announcer's voice making the usual introduction. The crowd greeted Jiggs with a roar.

Jiggs turned toward the chute, wanting to spot the first bull rider. He saw Billy Frank in the chute, standing straddled

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Among those who favor early retirement for middle-aged people are teen-age lovers.

D. O. FLYNN

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over the big brindle. Another boy in front of the gate was reaching through the planks with a wire hook, getting the looped end of Billy's bull rope, which dangled beneath the bull's brisket. They were late; the delay irritated Jiggs. Then he was conscious that the announcer was still talking: ". . . and tonight we have a special attraction for you. The greatest contesting cowboy of all times, in titles and money won, will handle the microphone. He'll tell you some of the technical things to watch for. I take pleasure in introducing the greatest bull rider who ever nodded for the gate, Jim Sudduth!"

There was a polite splatter of applause, followed by the unaccountable, sudden silence peculiar to curious crowds. Then Jim's voice, surprisingly undistorted, said, "Hi, Jiggs."

Jiggs knew he should acknowledge the greeting humorously, but he couldn't force himself to act. He stood there conscious of the emptiness around him and the unnatural quiet of the arena. Even the cowboys were not talking.

"The big brindle, drawn by Billy Frank, has been out sixty-two times and has had only three qualified rides made on him." Jim's voice was good; Jiggs was surprised, and he started to think this announcing could be a wonderful job for Jim. And then his mind suddenly pictured the position he was in—Jim could say this was the bull that had crippled him. Everyone in rodeo knew Jiggs was clowning the afternoon Jim was crippled. Supposing now he failed to get the bull off Billy Frank? Jiggs thought he knew the answer now: revenge of some sort. Yet a part of Jiggs's mind, as he listened to the familiar voice describing what Billy Frank was doing—taking the end of the rope from the boy who'd pulled it tight and wrapping it once around his gloved hand—couldn't quite believe that his suspicions were right.

Jim, in a louder voice, said, "Now Frank's ready. The clown is more important than you can see from the stands."

Jiggs, feeling guilty because Jim was prompting him, watched the chute. Billy nodded, and the gate swung open. The big brindle came bursting out with a high lunge. The arc lights caught the thin line of spittle from the bull's mouth, and his thrashing head made this silver thread a zigzagging line in the air, much like the marks on a chart. Actually the bull had Billy on the second jump; he went into a tight spin and Billy somehow hung on, but his body was tipped toward the inside of the spin, horizontal to the ground. The crowd, as if it were a single person, took in its breath with a groan.

Jiggs was running in toward the bull. Instinctively he knew he couldn't get to the animal's head in as fast a spin as this. He came in from behind. His baseball spikes barely holding, he dug around on the outside of the spin, keeping his eyes riveted on Billy's gloved hand in the rope. He couldn't touch him until Billy lost his hold.

His breath burned his lungs; the bull spun incredibly fast. And then he saw the gloved hand leave the rope. Jiggs stopped. Bobbing, in order to keep time with the bull, he jumped into the center of the spin and caught Billy's body in the air. As he tried to run past the bull's head, one horn caught him across the back, and the blow caused him to shove Billy several feet in front of him. Jiggs was knocked to his knees, and he could smell the bull's fetid breath. Somehow he scrambled toward the rear of the bull, feeling one front leg crowd his shoulder. Then he regained his feet in time to run between the bull and Billy, who was still on his hands and knees. Jiggs headed for the out gate, and the bull followed him. When Jiggs jinked to one side, the bull jogged disdainfully out of the arena.

The noise was deafening; twice he heard Jim's voice trying to be heard and giving up. The roar continued. Jiggs turned and made a little bow. Still people shouted, and he noticed most of them were on their feet. He bowed again.

Finally Jim's voice could be heard. "And this bull gave you a chance to see the greatest clown of them all do something I've never seen before, get inside a spin and get the cowboy out. No clown can do that every time. They have to be tough inside and out. They can't let any bull or bad break get under their skin."

The crowd roared again; there was something hysterical-sounding about its released emotions.

Jiggs felt something he couldn't understand; his face felt unnatural, and he realized he was grinning. He had to brush the corners of his eyes with the knuckle of his forefinger. His throat ached, and he had the foolish feeling of being caught by the house lights after a sad movie.

He finished mechanically. The bulls blurred one into another, and while part of his mind worked in the arena he was conscious of an exhilarating, weightless feeling.

After the last bull, the crowd gave him another long ovation. Cowboys grinned at him when they left the arena, mumbling, "Nice work, Jiggs." And several bull riders said, "We'll see you at the National Finals."

When it dawned on him they were assuring him their vote, he couldn't control his smile.

Lynne was waiting for him at the trailer. Her evident joy was uncontrollable. She grabbed his hands and squeezed hard. "Jiggs, you were great." Her low voice faltered, then she laughed.

"Who planned this? I can't understand," Jiggs said.

"Jim watched you walk across the arena to water Elise. He said you were crippled, inside, worse than he was. He thought it would be a good way to say something to you. Also we want to see the right man go to the finals."

"But the brindle —— Someone had to—and that old tightwad who owns him—someone had to put up some money. I didn't know till now how good it would be to work him, the right way—to get him behind me."

Lynne dropped Jiggs's hands and went into the trailer. She came back with a towel and some cold cream. She handed the jar to Jiggs.

Without taking his eyes from hers, he smeared his face with his finger tips. "You haven't answered me," he said.

"Oh, hurry up and clean your face," she said with a laugh. "There's three things I have to do—kiss a clown, sell a good bucking bull, and have dinner with my brother and ——"

"And future husband," Jiggs finished for her.

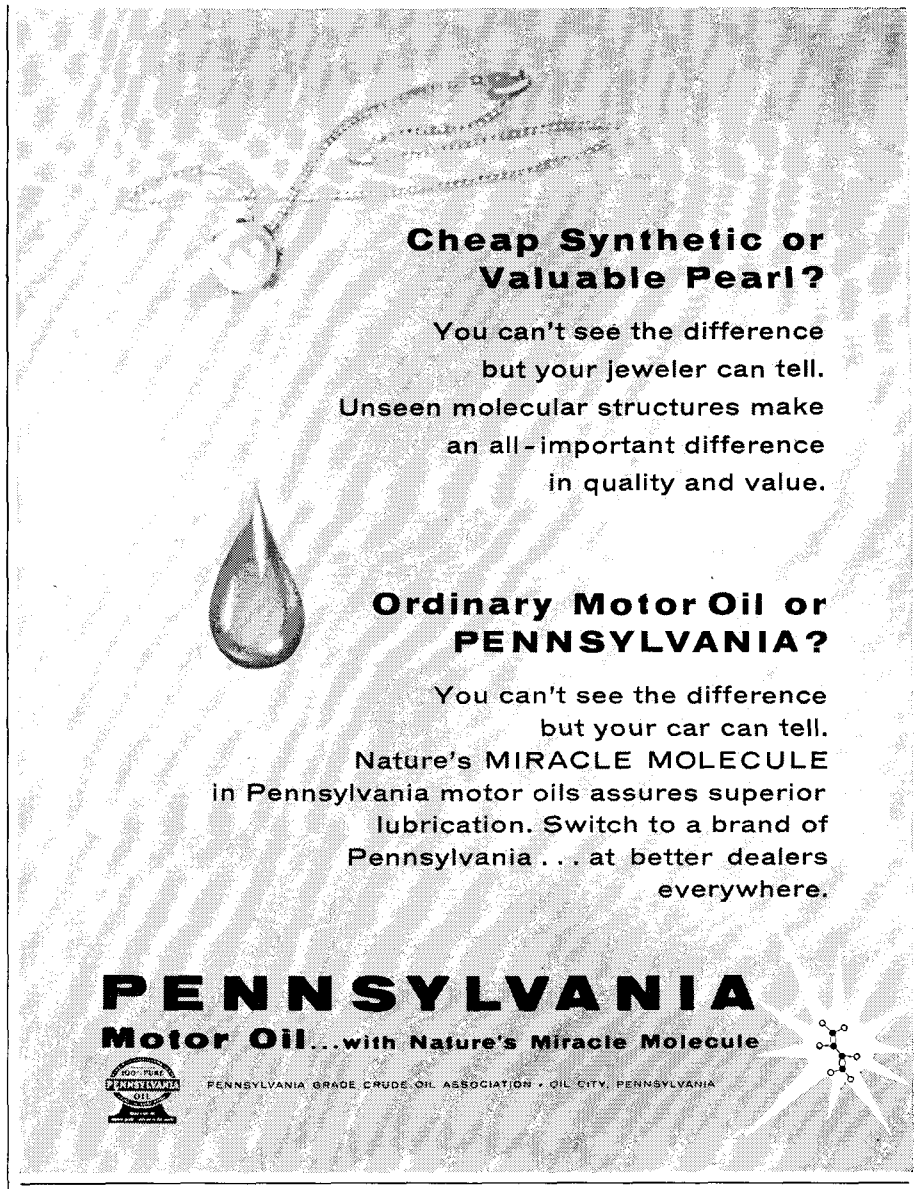
"It took you long enough to ask that," Lynne said. "I'm impatient as well as shameless," she added, stepping into his arms.

After a long moment Lynne leaned back and looked into Jiggs's face; she wriggled once within his powerful arms. "You're not at all romantic-looking, you know. What are you smiling about?"

"Everything. I'm slow sorting it out. And I was thinking of what a bad interview I gave a magazine writer."

"Oh, that Bancroft girl. I met her," Lynne said. Then she nodded toward the little mule. "From now on that's the only other woman in your life."

Elise laid her ears back and stamped a hind foot. THE END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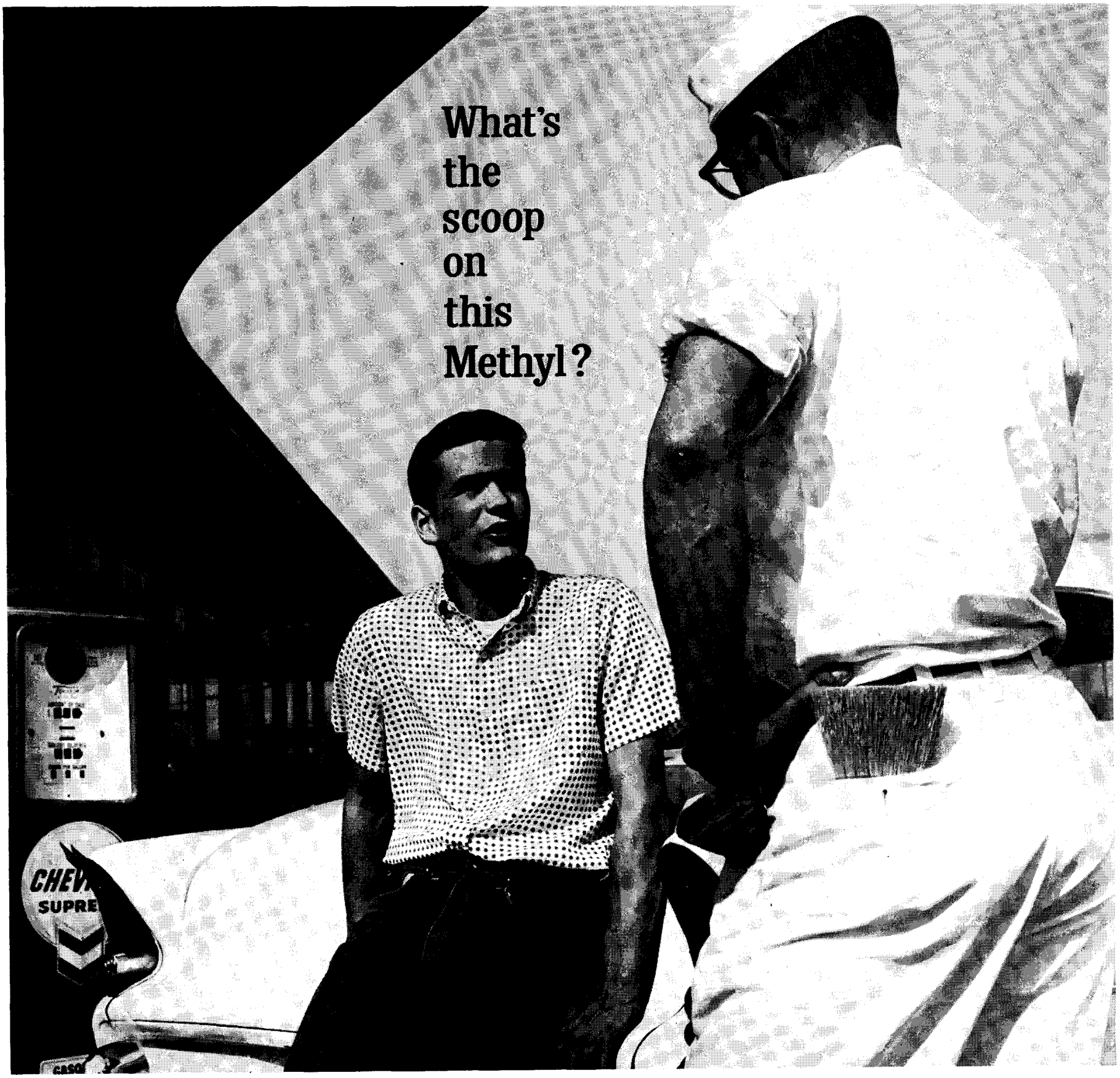

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Return to Terror (Continued from Page 45)

They walked silently up the lane that led to the hamlet.

"Miss Bettigole."

Madge Bettigole, though she heard Sarolta address her, hardly looked up from her work. Long experience had taught her how to do at least two things at a time, and nothing seemed easier to her than listening while she went on typing. But Sarolta did not seem to share her opinion. She said, "Miss Bettigole, I'd like to talk to you. May I please have your attention?"

There was something in Sarolta's soft voice that Miss Bettigole had never heard before—a note of authority. She stopped typing, marked the spot she had reached in her notes and lifted her head.

"What is it, Mrs. Drake?"

"I happen to know that Mr. Kendeffy is in Brussels," said Sarolta.

She didn't watch the secretary's face. At this point she wasn't interested in how anyone reacted to her knowledge of what had been kept from her. "I just found the proof in Miss Howard's room. Miss Howard, though, pretends never to have heard the name. She also denies any knowledge of where my husband or Mr. Kendeffy is at this moment."

Miss Bettigole did not answer. This was one of the moments when it was wiser to keep quiet. But she was slightly stunned.

"Thanks to all of you, for thinking I am a child who can't be told serious things," Sarolta went on, still in the same even voice. "I do not know what is going on, but I can put two and two together. It is not difficult to guess from Jed's lie about the brawl last night and Mr. Kendeffy's having occupied Miss Howard's room, that they must be involved in something of importance. And I know Mr. Drake well enough to know he would never go anywhere without telling you where he can be reached in case of need. Where is Mr. Drake?"

Miss Bettigole was far too smart to deny what had become obvious to Sarolta and she reflected that it was better not to question anything Sarolta had said, but to use her own tactics for getting out of this very delicate situation.

"Mr. Drake has gone to Ghent."

"He left at ten o'clock?"

"Eleven minutes past ten."

"Alone or with Mr. Kendeffy?"

"I couldn't tell if it was Mr. Kendeffy. I only saw the other gentleman's back."

"Where can he be reached?"

"Mrs. Drake, I have strict orders not to mention where he went. I'm sorry."

Sarolta looked through the window at the clock across the square—five minutes past eleven. Jed could barely have reached Ghent. It was possible that he did not want to be called—possible also that he would avoid calling from wherever he was, to prevent telephone numbers from being traced. And what was the sense of insisting on getting the number from Miss Bettigole? None, she realized suddenly; all she could tell Jed was something he already knew—that Kendeffy's life was in danger. The brawl last night—had Kendeffy been attacked or Jed? If only she had told him about Farkas, it might never have happened.

Miss Bettigole saw Sarolta swallow as if she were fighting a sudden attack of nausea. And all at once she realized that she had been mistaken, that Sarolta's new, commanding attitude was nothing but an attempt to cover up great emotional strain. And some of Sarolta's fear caught her. She had not been told the details of the brawl, nor had anything been said to her about Kendeffy's having stayed at the Métropole last night, instead of at the Urania. Her own uncertainty as to what extent Jed's friendship with Kendeffy endangered his life made her feel suddenly weak, incompetent and useless.

"Will you take this down, please?" said Sarolta.

As if Jethro Drake had asked her to take dictation, Miss Bettigole did as she was told.

"He looks like a peasant. He is about five foot eight. His hair is cut crew-cut fashion. It's sort of brownish. His eyes are blue. He wears heavy horn-rimmed glasses. His feet are strikingly small. He speaks with a very soft voice. He no longer has a mustache. The last time I saw him he had on a brown suit that looked too small for him and he was carrying a raincoat that was new."

Miss Bettigole stared at her. "The last time you saw him? Whom?"

"His real name is Farkas. Under what name he has come here, I do not know. I just told Miss Howard that he threatened to kill Jed if I mentioned having seen him. Please give this description to the police." She turned abruptly and went into the bedroom.

But even now, when she had finally done what was right, she experienced no sense of relief. There was no way of knowing how much damage her silence about Farkas's presence in Brussels had done to whatever it was Jed and Kendeffy were involved in; and to speculate about it now, Sarolta told herself, was fruitless and a waste of time. But to lie on her bed, tortured by fear whether Farkas would make good his threat once he became aware that the police were after him, would drive her out of her mind. Desperately she tried to distract herself, to think of something else; but her fearful thoughts seemed inescapably caged within her. She could only pray that the police would find him before something happened to Jed and Kendeffy.

But how could even the most alert police force in the world find a man who had come with false papers to a city which at this moment was host to millions of visitors from all over the world? There was very little hope that they would be successful. And if they were not—Sarolta closed her eyes—it could happen anywhere, in a restaurant, on a crowded street, at the fair. From somewhere a shot would be fired. A shot from one of those pistols that didn't make any noise, that left people unaware that something had happened until the victim fell to the ground, that gave the murderer a chance to get away.

Find Farkas, find Farkas, find Farkas, her tired mind repeated.

Sarolta laughed out loud, as though the idea were being suggested by another person, a fool who didn't know what he was talking about. *Find Farkas—how?* If only she had the slightest clue, if only . . .

She sat up, holding her breath. The day she had arrived, the day she had seen Farkas and dismissed having seen him as pure imagination, she had still been upset enough later to suspect the maid of spying on Jed and her. Jed had said next day not to worry, that Miss Bettigole had been assured Charlotte was perfectly reliable. And yet, there had been a look of fear in her handsome face when Sarolta had touched the hump on her back, just for an instant—not annoyance, not embarrassment, but fear. And there was the eagerness with which she had started to unpack the suitcase.

A few minutes later Sarolta entered the office of the Métropole's housekeeper. Its smell of freshly laundered sheets, pillowcases, towels and napkins, all neatly arranged on wide shelves, reminded her of her childhood, of her grandmother's house, and for a moment it seemed incongruous that she should be standing here, phrasing a blatant lie with the greatest ease.

"It's about a dress. I gave it to one of the maids last night, to mend for me. I didn't think I would need it today, but I do. Could you possibly give me Charlotte's address so that I can send someone to fetch it?"

The small, white-haired woman got up from behind the old-fashioned roll-top desk, stepped over to the time clock and put a fat finger down the line of small red cards stuck into their metal frames. "Charlotte, Charlotte."

"She was on in the evening. She had a slight hunchback," Sarolta said.

"Ah, that one. Of course. Charlotte Goud. Oh!"

"What is it?"

"I forgot. She told me last night that she wouldn't be back, that she had to go to the hospital for some kind of operation."

Last night? Last night Jed had been attacked, and Kendeffy had hidden in June's room. Had Charlotte anything to do with it? Sarolta tried to appear unconcerned. "But you have her address, don't you?"

"Of course. Here you are. Rue Philanthropie Fifteen. I do hope you find her still at home. She should never have taken your dress."

"No, she shouldn't," said Sarolta.

She did not recognize any of the streets the taxi driver took until he drove down the Boulevard du Midi. There he turned left and, a short while later, came to a stop in front of a three-story house. She had reached her goal. There were two shops on the ground floor, flanking the entrance. Inside, a row of letter boxes gave the names of the residents of Number Fifteen. Charlotte Goud's was not among them.

In a way Sarolta had known that it wouldn't be. It strengthened her suspicions. Still, she had to make the effort and go into the shops, buy a handkerchief in one, some sausage in the other, as she inquired casually if a young woman about thirty, who was slightly hunchbacked, was known in the neighborhood.

She walked on, not knowing where to go, knowing only that the quarter in which she found herself now was the Marolles, a district of small cobblestone streets and hundreds of shops where, as Pista had explained yesterday, you could find all types of people—men and women who looked like those Brueghel had painted, laborers with hard-hewn features and jailbirds with the international physiognomy of the hunted.

• •

Shadows

By Charles Lee

Shadows flew
With the birds,
As parallel with them
As thoughts and words;
In shadows
Was substance,
In parallels, clue:
None doubted the shadows,
Not even when birds
Were not in view.

• •

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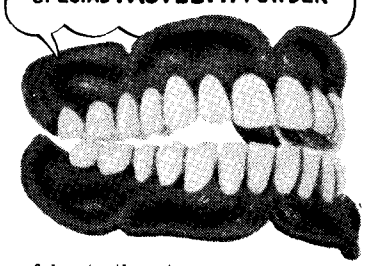

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On Sundays the Place du Jeu de Balle is Brussels' flea market, but it functions on weekday mornings too; and it was here that Sarolta, watching the life on the square, realized that she really hadn't a chance to find out anything about Charlotte. How could she question these people? She, who could not speak Flemish, not even Dutch, people who—unlike the shopkeepers—had no inkling of English or French or German. Yet her need for action was stronger than logic. In a strange way it seemed to her that she could only redeem her fault, her selfish desire to protect Jed before anything else, if she found Farkas. At this point she was convinced that Charlotte was a link in the chain, not only because Charlotte had left her job as a maid at the Métropole last night, but she had also given a false address to her employers.

Sarolta walked on. Her eyes spotted a restaurant with a sign advertising a puppet play in a café. Perhaps in there she would have a chance to make herself understood, to ask a waitress if she knew anybody who looked like Charlotte.

She had taken only a few steps in the café's direction when she saw the door open and a tall, handsome woman come out of it, a woman whose back was straight. Suddenly she stood still, as if she had changed her mind, after which she walked on quickly.

Sarolta could not move. The woman turned the next corner, and Sarolta began to run. She reached the corner breathlessly, at the precise moment when the woman disappeared in the entrance of a small house. It could be no one but Charlotte.

Sarolta waited, counting the minutes to herself, then quickly passed the building Charlotte had entered. Unlike most of the others, it had no shops on the ground floor. Instead, a handwritten sign was propped up inside the window, ROOMS FOR RENT—BY DAY, WEEK AND MONTH. Sarolta walked on a few yards more, then told herself that this was not enough, that she had to be sure. She swung around, went back into the house and pressed the button of the bell. She could hear it shrilling inside, but nobody answered it. She put her hand on the handle of the door. It gave, opening into a narrow, dark corridor from which, to her left, a staircase led to the second floor.

It was incredibly quiet. None of the noise from the street penetrated the corridor. Somehow it seemed as if all the occupants of the rooms were either out or asleep. Then, unexpectedly, from above, came the sound of music.

Sarolta started up the stairs. On the landing she could hear quite clearly a phonograph or radio playing the opening bars of the *My Fair Lady* overture. If it was a phonograph, the record must have just been put on. The door of Number Sixteen stood ajar, and from inside came the music. Hardly breathing, Sarolta stood motionless. Presently she could see the girl moving around the room, whistling the tune of the song that was being played. And then, when she turned to face the passage for a moment, Sarolta was sure. She had not been mistaken. It was Charlotte.

There was only one thing she could do—go down the steps now as quietly as she had come up them, find a telephone and call the police. As she turned to tiptoe down the stairs, powerful hands closed around her throat, making it impossible for her to fight, even to cry out.

"I saw you," Charlotte's voice said, so close to her ear that Sarolta could feel the woman's breath on her cheek. "I saw you when I left the café. I saw you following me. You're not very good at it. You don't even know that shop windows act as mirrors. And you ran. Nobody around here wears high heels. You could be heard a mile off. I knew you would come. I have been expecting you ever since you touched me that first night."

Sarolta tried to free herself. But Charlotte was almost a head taller and very much stronger. It didn't take much strength for her to knock Sarolta unconscious.

Already on the one o'clock news the announcer mentioned the accident which had taken place on the highway from Brussels to Ghent between eleven and eleven-fifteen. Because there was little of importance otherwise, at any rate no new developments on any of the international fronts, he dramatized the fate of a young Hungarian called Pista Vajay, one of the seven or eight thousand refugees who had found asylum in Belgium. He was twenty-five years old, a gifted painter with a little studio in Bruges. Apparently he had been the victim of mistaken identity, for it looked to the police at this point as if a bomb had been planted in the car he had been driving. He had had no enemies. Everybody who had known him had liked him, and the two old ladies in Bruges, who had taken him to their hearts like a son, could not think of any reason why anybody should have wanted to kill him. The police, of course, had not concluded their findings.

The broadcast was heard by June Howard, who had her radio turned on because she hated stillness and needed the feeling of some living sound around her all the time. Her first reaction was stunned disbelief. Pista? It wasn't possible. Her second thought was of Sarolta. Poor kid. She had seemed so happy to see the friend of her childhood. How they had laughed and danced together. How would she take it?

Her third realization had nothing to do with sentimentalities. A bomb? Why should anyone plant a bomb in Pista's car? And it had happened on the highway between Brussels and Ghent—around the time when Jed and Kendeffy should have almost reached Ghent. Pista had been seen with Drake—in the restaurant, in several bars, and he had come up to Drake's suite. Anybody could have watched him, could have planned—Farkas! Sarolta had said ——

Suddenly June was trembling. She picked up the telephone. "I was just going to call you," answered Miss Bettigole. "Yes, I heard it. I've tried to call Mr. Drake, but I can't get him. He hasn't arrived yet. And he really should have by now. No, he hasn't called in either. I left word for him to listen to the broadcast or to call back here. And I don't know where Mrs. Drake is or if she knows about it. The maid said she heard her ask the housekeeper for an address, something about a dress, so I guess she's gone shopping."

"Listen," June told her. "You sit tight. I'll keep in touch with you. But right now I don't feel like working. I think I'll drive out to Bruges and interview the two old ladies Pista boarded with. I've got the darnedest feeling there's more behind this than a case of mistaken identity."

Jed heard the broadcast as he sat opposite a tall monk in the habit of the Benedictines. He and Kendeffy had just arrived at the monk's quarters and were listening for news of the police investigation of the explosion. The three men listened; then Father Ambrosius sighed.

"I knew Pista," he told them. "Once in a while he would come by to talk. He seemed unhappy, disturbed; but he always refused confession." The cleric stared past them. "*For the good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do.*" His lips moved silently, then he made the sign of the cross and turned back to his guests as if the matter were closed.

Father Ambrosius was not a man to waste much time. "Yes, I know all about your problem." He smiled broadly. But in spite of his smile, his dark blue eyes retained their seriousness. "Yes," he repeated, "about all your problems."

Jed looked at him curiously, at the strong, narrow face which, in its detachment, had the quality of an old painting. Was this man interested in politics, he asked himself, or was he merely allowing himself to be used on this occasion?

Father Ambrosius understood the meaning of Jed's probing glance. He was still smiling. "My son, I know what is going on in your mind. But put it aside. Think of me as a messenger."

His voice changed, the smile faded from his lips. "I was advised yesterday to expect news from Yugoslavia early this morning and to get in touch with you at once. Laszlo is not dead." He made a slight pause, letting his words sink in before he continued. "As a matter of fact, he is in excellent health. But two days before Kendeffy was to leave England, a man whom Laszlo had been warned was an informer turned up. When Laszlo could not shake the man off, he surmised that he had been sent to watch him. He couldn't take any risks. To warn you that things were unsafe he sent you the telegram that he had been taken ill suddenly, then he went to a doctor in whom he has always confided, somebody he could trust implicitly. The two of them decided the wisest thing to do was to pretend that Laszlo had died after an operation. The informer left soon after that. Of course, all this could not be told to your colleague, Mr. Meier-Schmitt."

"Laszlo alive?" cried Kendeffy. "But that is wonderful news! Now I can leave at once."

Father Ambrosius shook his head. "You didn't let me finish," he said. "Although Laszlo has managed to deceive the man who was spying on him, he is afraid that some of his friends may have been arrested. And security measures have been tightened to avoid any kind of demonstrations on the anniversary of the revolt." He put his hand on Kendeffy's arm, a narrow, long-fingered hand on which the veins stood out sharply. "He wants you to wait until he has made sure he can still rely on his friends among the border guards and knows that his contacts inside Hungary, who were to help you, are not under surveillance. He begs you to be patient. If you were to be intercepted or shot at the border or en route, you wouldn't get to the meeting anyhow." (*Continued on Page 104*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

The cemetery company, being allowed by law to sell land "not used for burial purposes," leased one of its driveways to an oil company which wished to drill in the area. The Smiths, visiting their family plot, were dreadfully upset at the sight of the oil rig. They sued to have it removed.

"How can our hallowed dead rest in peace with all that digging and banging going on around the cemetery?" they asked through counsel. "Drilling for oil shouldn't be permitted in the quiet of graveyards."

"While we regret the disturbance, we are within our rights," counsel for the cemetery company replied. "As the driveways never will be used for burial purposes, we can lease or sell them for other uses."

If you were the judge, would you halt the drilling?

... ...

The drilling was stopped. The court ruled that driveways serve an essential burial purpose. It added that the oil drilling "divested the cemetery of its sacred and sentimental character, depriving the relatives of their right to visit the graves in reverence and solace amid surroundings proper to a place devoted to peaceful repose of the dead."

Based upon a 1958 Federal decision.

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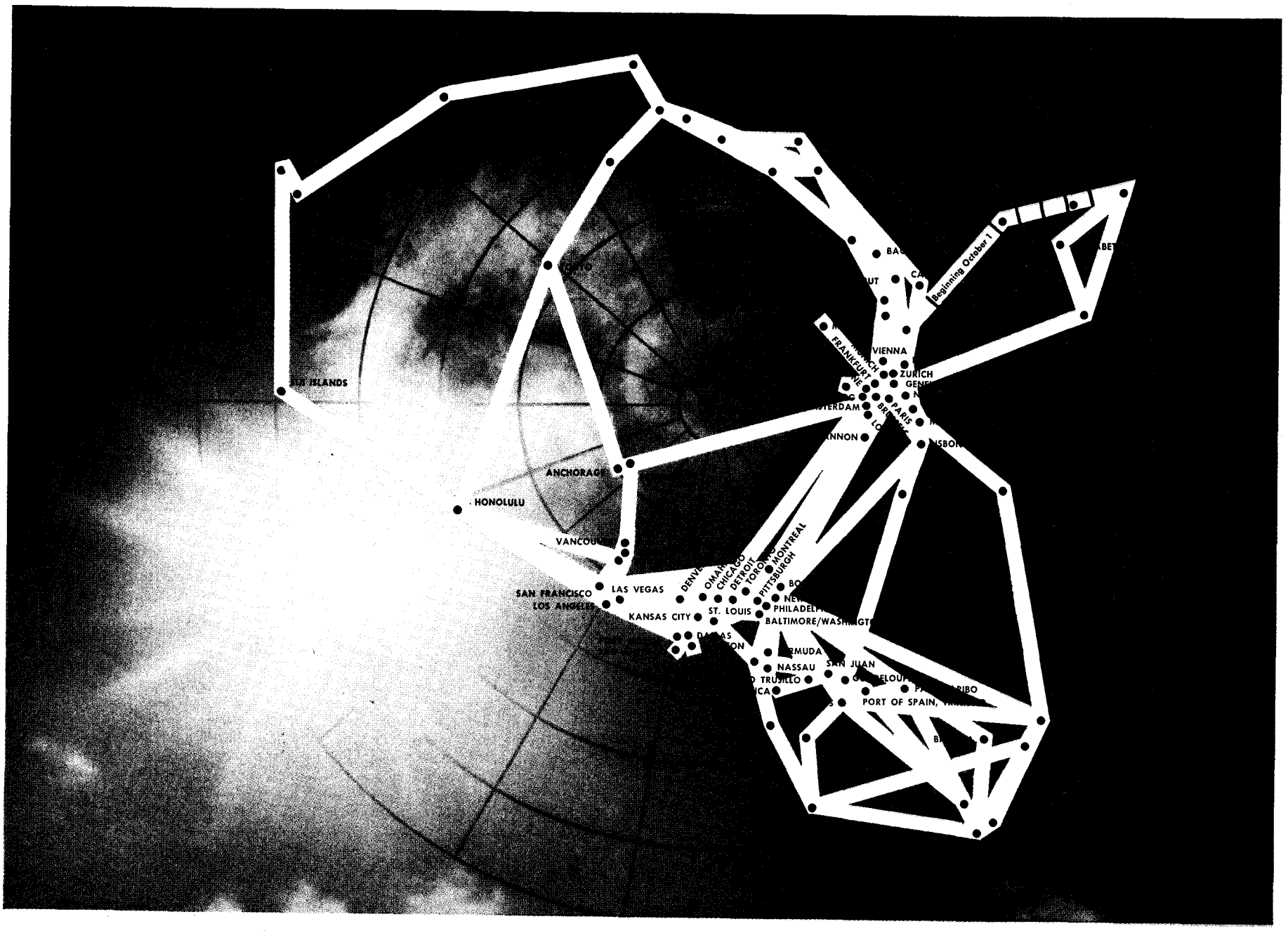

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BOEING 707 and 720

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(*Continued from Page 102*) "Father," said Kendeffy, "I promised. I gave my word. If the meeting can't take place now, it may take another year—or longer—to arrange anything like it."

"I know," said Father Ambrosius. "But we have to accept our trials." He rose. "I shall let you know at once when you can leave."

Farkas heard the news while he was driving his car, a German make with an Austrian license plate, toward the Dutch border. He had been waiting impatiently for the last twenty minutes to pass. Now, with the hands of the clock at three minutes to one, he slowed down, looked at his wrist watch to compare the time and turned on the car radio.

Only someone who knew him intimately would have known, from the bland neutral face, what was going on in his mind as he listened. Sandor knew him intimately and could tell by the way the pupils of his pale blue eyes contracted that his master would erupt any moment, like a volcano. True, Farkas had not said much when the first attempt to kill Kendeffy had gone wrong. You had to hand it to him—he could be just. And he had a good memory, even on occasions when it was not convenient to recall too clearly what one had said. But he had remembered that he had given Sandor strict orders to make Kendeffy's murder look like a suicide.

So all he had said, when it had miscarried, was, "Next time, when things don't work out the way they are planned, use your own judgment. You should not have taken the chance of his crying out or fighting you. When you saw that Kendeffy was not doped, you should have killed him at once."

But he did not look as if he would react with the same calm to this second defeat. "I think," said Sandor, "the dog needs to be taken out."

Farkas did not answer, but he stopped the car, and Sandor picked up the Chihuahua and slammed the door after him. For a moment Farkas sat absolutely motionless; then he lifted both arms, palms outward, and brought them down hard on his thighs. The resulting self-induced physical pain was the only outlet he allowed the fury raging within him. He had made a mistake.

The knowledge was worse than the consequences of his error. If a man had to start doubting his judgment, it meant the beginning of the end. And he had made a mistake in his judgment of Pista. Pista must have given himself away, or Drake and Kendeffy would not have escaped. Of course, he did not know Drake. Drake might have been much more alert, even suspicious of Pista. Farkas did not think for a moment that Pista had voluntarily told Drake and Kendeffy to get out of the car and then, knowing what the consequences of such a betrayal would be, have committed suicide. To do that took courage, and Pista had been a coward.

But actually the situation hadn't changed very much. Farkas leaned back in his seat. It was, as a matter of fact, the same as last night—only a lot of trouble and time had been wasted. Last night Drake and Kendeffy had already known that their lives were imperiled. And even if, after the attack on Kendeffy's life at the Hotel Urania, Drake had forced Sarolta to tell him, what did it matter now? He wouldn't be found unless his assumed name and address had been betrayed; and now that Pista was dead, only Sandor and Charlotte knew them. So even if Drake had notified the Belgian intelligence agency or the police or both. . . . Farkas shrugged.

He let down the window and whistled to Sandor, who picked up the dog and came running. "Get in," Farkas told him. "We are going back."

"And if he talked?" asked Sandor.

"If he talked," said Farkas, "we won't make the border. In that case, all the frontiers will have been notified, and we would have to lie low anyhow, until the whole thing has blown over. If he didn't talk, we still have a chance to carry out the job we came to do."

And though he knew that what he said made sense, he knew also that he would never leave before he had eliminated Kendeffy. For by now nothing was important to him, not his own safety nor, as a matter of fact, even the prevention of Kendeffy's return in itself. Nothing mattered to him now but that it should not be said he had been outsmarted. It had become a matter that no longer had anything to do with a political point of view. It was man against man, with Kendeffy merely a pawn in the fight between him and the man who was not going to outwit him—Drake.

It was about six o'clock when Jed entered his room at the Métropole. After the extraordinarily satisfying news Father Ambrosius had given him, Jed had decided to ask for police protection for Kendeffy until they heard from Laszlo. A room had been made available at the Métropole, where Kendeffy was now fast asleep. For the moment he was safe. But there had remained things to be done—the report on Pista to another department of the police, a talk with Intelligence about Farkas. In the back of Jed's mind, though, one question had continued to worry him—how would Sari react to Pista's death and everything involved with it?

Miss Bettigole took one look at Jed when he came into the room and, without saying anything, picked up the receiver of the telephone to order some ice. Jed smiled at her gratefully and sat down on the couch. He leaned back his head and closed his eyes. "Just give me a minute," he was saying when, with the waiter, June came in.

Her face was pink from fresh air. "Jed. Thank goodness, you're home. Why didn't you call?"

Jed sighed and sat up again. "You've heard, of course. Yes. To make a long story short—I found myself without gas, stuck, when Pista came along and offered us a lift."

There are no coincidences, he thought, *only human weaknesses. If I hadn't wanted to trust Pista because he was a friend of Sari's—if Pista* —— He was too tired to follow the thought through. He looked at the two women who were staring at him, horrified. "It was pretty close, but it's all right—for the moment, at least. I'll tell you everything later."

Of Humankind

By Richard F. Armknecht

Experience is dearly bought,
But we who keep on getting caught
In ancient error realize
At least one blessing in disguise—
Faults rarely seem as bad as painted
When we and they are well-acquainted.

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"And I," said June. "I drove to Bruges. I thought I might find out something on my own. Anyhow it makes a story for ——"

Jed interrupted her. "How is Sari taking his death?" He rose and poured himself some Scotch from a bottle Miss Bettigole kept handy, forgetting to offer a drink to June or Miss Bettigole.

"Sari?" June watched him down the drink. "I don't know. I just got back a moment ago and came straight here."

Jed looked at Miss Bettigole. All the way back from Ghent the thought of Sari had haunted him. "Is she very low?" he asked.

Madge Bettigole swallowed. "I don't know," she said in a voice that was strangely alien in its haltingness. "I don't know, Mr. Drake."

Jed looked at her as she had never seen him look at her before, not once in the years she had known him and worked for him. "You don't know? Why?"

Miss Bettigole saw him rise as if he had been catapulted from the couch. Ordinarily he was not a man who moved precipitously. Quite often she had thought what a good actor he was, always controlled, determined never to show anything of what he thought or felt, playing up splendidly to whatever gesture the occasion demanded. He was moving toward the bedroom door. Miss Bettigole shook her head. "She isn't there, Mr. Drake. She—I don't know exactly what time she went out. All I know is she hasn't come back."

"You don't know when she left?"

Somehow Jed seemed to grow taller. Miss Bettigole had the feeling that he was towering over her. "Did she leave after she had heard the news, or before?"

"I don't know," said Miss Bettigole. "I'm sorry if I've slipped up on something, Mr. Drake. She was here one moment and gone the next. She said she knew that Kendeffy was in town, that she had seen Farkas and that Farkas had threatened to kill you if she mentioned having seen him."

"What? What are you talking about?"

Miss Bettigole went on rapidly. "Then she gave me his description and told me to pass it on to the police. And when I looked into the bedroom, she was gone."

June said, "She came up to my room. She saw the backgammon board we played on last night. She recognized it. She was terribly excited. She told me she felt she should have told you Farkas had spoken to her. I didn't know she gave Miss Bettigole the man's description."

What were they trying to tell him? That Sari had spoken to Farkas, that Farkas had warned her that he, Jed, would be killed if she gave him away? "Just a moment. I want to hear exactly what happened in her precise words."

They told him again, this time in the right order. Jed threw open the door to the bedroom. It had not yet been prepared for the night. The curtains had not been drawn, nor had the lights been turned on; but by the glow from the square, he saw—blue one moment, red the next—a dress of hers, flung on the bed, a bag that had been opened, a pair of shoes in front of the dresser.

Miss Bettigole had followed him. "She's gone out, yes," she said. "I did mean to look after her, Mr. Drake, but she was gone. A maid told me that she had been seen in the office of the housekeeper, inquiring about an address, something to do with a dress."

"Connect me with the housekeeper."

But the housekeeper had left. Jed went back to the living room. He poured himself another drink. June, watching him, felt her heart contract.

His face had lost all its guardedness. It was strangely alive. She had never seen it so alive. She wanted to look away, but she could not stop watching him.

"You love her," she said, in a scarcely audible voice. "You do love her and you let me go on talking about her and your relationship."

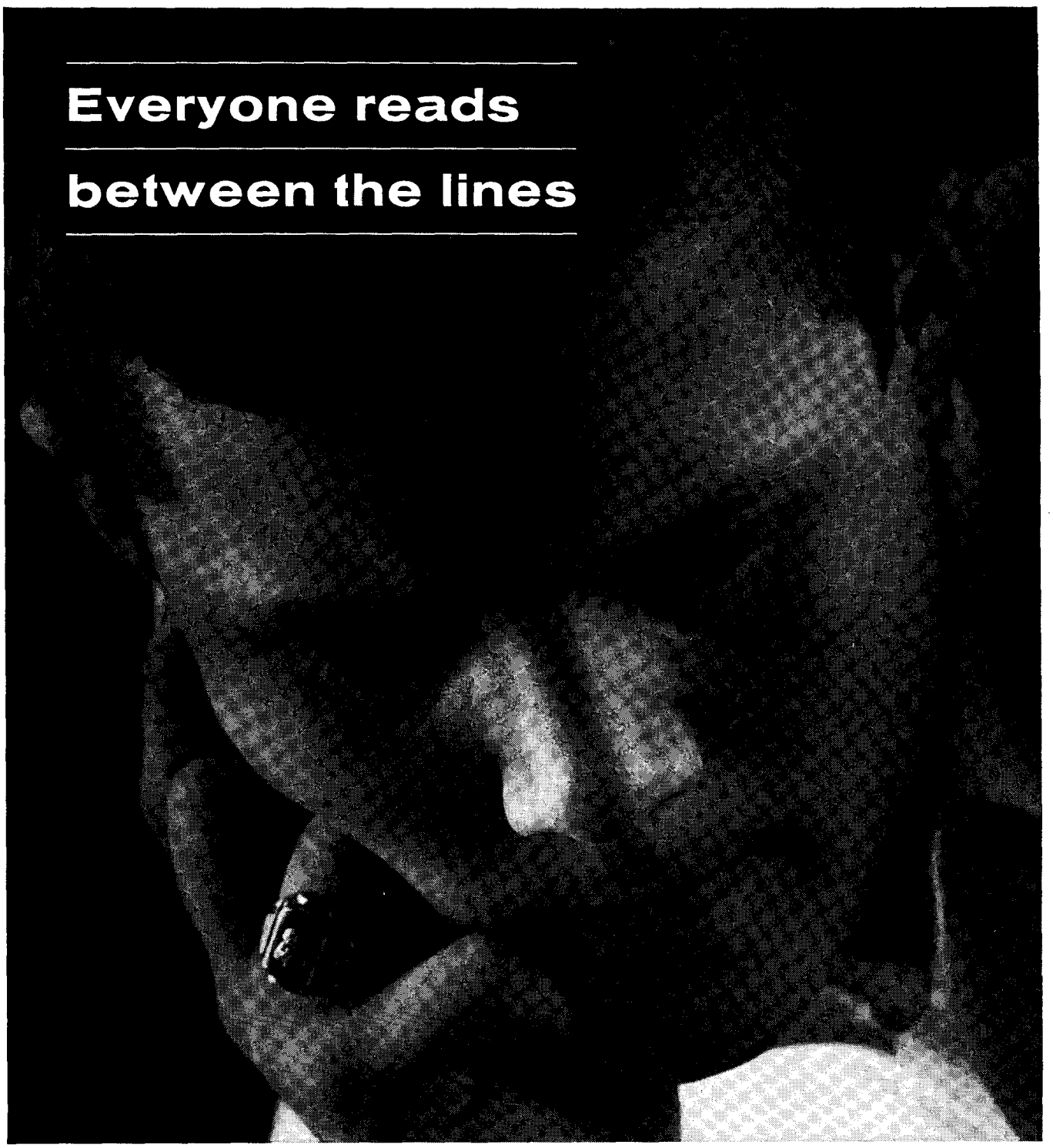
Jed stared into space. "Yes," he said. "I loved her from the first moment I saw her. That's why I married her. But I never told her. I didn't want to take advantage of her. And now ——"

The housekeeper, he thought. *Why should she have gone to the housekeeper? For an address where to get a dress? At a time like this? When she was in such a terrible state of excitement?*

He heard a noise next door and swung around. But it wasn't Sarolta; it was only a maid who had come in to turn down the beds, an elderly woman with a wrinkled face and a sparse little knot of gray hair in the nape of her neck—not at all like the blond girl who could have been called attractive but for the hump on her back.

All that had happened in the last few days fell from Jed, and for a moment he remembered nothing but the evening of Sarolta's arrival. He had said he would ring for the maid to help her when she had gone to the bedroom to wash and unpack. But there had been no need for it. A maid had already been there. And Sarolta had touched the hump on Charlotte's back, pretending at first to have done it because it was supposed to be lucky to touch a hunchback; and then, rather abruptly and suddenly very nervous, she had admitted that she suspected Charlotte of having been sent to watch her.

"Is it Charlotte's day off?"



Here's a student flipping through a catalog. As he does, he unconsciously *reads between the lines* for evidences of the sincerity of the message and the quality of its presentation. He is influenced by the readability of the text, the printing of the pictures and the appearance of quality in the paper. A company that shows respect for readers in its printed messages gains respect in return. *Respectful printing begins with a good printer.* See him early. Most likely he'll specify a Warren paper, because he'll get better results — and so will you. *S. D. Warren Company, 89 Broad St., Boston, Mass.*

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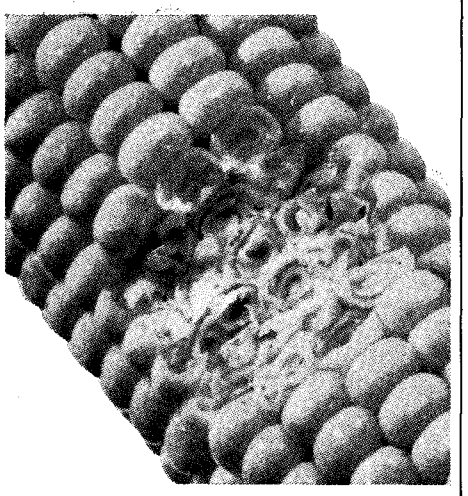

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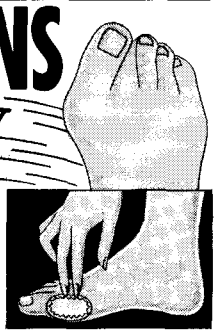

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"Charlotte?" The little old woman spread out Sarolta's dressing gown, arranging it neatly over a chair. "No, sir. She quit last night. She had to go to a hospital, I understand. Is anything wrong?"

"Nothing," said Jed. "Nothing."

He sat down on Sarolta's bed. He knew her so well that it was easy to try to think as she might have thought after she had discovered the backgammon board in June's room. From then on she had known that Kendeffy was in Brussels and must have asked herself why it had been kept from her. And then the secret she was keeping, about Farkas' presence in Brussels and the threat to Jed's life, must have begun to torture her, and she had decided that it was a terrible mistake not to have notified the police. But that had not been enough for her, and she had tried to find him someway.

Jed's mouth went dry and he called for Miss Bettigole. "Do you remember the name of the maid I asked you to check on with the housekeeper?"

Miss Bettigole's memory was as tidy as her files, which she could turn to at any time and, without searching, lay her hand on the desired object. "Charlotte Goud," she said. "She lives somewhere in the Marolles—her home town, though, was Antwerp."

Jed rose, ran through the room and was almost out of it before June could ask, "Jed! Where are you going? Jed!"

"To the police," he said. "We have to find Charlotte Goud. We have to find her as quickly as possible." And without looking back he slammed the door shut after him.

"What are you doing here?" said Farkas to Charlotte. "I told you never to come unless I called you."

He looked at her angrily. *She's no good,* he thought. *Anyone who doesn't obey orders is unsuitable, never mind how intelligent she is. In the end no quality is as important as obedience. If they ever begin to think they can act on their own, they have to be eliminated. Anyhow, this one is clumsy.*

He took another look at her and realized, surprised, that his angry look did not intimidate her. She did not cringe, but met his eyes. "What is it?" he demanded.

Charlotte smiled, but she did not answer. This was her moment, the moment she had been longing for, the moment when she would no longer be a negligible factor in Farkas' eyes, but command his respect.

"The girl," she said.

"What girl?"

Oh, it was a delicious minute. She had not known that triumph could be so sweet. "His wife. You know ——"

But Farkas was quicker than she thought. He caught on at once, robbing her of some of the fun. "Mrs. Drake! What about her?"

"She's in my room," said Charlotte. "Well taken care of. She's been there for hours."

But Farkas was in no mood for playing games. Every moment mattered now that he did not know where Kendeffy was. For though he knew that Drake's arrangements for getting Kendeffy back to Hungary had met with difficulties, he could not know what other resources they had at their disposal. Any hour might bring new developments that would enable Kendeffy to leave before Farkas was able to kill him.

"Don't waste my time."

In spite of her high spirits, Charlotte knew Farkas too well to go too far. "She must have suspected me from the start, and today she followed me. I saw her recognize me on the street. She stopped dead. That's when I decided to let her find me. I couldn't take the risk of her having seen me without my hump and telling others, could I?"

It had been this disfigurement that had brought her into his service—or, rather, his promise that he would pay for its removal, if it could be done. But later, after the successful operation, he had decided, much to her disappointment, that she must use it again.

"Didn't I instruct you to wear it outside your room at all times while you were working for me?"

Charlotte had not intended to say anything that might give her away as unreliable. It stunned her for a moment; then she shrugged. "It wouldn't have mattered. She would never have given up. She was after me. Anyhow, I left the door to the house open to make it easier for her and she fell right into the trap. And there she is. Instead of having the police after me, we've got her."

Farkas' reaction was not what she had expected. Without saying anything, he went and sat down in his chair and closed his eyes.

Even though he had taken for granted that Pista had not betrayed him, it had been a pleasant confirmation of his judgment to find, when he had crept cautiously back to Brussels and to this room, that, as he had expected, he was still undiscovered. But it might not remain that way much longer. Mrs. Jethro Drake could be traced. And he didn't doubt that Drake would move heaven and earth to find her. The question was—when would Drake discover that Sarolta was gone?

One could, of course, let her be found dead somewhere, run over by a car, for instance, and that would stop the police from searching for her and trying to find her through the maid at the Hotel Métropole.

Perhaps that would be best. It would cut down the danger of being discovered. Once she was known to be dead, some of the excitement would fade and give him a better chance to lie low until he could get Kendeffy.

His silence made Charlotte uneasy. Had she done something to displease him after all? "What are you going to do with her?"

Yes, what am I going to do with her? Farkas repeated the question in his mind. Then suddenly he knew. He had not wanted a problem like this on his hands, but there it was. And he had always known how to turn odds that were against him to his advantage.

He looked at his watch—half past five. Then he looked out the window. For his purpose it was dark enough.

"Go home," he told Charlotte, "and pack a few things quickly. Sandor will pick you and the girl up in exactly twenty minutes."

TO BE CONCLUDED

Confessions of a Happy Man (Continued from Page 33)

and many others who went to Agua Caliente for holiday fun.

Gable and I, who are now good friends, were reminiscing one recent day about that period during the early '30's, and he laughingly said, "Ah, those were the wild days." Needless to say, neither of us is wild any more. Gable spends his nights at home on a San Fernando Valley ranch, and I—well, I have five children, and that's enough to tame any man.

There were two other choices for me that summer twenty-six years ago. I had majored in English at college, had always loved working with words and had actually considered a teaching career. The teaching position would have paid me $120 a month, but KGB offered me a job as an announcer at $125, and that did it.

The job would be permanent—or as permanent as anything was in that post-depression period—and the extra five dollars, stretched a little, might pay the gas bill if two people were cooking meals instead of one. And this is exactly what I had in mind for Miss Lois Foerster, a blue-eyed San Diego beauty who was very dazzling indeed, even with the bangs on her forehead, and I had already decided they could easily be snipped off.

We were married in San Diego on Thanksgiving Day in 1935. We took a small apartment not too far from the radio station and we had been there only a week when she started moving the furniture around. And among other things there was a floor lamp which, to fit her arrangement, needed a longer cord.

"Darling," she asked sweetly, "can you make this cord longer?"

She knew very well how to fix it herself, but I was the man of the house, of course, and she was letting me nurse the illusion that women are sort of helpless about these things. So I took our only kitchen paring knife, cut and scraped wires, taped them all together—the knife was never any good after that—and plugged the cord into the outlet. There was a flash of blue light and a puff of smoke—the kind that the magicians use to make a pretty girl disappear on stage. Lois vanished too—I think she went down the back stairs—and all the fuses were blown. Lois never asked me to repair anything thereafter, and I have sadly concluded that I am not the home fix-it-yourself type.

Years later I was invited to emcee the presentation of television Emmy awards at the Statler Hotel in Los Angeles. I was in the center of a vast stage, the orchestra was in the pit, and wandering around among the soaring pillars of a Grecian setting were $10,000,000 worth of movie and television stars. It was a proud moment for me, with 40,000,000 viewers waiting by their television sets, and my heart pounded as the network announcer said, "We now take you to Art Linkletter at the Statler Hotel."

The curtain slowly opened, and at that instant the main stage lights blew out. An unidentified stagehand, rushing to the fuse box, knocked over one of the fake Greek pillars, and it toppled into the pit. The first violinist was hit on his *E* string and the tuba player blew a *C* sharp, which was not the cue note at all. I don't remember what I said, but Lois, standing in the wings, turned to Walt Disney and whispered something that has probably puzzled him ever since. "Well," she said, "I see Old Fix-it did it again."

Later I wished I had said something of the sort myself, because such awkward situations are often the breeding ground of high-flying ad libs.

I am generally considered to be an ad-lib man. That is, I usually work without a typed script. Over the years, in countless newspaper (*Continued on Page 108*)

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A widow—struggling to hold her family together—lives a life of heartache and loneliness.

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She can tell you of worrying about bills, dreading serious illness, and feeling lonely, frustrated and discouraged. The children feel it, too, for they lose one of life's greatest gifts—their mother's time. This is real tragedy.

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A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It relieves itching and pain in minutes, then speeds healing of the injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under doctor's observations proved this so – even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And most amazing of all this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind.

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Wherever hardware is sold or write

Turner Corporation
843 Park Avenue, Sycamore, Illinois

(*Continued from Page 106*)

and magazine interviews, I have been asked about the art of ad-libbing and whether it really exists in the mass-production entertainment we have today. The term is an abbreviation, of course, for the Latin phrase ad libitum, which means "as one pleases" or "as one wishes." To me the true ad lib is a remark you pull out of the air to fit a situation of the moment, and if it gets a laugh, you're lucky.

I often wish my mind could grind out the quips as easily as Bob Hope, Milton Berle and Groucho Marx do it. It is an education for any performer to be with my friend Groucho, for instance, but I have long since stopped trying to talk sense with him.

I once accompanied him to a performance by a clever magician who could thread needles, half a dozen at a time, with his tongue or his teeth, inside his mouth. He began the act by placing the unthreaded needles on his tongue alongside pieces of thread, opening his mouth and asking the audience, "What do you see?"

Groucho snapped loudly, "Cavities."

Another time my partner, John Guedel, and I were sitting around the office—our company packages the Groucho Marx show—and we were chatting about business conditions. Guedel said glumly, "Prices are too darn high."

"Why don't the Prices move down to the third floor?" Groucho said. "The view isn't as good, but they won't get dizzy."

Guedel ignored the remark, but Groucho was off and running. "I knew some Prices in Pocatello," he said. "Sam and Evelyn Price. Sam had a poodle and a beautiful wife. She had fleas. The dog, I mean. Or maybe they all had 'em."

"Groucho, please!" Guedel interrupted.

"The whole family started from scratch," Groucho droned on. "Somebody was always putting the bite on them."

Guedel shrugged helplessly.

"My, my," Groucho said, "they were certainly loused up."

We managed to cut him off at that point, but he could have gone on indefinitely. I have tried this word-extension technique myself, but I can't quite compete with the sort of weird writhings inside the Marx brain. Matter of fact, as I look back on my apprentice days, it seems to me that my ad libs often backfired, as more than one sponsor complained. The KGB files will show—or maybe they've already burned them in disgust—that Linkletter probably induced more apoplexy around the station than any announcer before or since.

Covering a rodeo one time, I tried to inject some excitement into the broadcast by exclaiming, "Yes, folks, here is the biggest horse I've ever seen. It must weigh two or three tons!" The repercussions from this innocent remark—after all, I had never weighed a horse—were frightening. I got denunciatory mail from horse owners, jockeys, stable boys, trainers and movie cowboys. They all suggested, none too delicately, that an announcer who doesn't know that most horses weigh only about half a ton has no business talking about them to the public. I even had a telegram from the late Bob (*Believe It or Not*) Ripley, offering me $500 for a photograph of a three-ton horse, dead or alive.

Another time, confronted by a drunken heckler while I was doing a show at the San Diego Exposition, I side-stepped his pawing until the program ended, and then I let him have it. "You so and so!" I said angrily, "if you're not out of here in two minutes, I'm going to knock your damned head off!" The microphone was still open, alas, and my cussing bounced out of 300 loud-speakers scattered around the grounds.

There was a period when I experimented with sound effects—this job belonged to the technicians, but I thought I could do it too—and there came a challenging assignment to re-create the Battle of the Marne. It was a hair-raising theme, to say the least, and was to end with a thunderous boom from a cannon. I had ingeniously decided I could get the proper effect by firing a double-barreled shotgun into an empty beer barrel. I pulled the triggers right on cue, and the Battle of the Marne was over—so was my career as a sound-effects man. The show's sponsor, who was sitting in an adjoining booth, had twenty-five feet of plate glass in his lap, and the pieces of the bursting beer barrel impaled all four walls. The microphone looked like a burned omelet, and the transmitter was dead. The blast could have killed us all, but luckily no one was hurt—no one except the bookkeepers, that is, for that sponsor never came back.

These errors—and there were many others—made me a natural target for the jokers on the station staff. I am familiar with fraternity hazing and I once got the works from my fellow crew members on the *S. S. American Legion* when I crossed the equator, but these initiations were kindergarten stuff compared to the indoctrination I got at KGB.

They touched matches to my script when I was reading stock quotations and dropped squirming cats on my head during a newscast. They tickled me with feathers, or deftly removed my pants and left me standing there in my shorts. And they gave me the mixed-script treatment, a classic radio-station gag which has the same effect as a Mickey. I was on the air with a spot-news broadcast about a marine disaster—and this is how it went.

"Bulletin! At last report the burning ship was located twenty-eight miles east of Hawaii. The ship's captain told the Coast Guard by radio that all he could do was . . ."

I flipped to the second page and continued announcing at a breathless pace:

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

September Afternoon

By John Vincent Costello

The pumpkin lies by the
dry shock castle—
A golden globe filled tight
with summer;
While a cool wind rustles
the dead corn tassel.

Acorns drop like a far-off
drummer,
Calling us into a world of
fall;
And June is a girl I scarce
recall.

But I wouldn't trade. I'll
take what's coming—
The sharp frost wind in the
whistling leaf,
The barking squirrel and
the acorns drumming.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

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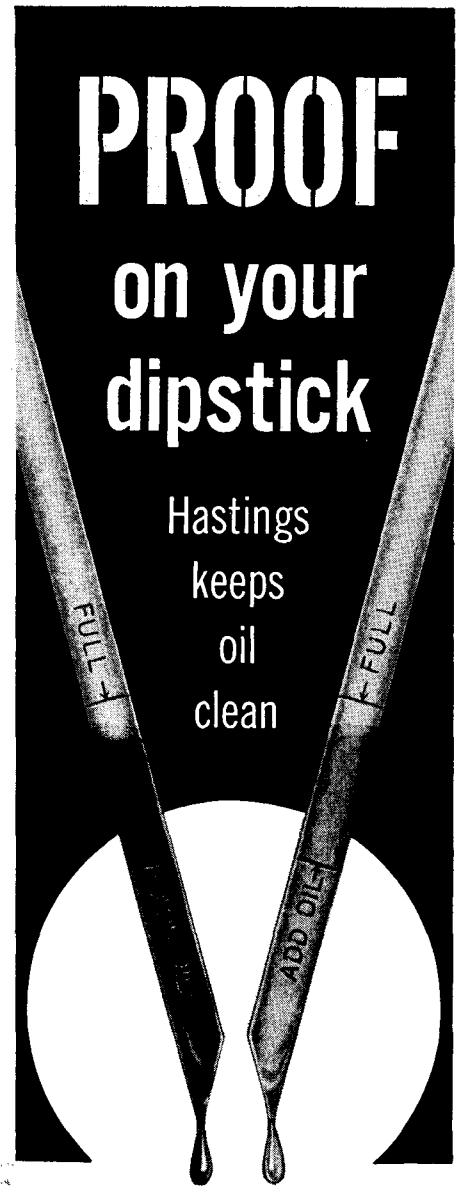


Oil shows dirty? Dirt is abrasive and dirty oil causes wear. Get full-time protection—ask for Hastings Oil Filter Cartridges, and have *clean oil* from filter change to filter change.*

The Hastings DENSITE filtering material traps and holds all the dirt, even the most microscopic size particles. And, *only* Hastings has Densite.

Hastings Cartridges assure clean oil—less engine wear and less subsequent repair bills—as no other filter can. See for yourself . . . on your dipstick!

*When replaced as normally recommended

U.S. Patent Nos. 2797811, 2584711

HASTINGS
OIL FILTER CARTRIDGES

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Oil Filters, Piston Rings,
Casite Additives, Spark Plugs

". . . to beat the egg whites thoroughly before adding cream."

Just below this line, printed in pencil, was this little footnote, "And now where in hell are you, bud?" Oh, they were cards, all right. The culprits were virtually rolling on the floor in the control booth, and I must have lost fifteen seconds, an eternity in terms of a dead mike, before I went on to the third page and finished the newscast.

Now, I admit I was irritated and momentarily thrown by the mixed-script bit, but in retrospect I can see that it was a form of training. I not only learned to anticipate a crisis now and then during a show, but I also realized that most scripts are a form of confinement. In short, there was an exhilarating freedom about an ad-lib show, and if there were going to be what we call fluffs, at least they would be my own. I have never worked any other way since.

While we're on the subject of indoctrination or learning what brings on headaches, it occurs to me that there is no one more vocal, more potentially violent, or more basically ornery than the radio listener or television viewer who nurses a grievance, usually unfounded, against you or your show. I know that newspaper and magazine editors often get scorching letters from indignant readers, but generally they confine their spleen to the written word.

But those who get their entertainment from the air are, for reasons that baffle me, more apt to take the direct route when they get steamed up. I had it happen at KGB, and I've had it happen elsewhere. The moral for radio announcers and performers is the familiar Biblical advice my foster father, John Linkletter, used to quote, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

At KGB we had an announcer who, with a voice like a Tennessee coon caller, began his morning's stint with this cry, "Hey there, you! Get outta that bed! It's seven o'clock!" One morning, an hour or so after his program had gone off the air, there appeared a distraught and angry young man who, had he cornered our raucous announcer, might have inflicted mayhem.

We got his blood pressure down, and he finally explained his fury. He had been married the night before, it seems, and had started off on a honeymoon. He and his bride were sound asleep in a motel when, from one of those automatic alarm-clock radios, came the stentorian call, "Hey there, you! Get outta that bed!" The bridegroom leaped out of bed, grabbed his pants, bounced off the nightstand and broke his wrist, and was 200 yards down the road before he sheepishly realized what he had done.

He went back to the motel and found his bride packing to go home to mother. Naturally he blamed our announcer, and it took some soothing talk to put the guilt where it belonged. Nevertheless, when our announcer went on the air the following morning, this is what he said: "Sh-h-h—don't be alarmed. It's only me—your radio." I've often wondered who or what is stirring the nervous young man out of his slumbers these days.

I vividly remembered this experience last year when, as I was interviewing a small boy on our *House Party* show, a wild-eyed woman suddenly ran on stage, grabbed me and shouted, "Stop this show! You've ruined my life, and I won't let you do the same to this boy!"

We were on live from coast to coast, and this woman was definitely not part of the act. The broadcast crew was so flabbergasted that none of them did anything, and for a moment I was speechless myself. A speechless Linkletter, they say, is as unlikely as a talking sphinx, and my mind groped for an explanation. Perhaps she was a schoolteacher, and I had said something contrary to her beliefs. Perhaps she was the little boy's mother, and he had blurted out some family secret. I had a flash thought of one boy who, when I asked him what was the funniest sight he had seen that year, replied, "Dad came home, hit mom on the rear with a chair, and she threw a cherry pie at him."

But this boy had said nothing—yet. I gently asked the woman how I had ruined her life.

"You just have," she said, and by this time the audience knew there was something odd about all this, "and you won't do it any more."

I was afraid she might have a gun or a knife—and I don't care for either of these weapons—and so I gingerly led her into the wings and told her to explain the problem to my producer, John Guedel. The next day I explained to my CBS audience that we had talked to the woman. She told us I had hypnotized her as she watched me on the screen in her living room, had prevented her from coming to Hollywood to make a fortune and had thus "ruined" her life. And, just in case there were any other subjects overcome by my hypnotic personality, I looked directly into the camera, snapped my fingers commandingly and said, as my lawyers suggested, "You are all free to come to Hollywood and get rich."

Another time I got a series of venomous letters, unsigned, but all in the same handwriting, from a man in San Francisco. He accused me of breaking up his home and said he was coming to the studio to make hash out of me. We posted watchers at every entrance and had them detour any and all burly characters with a glazed look in their eyes. This strategy netted a number of so-called "professional" contestants—you'll find them at all the studios—and they got the heave-ho. But this particular villain never showed up.

One day—I think it was on his ninth letter—the mysterious enemy absent-mindedly signed his name.

A week or so afterward I was visiting in San Francisco and I looked him up in the phone book. He lived on one of the avenues near the beach, and on an impulse I jumped into a cab and rode out to his house. The door was opened by a skinny, mousy little man who looked as though he was training to be a midget, and I—who am six-two and weigh 200 pounds—towered over him like Papa Bear did with Goldilocks.

"Art Linkletter!" he gasped.

"About those letters," I said.

He backed slowly inside the house, and I followed. There was a small living room with a piano, and on it was a large picture of me in a silver frame. He saw me looking at it and he exploded. "My wife put it there. She talks about you all the time. She keeps a scrapbook. She turns you on, double volume, and she says why don't I do something good like that. She makes me feel like two cents, and I started writing those letters to get it off my chest. I was just darn sick of hearing it all the time—Linkletter this, Linkletter that."

"Some days *my* wife feels like that," I said.

Well, we wound up kicking the ball around and shaking hands. I took the picture out of the frame and autographed it, TO JOHN AND SUSIE—and nowadays both of them are writing to me and telling me that if they ever have a baby boy, they'll call him Art.

Once in a while, when I get other unfriendly letters—unfortunately there has

using too much
OIL and GAS

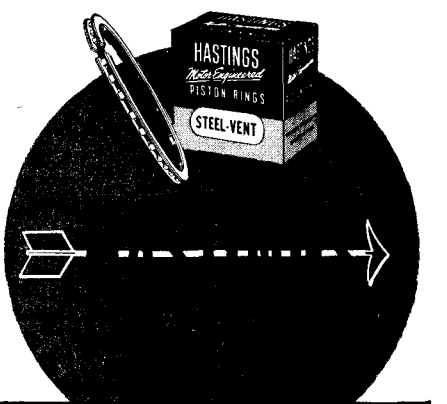
worn out piston rings
mean waste of oil and gas
. . . power drop-off
. . . costly repairs to come

You can prevent excessive oil and gas consumption . . . restore your engine's lost pep and power . . . with a Hastings re-ring job.

The sooner you act, the less it will cost. See your motor specialist the minute oil-pumping warns you there's trouble ahead. When he says you need new rings be sure you get Hastings. They're engineered exclusively for replacement service, to provide the additional lubrication worn engines need—to stop oil pumping, save gasoline, restore lost performance.

Get new car power and performance —with Hastings. Truly your best investment for many thousands of extra miles of trouble-free driving pleasure.

TOUGH *on oil pumping*
GENTLE *on cylinder walls*



HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Piston Rings, Casite Additives,
Oil Filters, Spark Plugs

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never been an entertainer who's loved by everybody—I remember the San Francisco man and concede that some of the opposition forces may have a legitimate peeve. On the other hand, I also get a bundle of cheerful, friendly letters, and along with them have come enough cakes, cookies, rolls and pies to stock a bakery. We have sampled these goodies for years and will probably go right on nibbling away despite the admonition of one macabre friend who said, "I wouldn't touch the stuff. The next cake may be iced with cyanide."

There wasn't much fan mail—and no fancy cakes at all—during my elementary days at KGB, but I loved the job and might have been there to this day. But in 1935 a big, easygoing reformed Colorado cow hand named Clyde Vandeburg—he had moved to San Diego and joined the Chamber of Commerce staff—was appointed promotion director for the San Diego International Exposition.

"Art," he said without preliminaries one day, "why don't you quit the station job and join me at the fair?"

"Van," I said, "the fair's only going to run a few months. My job here is secure, and there's no future at all with you. So I'll do it."

It was probably the most important career decision I ever made, for it took me out of the steady, solid little world of San Diego and led me down a twisting, bumpy road to the big time in radio and television. In the beginning there were days when the going was very rough indeed, and in my scrapbook there is a treasured letter from Van in which he wrote:

Art—Thanks for the excellent job on the Ford Bowl show tonight. Don't forget that I'm in your corner all the time, and if I seem a bit harsh at times, you must realize that I'm aiming more at our organization than at you as an individual. I like you a lot. I think you are going places and I will be standing by to give you a lift when needed.

Clyde Vandeburg and I are still business associates, and when he came out from New York on a recent visit, I reminded him of his first letter.

"Well, Art," he drawled, "I must have had some crazy kind of hunch. Because the fact is that when I first met you, right off the campus, in your white wool sweater, you were the freshest, greenest-looking punk kid I ever saw. I thought you were just about old enough to run out for sandwiches."

I went to the San Diego fair with Van—where I got somebody else to get the sandwiches—and had the happy experience of meeting the sword swallowers, fan dancers, bearded ladies, snake charmers and other citizens in the strange and wonderful world of the carnival. There was a time when I felt sorry for some of these odd people, but they were always cheerful with me, and I recall one sideshow performer who said, "Don't ever worry about us. There's an old carny axiom which says, 'There are more freaks outside the tents than in.'"

How right he was. During the nineteen years I appeared on my *People Are Funny* show I saw more screwballs than Barnum ever had.

There was the man who, for $100 was willing to run across the Los Angeles Coliseum field during a pro football game and tackle Frankie Albert of the San Francisco 49ers. The stadium police clobbered him after he downed Albert, as I recall, but he didn't mind at all. There was one group of housewives who fought one another—the reward was a mere five dollars—for the privilege of stepping into a cageful of lions. I remember the governor of a certain state who, when I turned around to introduce him, had just keeled over from an overdose of bourbon. There was another drunk, less illustrious, who tried to break up one of my shows. I had to knock him out.

Rudyard Kipling once wrote, "The people . . . are good enough for me," and this has long been my personal creed.

I didn't hesitate at all when Vandeburg moved on to the Texas Centennial Exposition at Dallas and asked me to go along. I had saved just enough money to make the trip, and Lois asked how much Vandeburg was going to pay me on the new job.

"I don't know, honey," I said truthfully.

It is not always easy to explain these things to a bride who is naturally concerned with the arithmetic of the budget, but at that time I was more interested in distant horizons than the amount of my salary. In any case, we went to Texas and on May 20, 1936, I had the privilege of being assistant announcer at the transcontinental broadcast opening the fair.

The top man that day was the ace announcer for CBS from New York, and I eagerly watched every move he made. He was the great name in radio then, and I envied and admired him and learned more from him that day than he will ever know. Some months ago—twenty-four years later—he was the honor guest on my *House Party* show. Nearly blind and partly paralyzed after a brain-tumor operation, he was led on stage, and it was with deep personal pride that I presented to him a national Y.M.C.A. award for his work in sports. His name was Ted Husing.

When the Texas Centennial closed, Clyde Vandeburg went to San Francisco to become promotion director for the Golden Gate International Exposition. I was still in Dallas, wondering about tomorrow, when I received the following wire:

SAN FRANCISCO WORLD FAIR NEEDS RADIO DIRECTOR. IF YOU ARE STILL AS CRAZY AS I THINK YOU ARE YOU WILL TAKE THE JOB. AS EVER. VANDEBURG

Lois read the telegram and gave me a very searching look. "What's the pay for being so crazy?" she asked.

"I don't know," I replied. "Does it really matter?"

"No," she said, smiling.

"All right. Let's go."

We arrived in San Francisco in January, 1937, and I was soon involved in stealing air time wherever I could to promote the coming fair. The Treasure Island site—which now is a Navy base in the middle of San Francisco Bay—had not yet been dredged up out of a black sand shoal, and opening day was more than two years off. Consequently we resorted to some pretty corny publicity devices to get a network plug now and then. Among other things, we ordered an enormous cake and sent it to the late Maj. Edward Bowes in New York with the larcenous idea he might mention us on his famed *Amateur Hour*. Two weeks later Bowes sent me this telegram:

CAKE DAMAGED. ARRIVED IN 2000 PIECES. WHAT SHALL I DO?

"Invite 2000 people to your show and let 'em eat cake," I wired back.

On second thought, maybe it wasn't a clever answer at all. We didn't get the plug, and the exposition finance department, which was then struggling along on an anemic budget, found the cake item as indigestible as it had been for Major Bowes.

I was under the impression, during those long months of preparation, that my radio department had done more than its share to spread the name of San Francisco around the world. The fair had been mentioned or discussed in detail on some 6000 broadcasts, many of them sponsored network shows. Eddie Cantor, Bob Hope, Betty Grable, Jack Benny and countless other celebrities had donated their talents to the cause. I was working about sixteen hours a day myself, and, among other things, I described Treasure Island and San Francisco Bay from an airplane on a coast-to-coast show. This was quite a feat, considering that it was a very foggy day, and I couldn't see a thing except the back of the pilot's head.

One day I was summoned to the office of the late Harris Connick, then general manager of the fair.

"Mr. Linkletter," he said coldly, "I regret to say that in my opinion your work has been dull, without imagination and more or less useless. And your suggestions for an opening-day broadcast are stupid."

I was stunned, but I turned the other cheek. "What do *you* suggest for opening day, Mr. Connick?"

"Well," he said, "you're familiar with the Golden Gate Bridge. You know that each suspension cable has a different tension and when the wind blows in from the ocean, these cables make a musical tone?"

It was true that the cables did make a sound when the wind hit them. I had heard it myself. "Yes, sir," I said.

"Now, my idea is this," he went on "You pick out the cables that have the eight notes of the scale, put a microphone on each one and run the wires into a control board. Presto! You will have the world's largest aeolian harp and you could get Artur Rubinstein to play *California, Here I Come*. Magnificent, eh?"

I looked him right in the eye and I said, "Mr. Connick, you're nuts!"

He looked me right in the eye and said, "Mr. Linkletter, you're fired!"

And I was. It seemed like a catastrophe then, for I hadn't saved a dime out of my $300-a-month salary at the fair. But this shocking and painful turn of events forced me to free-lance, and soon I was earning $75,000 a year—considerably more, I told myself with grim satisfaction, than Mr. Connick. Many times since, I have blessed him for firing me, but in the back of my mind there persists a nagging little thought. Do you suppose someone *could* wire up those cables on the bridge and play *California, Here I Come?*

Next week Mr. Linkletter tells how a Federal grand jury indicted him for lying about his citizenship. —THE EDITORS

"Dried kumquats, chocolate grasshoppers, smoked bees . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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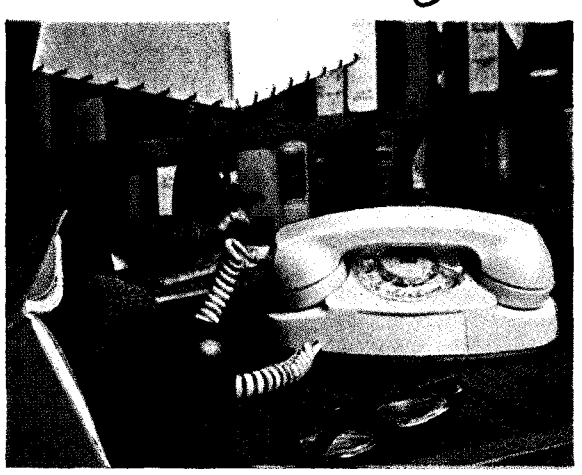
America has fallen in love with the

new Princess phone

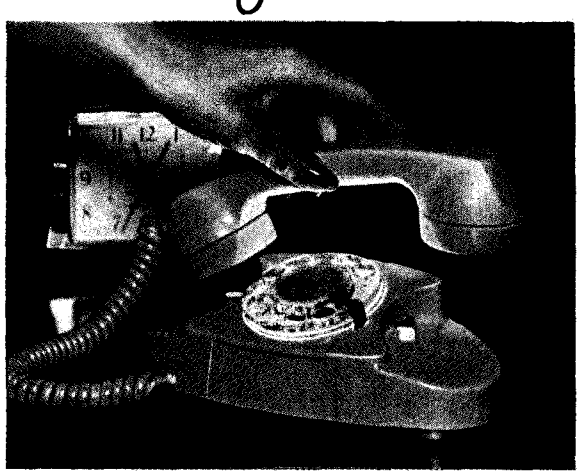
In white, beige, pink, blue and turquoise—attractively priced

it's little!... it's lovely!... it lights!

Small size is one of many reasons why the Princess is so popular. It fits in where you didn't have room for a telephone before—as an extension on a kitchen counter, on a writing desk or a bedside table.



Graceful styling is another reason why everyone is so charmed by this phone. You can put the Princess anywhere and be sure that its lines and the color you choose will blend in beautifully.



Lighted dial. It glows in the dark, so it's easy to find, and lights brightly when you lift the receiver, so it's easy to dial. To order the Princess, just call our Business Office or ask your telephone man.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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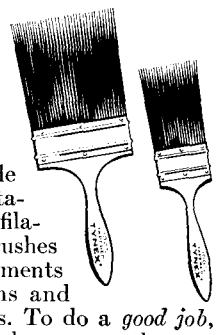
BRIGHTEN A SHUTTER

PROTECT A GUTTER

Paint on any surface using brushes made **100%** with **Du Pont tapered TYNEX®**



You can have a better job, done more easily, when you paint with higher-quality brushes made 100% with Du Pont tapered TYNEX nylon filament. High-quality brushes have a full head of filaments with varying lengths and properly finished tips. To do a *good job*, you need a *good* brush . . . so ask your dealer for an assortment of high-quality brushes made 100% with Du Pont tapered TYNEX nylon filament.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET: Tells you how to select the proper brush, paint like an expert and achieve decorator effects. For your copy, write to E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Advertising Department, TYNEX, Rm. 2524-S.E.P. 9-17, Wilmington 98, Delaware.

TYNEX®

NYLON FILAMENT

TYNEX is the registered trademark for Du Pont nylon filament

DU PONT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Keeping Posted

The Legend of "Riffraff" Taylor

Some time ago William J. Lederer, retired Navy captain, coauthor of THE UGLY AMERICAN (Oct. 4–Nov. 8, 1958) and resident of Hawaii, snitched to this department regarding a crime committed by his friend and fellow writer, **Frank J. Taylor,** of Los Altos, California. Taylor, we were told, had appeared at the dining room of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel wearing a linen suit and an open-neck linen shirt, and was informed by the despotic maître d' that male guests were obliged to wear neckties. The story goes that Taylor left in a huff and reappeared in linen suit, white shirt and silk tie—and barefooted, with his trouser legs rolled up. We were distressed, of course, to hear that a *Post* writer was making a spectacle of himself; so we asked Taylor if this story, which Lederer admitted getting at second hand, were true.

"No," Taylor replied. "The incident involved a friend of mine. I wish I had been brilliant enough to think of this idea, but I didn't. However, I have been bounced out of the Royal Hawaiian for minor misdemeanors so often that I am a member in good standing of the Royal Hawaiian Riffraff Society. You have to be thrown out of the Royal before you can be elected to membership in this organization."

HAWAII'S MUSIC MAN, which appears on page 34, is Taylor's seventh *Post* article on Hawaii. "Frank is a pillar of strength and integrity in the Hawaiian archipelago," reports Lederer. "He is one of the few itinerant writers who is completely trusted and welcomed."

Says Taylor: "Feel free to believe anything Bill Lederer says about me, whether it is true or not."

Kay and Frank Taylor at the Royal Hawaiian.

Pennsylvania Cowpoke

Hunter "Jeandette," writer Lofting.

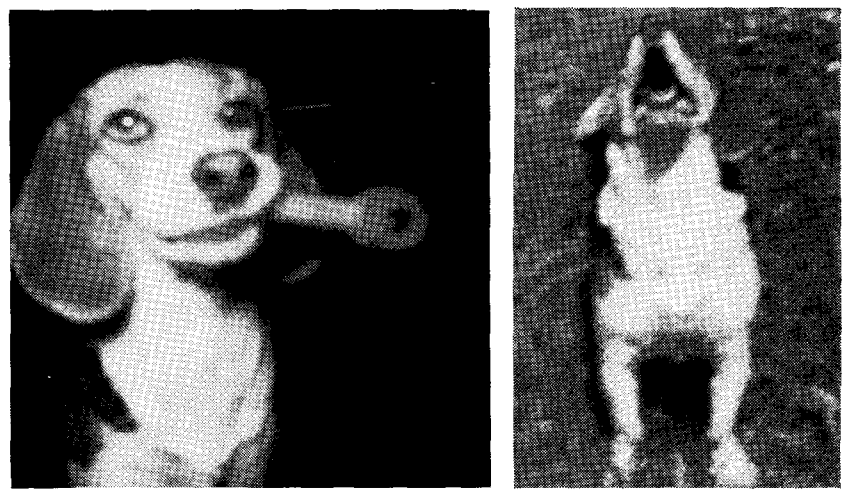
We can't think of any author who is better qualified to write a rodeo story (see THE MAN WITH THE PAINTED SMILE, page 37) than **Colin Lofting** (see the man in the cowboy getup, left). Lofting first hired out as a ranch hand in 1929, at age fourteen. That adventure was cut short by his father, Hugh Lofting, author of the Dr. Dolittle stories for children. Colin allowed himself to be "dragged" back to school, but his ambition to become a horseman never flagged. After he completed his schooling, he worked as a wrangler and rode saddle broncs on the rodeo circuit. On his wildest, and final, rodeo ride, Lofting was booted by a bronc in Helmville, Montana, and promptly shipped to Rochester, Minnesota, care of the Mayo brothers. Ex-bronc rider Lofting has been a jockey, an editor of a polo magazine and a partner in a one-plane airline. Most of the thirteen previous articles and stories he has written for *The Post* were about ranching and rodeo.

Lofting lives on a 300-acre spread at West Grove, Pennsylvania, among the fox hunters of Chester County. There he writes stories, rears a family (three children), breaks in Thoroughbreds, trains Labrador retrievers (he claims they train him) and attempts to satisfy a New York shop's demands for his water colors of birds, dogs and horses.

Her Bite Is Worse Than Her Bark

John Paul Heffernan's story on page 30, A ROOSTER IN GENERAL GRANT'S TENT, concerns a rooster who refuses to crow (except at the wrong time), and Heffernan would have us believe it was inspired by his family's beagle, Abigail, who learned to crow before she learned to bark. As a pup, Abigail could sigh and moan, but only after prolonged coaxing and obedience-school training did she learn how to render something resembling a howl. "She mumbles and wheezes and hunches her shoulders," says Heffernan, "just like a rooster arching his neck, huffing and flapping wings before sounding off. If you close your eyes and pretend you hear wings beating, you'd swear it was a rooster."

We would swear nothing of the sort, and we requested photographic evidence. Heffernan's poorly focused efforts are at right. "Abigail is terribly camera-shy," he explains. "She refuses to be persuaded that a good picture of her in KEEPING POSTED would give her something approaching immortality."



Rare photos of the remarkable "Abigail," biting her favorite pipe and imitating a rooster.

(We should explain that author Heffernan is Maj. John P. Heffernan, USAF, editorial director of the Army-Air Force Recruiting Publicity Center at Fort Jay, New York. And you know how it is with those publicity types—if we swallowed the one about Abigail's crowing, he'd try to convince us that she can smoke that pipe of hers without inhaling.)

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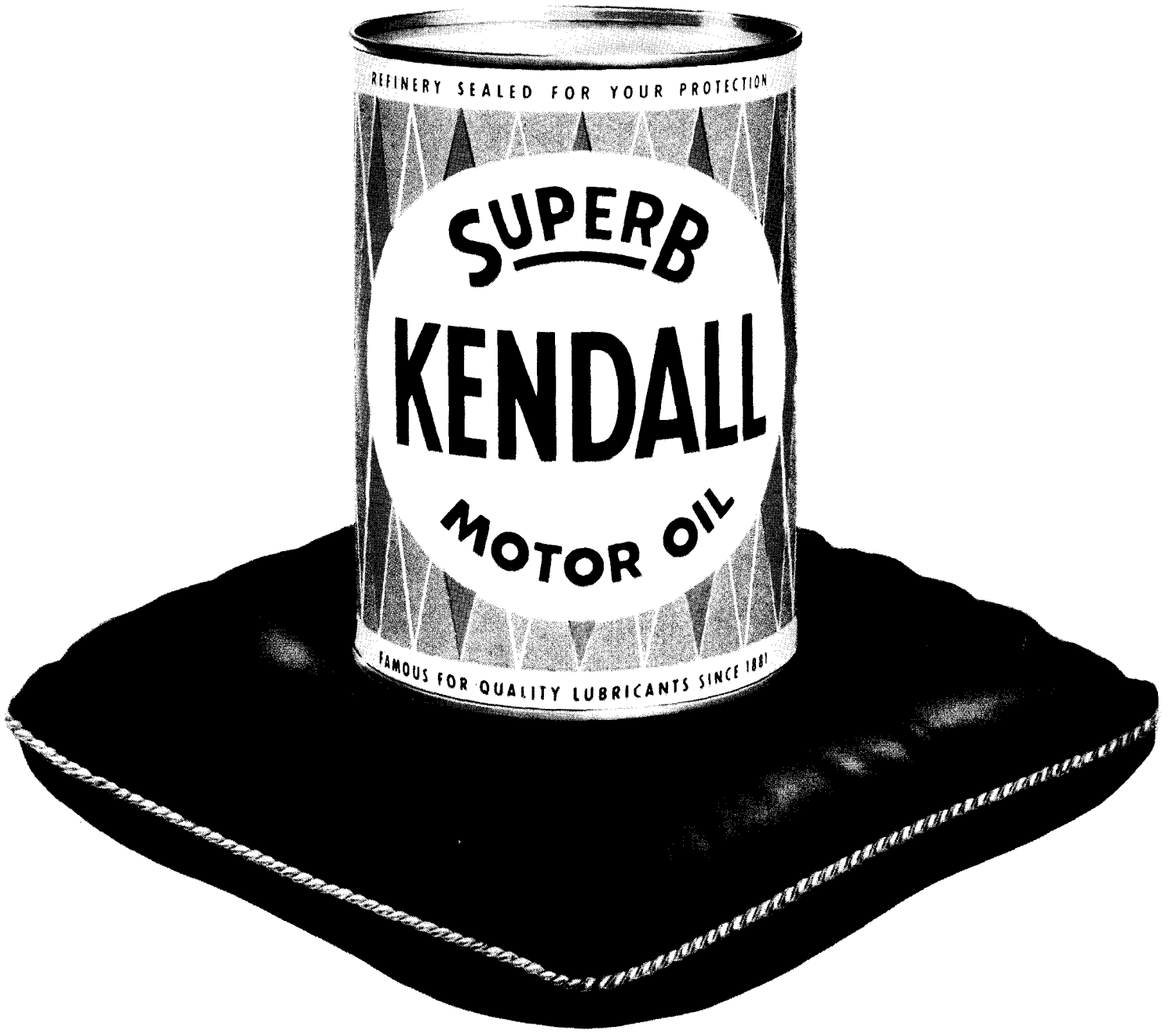

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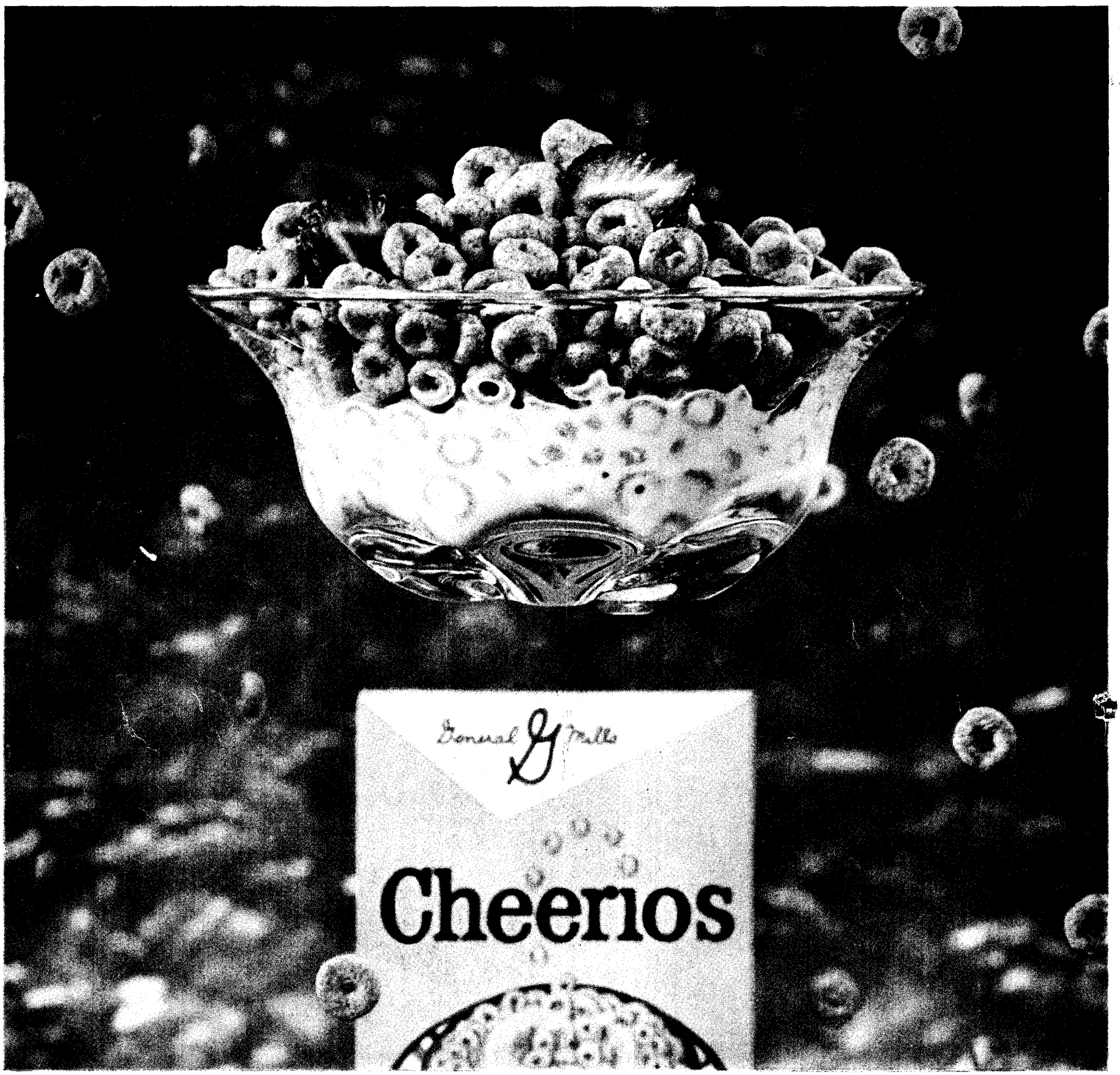

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